

MCGALL'S MAGAZINE



FEBRUARY

5 CENTS

1914



Our Platform

Cream of Wheat

A dainty breakfast
A delicious luncheon
A delightful dessert

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McCALL'S MAGAZINE

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INFORMATION FOR EVERY SUBSCRIBER



WHEN FRESH FRUIT IS SCARCE

By ELIZABETH ARMSTEAD

THE winter months impose a tax upon the housewife's ingenuity and pocketbook. Fresh fruits and green vegetables are hard to get and high priced, and if she has failed to supply her pantry shelves with home-canned products she turns to the grocery store with a sigh. As a matter of fact, she is face to face with an unusual opportunity. Dried fruits, when used with skill, provide an interesting change from the perennial banana and orange.

How about date muffins, raisin bread, currant conserve, or citron fudge? Try fig-tapioca pudding, evaporated peach pie, cocoanut corn-starch, or a sauce made of stewed figs when blanc-mange and custard no longer appeal. Have you ever crystallized melon peel to use instead of citron? Do you know about dried and crystallized lemon, orange, grapefruit, and kumquat peeling for your winter fruit cakes? Raisins, sultanas, and currants are but grapes of different sizes and varieties with the same fruit value.

BEEF pot roast with currants added is a foreign idea, and we have laughed unjustly over the raisins in the German stew. Banana salad with dates and nuts is distinctly American. Fig compote is a South European confection. It is made by simmering figs for an hour, adding to the water in which they were cooked an equal quantity of sugar, and boiling for a syrup. This is flavored with lemon, and poured over the figs. The compote is then served with flavored whipped cream.



Mix chopped dates, figs, raisins, and almonds or walnuts in equal quantities, bind with white of egg, pack down in tins, such as baking-powder cans, turn out and slice. This makes fine sandwiches.

For breakfast, serve stewed dates with hominy; make date mush of corn meal, milk and dates; have softened evaporated apricots, each with a whipped-cream filling on beds of dry uncooked cereal. For dessert and salad introduce raisins and figs in almost any form that ordinary fruit is used, particularly in combination with nuts of various kinds.

Raisin tarts, fig marmalade, prune bread, and cocoanut cheese pie are a few of the sweets having fruit value that can be made of dried ingredients. Dried apples make excellent brown betty, and the apricot, with the aid of a little cream and gelatin, makes an ambrosial dessert.



Just Bubbles of Grain

Prof. Anderson's foods—Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—are simply airy bubbles of grain.

They float, and the toasted walls are only bubble-thick.

Inside of each grain there occur in the making a hundred million steam explosions—one for each food granule. Thus the grains are puffed to eight times normal size.

The heat applied is 550 degrees. That gives the fascinating taste—a taste like toasted nuts.

The thin walls crush, at a touch of the teeth, into almond-flavored granules. You have never tasted more delicious morsels.

Yet these are just whole grains, without any additions. The whole flavor comes from heat.

The object of all this is to make every atom digestible, by blasting the granules to pieces. To supply you all the food value that lies in the grain.

But the result is foods that folks revel in. The scientific facts are forgotten. Forty million dishes monthly are eaten from sheer enjoyment.

Puffed Wheat-10¢
Puffed Rice-15¢

Except in Extreme West

Serve in the morning with sugar and cream, or mix with any fruit. For supper, serve like crackers, floating in bowls of milk. Use like nuts in candy making or as garnish for ice cream. Serve in soup like wafers.

Don't go without them. Nothing you know in cereal foods is anywhere near so delightful.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(501)



OUR FORECAST FOR MARCH

HAVING met the fascinating Peggy in two of her characteristic adventures, you will be just in the mood to welcome a third Peggy story. This time, in her pursuit of financial independence, *Peggy Establishes a Menagerie*, to the dismay of Cousin John, the entertainment of her friends, and her own confusion. You will find the tale of her third experience as diverting as those which have preceded it.

If, being left a fortune on condition that you marry, you found yourself pursued by match-making mammas and acquiescent daughters, might you not grimly decide to flee your good fortune? That is what Lawrence King does in Mary Inlay Taylor's story, *The Clam Man*; but it is somewhat of a jolt to his self-importance to find himself mistaken for a clam-digger and treated accordingly by a distractingly pretty young woman.

A Modern Problem

THERE are many problems which must be solved by the wife and mother, but none more difficult to decide than that which confronts the woman who has discarded a profession to enter marriage, and yet, through misfortune, finds herself obliged to take temporary part in the support of the family. When the crisis of a month or a year has passed, and everything invites her to her old position in the home, may she not feel compelled to answer for herself the question: "Should I lay aside now the talents which have proved to possess a commercial value, or is it my duty to my children to keep them from rusting, against possible future need?"

In March "A Wife and Mother" will give us her personal experience in answering that question, and tell us *Why I Am Retaining My Profession*.

Canning Clubs for Girls

WHO would think that Uncle Sam had time to bother with the growing girls of the country? In our grandmothers' time the Government would not have remembered their existence. But now we put such a high value on every fresh-faced, wholesome-hearted American girl that, as a government, we plan how to enter into their interests and ambitions. A practical evidence of this interest is the

Girls' Garden and Canning Clubs which the Department of Agriculture is helping to form. Any girl may become a member, and be taught how to increase her efficiency and put a nice little sum of pocket money into her purse. Just how one should go about it to join, what the clubs are, and the part the Government takes in making them profitable to members will be told us by Judith Sawyer in her March story of *Uncle Sam's Canning Clubs for Girls*.

Flowers and Fashions

IT'S getting along toward the garden season now, and everybody is busily engaged in poring over seed catalogs. That is why we have asked Samuel Armstrong Hamilton to tell us just how to plan *A Flower Garden for a Dollar*. With a dollar's worth of seed you can have a delightful flower garden, or a vegetable garden which shall provide the needs of your table. Mr. Hamilton's expert advice will solve all your garden problems.

Mrs. Tobey, remembering how shabby our winter hats become while it is still too early to purchase a spring creation, tells us how to utilize scraps and ends and remnants of old lace to smarten up our headgear with the very newest lace wings, frills, and other trimmings for *The Between-Season Hat*. Mrs. Whitney's Home Dressmaking Lesson is planned to cover *The Making of a Coat-Suit for a Young Girl*, while the new fashion features shadow forth the spring styles.

Rainy-Day Wisdom

MARCH is such a blustery, blowy month that we have been careful to provide for rainy days. Eleanor Otis, original as usual, has *A Rainy-Day Party for Children*; Betty Grant Gordon gives us the personal experience of a woman who, from a dollar's worth of tomato seed, made several hundred dollars for "rainy days"; there will be pages of *Fascinating Cross-Stitch Designs* and new ideas for *Embroidery for Indoor Afternoons*; some unique ways of *Tempting the Sick Child to Eat*; another *Jinks and Betty Story*, in which Robin Hood and Mike create some excitement; a *Cut-Out of Jinks as a Boy Scout*, and many other interesting features.





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IN the hurry of getting ready for school, the children are apt to give too little time to the washing of hands and faces, it is so tempting to gain a minute or two by slighting the rinsing and trusting to the uncomplaining towel to remove the soap as well as the moisture.

While this method of saving time is not to be commended, still as long as youngsters will be youngsters, it is comforting to know that it can do no real harm to their tender skins if they have used Ivory Soap.

Because Ivory contains no free alkali and because it is made of the highest grade materials, it actually can be rubbed into the skin without the slightest irritation. And because it contains no free oil it leaves no greasy gloss on the face even though the rinsing be perfunctory.

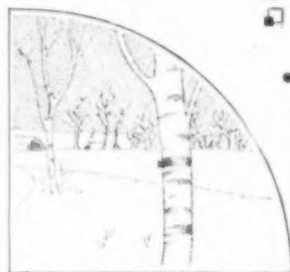
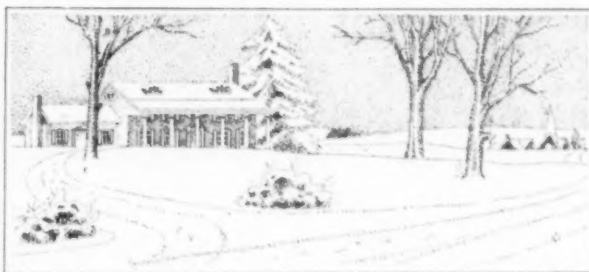
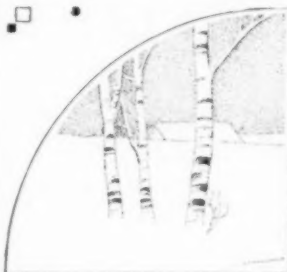
It is the satisfactory use of Ivory Soap under these unfavorable conditions that shows what a good soap it is. For only a cleanser of extraordinary quality and purity could be used carelessly on the tender skin of children day in and day out through all seasons without painful results.

IVORY SOAP



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February

MCCALL'S MAGAZINE

1914

JUST BETWEEN
OURSELVES
BY THE EDITOR

THE editor hopes that every reader of McCALL'S is busily engaged in reading over and replying to

the list of questions printed in the January issue in the "If I Were Editor" Contest.

It is her very warmest wish that every reader, big or little, far or near, should make her a friendly visit by mail and talk over with her all the magazine has been to them, and all they want it to be. You can imagine the task of a housekeeper who had to get dinner for an overflowing family, and guess whether they liked beef or mutton. Can't you picture her going anxiously about, saying, "John, you like roast beef, don't you?" or "Mary, would you rather have lamb?" or "Aunt Emmeline, are you fond of chicken?"

An editor is very much like a housekeeper, even though she sits in a busy office instead of bustling about a big sunny kitchen; and she takes just as warm an interest in the tastes of her family of readers as the housemother does in those of Aunt Emmeline, or Mary, or John.

Being good housekeepers yourselves, you know just what it means to set a table "by guess" for a party of guests and friends; and so you will enter at once into the spirit of the thing, we are sure, and take the trouble to let the editor know all your pet tastes and your prejudices, so that the magazine for 1914 may be just exactly what the big majority of you would like to have it.

IN THIS connection, let us say what we omitted to emphasize last month. It is not necessary to tear out the page on which the "If I Were Editor" questions were printed in January. The list was merely printed to save you time and trouble, and make it so convenient for you that nobody would forget or omit to write.

You may, if you choose, answer the questions in letter form, writing on only one side of the paper. It will make the comparison of the opinions received more convenient, however, if, in doing so, your answers keep as nearly as possible to the order in which the questions were asked.

And if it happens that you are not a subscriber, but have enjoyed reading a friend's copy

from month to month in friendly exchange for some magazine of your own, or have become interested in McCALL'S in any other way, your opinion is just as

warmly desired as if your name appeared on our subscription list. The contest is open to any and everybody who is interested to take part in it; and the more letters the editor receives, the more of your wishes will come true in McCALL'S for 1914. What she is interested in is your secret likes and dislikes, and she wants you to be as frank in their expression as if you were sitting cosily on one side of the tea-table and she on the other, with nothing to do but exchange opinions.

WE HOPE, in answering the questions, you are paying particular attention to those which have to do with your fashion needs, and that you are being sure to tell us which of our fashions each month are best suited to the requirements of your own wardrobe.

Just ask yourself if there is anything you look for each month in the magazine which you do not find; in just what way we can give you additional help with your wardrobe; if there is any particular dress or other garment which you are planning to make, about which our pages could help you; and what special information, if any, you would like to have each month in addition to all that our fashion pages now give you. The editor will read your suggestions with the greatest interest, and try to see that all your needs are fully satisfied.

Perhaps, after you have sent in your contest list and letter, you may think of other questions which you would have included if you had been getting up such a list. Make a postscript of them, won't you? and ask and answer them for our benefit. The editor has several stored away in the corners of her brain for which she could not find room on the printed page, and it may be that the ones which suggest themselves to you will be just those omitted ones for which she would like an answer. The prizes will be awarded for the best answers to the questions printed in January, but this is your opportunity to get what you want in the magazine; so don't miss a single chance.

CUPID AND THE CINDER

BY HILDA BARNES

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD P. HEATH

THE interne was having an unprofessional moment—it's a way internes have, especially those who are "tall and dark and wonderful-looking". Resting his linen-covered elbows on the window-sill, he gazed out on the night, and thought, humbly enough, of the thousands who knew not what "interne" meant. In meditating thus, he was unconsciously thinking of Marnie—Marnie, whom he had never seen nor even heard of—for Marnie, who was then twelve hundred miles away, hugely enjoying herself at the Dartmouth Prom., was profoundly ignorant on the subject of internes, and neither of them guessed how soon he himself would enlighten her.

It was her first Prom., and she wanted to stay to the end; so Aunt Minnie swallowed her disapproval with another cup of coffee, and Marnie blissfully one-stepped the hours away until the sun rose and the committee economically turned off the lights. Kippy Trent, whose mother's plan of calling him Kenneth was revised by his classmates, and who had invited Marnie to the Prom., suggested motoring to the Mountain Peak Inn for breakfast.

Marnie gasped with delight. Aunt Minnie gasped, too, but they paid no attention, and, before she knew it, she had been unhooked and rehooked from charmeuse to serge and tucked in the tonneau. All was serene until they rushed under a railroad bridge on which a train was crossing, and Marnie got a cinder in her eye.

She worked at it with her handkerchief unsuccessfully. Aunt Minnie and Kippy suggested familiar methods of removing it, which proved of no avail.

"It won't come out," she told them.

"And who can blame it?" asked Kippy. "Now, if I were a cinder, and found myself in Marnie's eye—"

"Blow your nose, child," interrupted Aunt Minnie.

Again Marnie did as she was told; again the cinder resisted all persuasion. The eye became inflamed, and hurt unbearably. Kippy, with an air of proprietorship, drove to the village physician, who took the cinder from Marnie's eye with an instrument that proved to have been unsterilized. The pain grew worse on the way home, and Aunt Minnie, worried now that something really serious was the matter, finally wired Marnie's father, who ordered them home immediately.

WHEN the interne next looked out of his window,

Marnie was being hurried by a fast limited toward him and his chief, Dr. French, who the consulting physicians at home had said might be able to save the eye. Marnie's father—her dearest chum since her mother's death—came with her, but when he was obliged to return to business, Marnie, with both eyes bandaged, because they feared to risk the other's becoming strained, found herself most woefully lonely, although the nurse was very solicitous, and tried to cheer her with the promise that in two weeks the bandage would be removed.

She said to herself that she must be brave and patient, and then Miss Courtney, the nurse, left the room, and her throat began to hurt cruelly; in fact, she knew she would have to cry. If there were only someone she could tell!

Somebody was walking down the hall, and she held her breath as the steps came nearer. If Marnie's fairy godmother seemed to be off duty when the cinder flew into her eye, maybe it was because she knew Kippy would object to a third in the front seat. For, if Marnie could have lifted the bandage and looked, now when the footsteps stopped at her door, she would have thought it was none other than a fairy godmother who had heard her wish and sent her "somebody to tell".

But the steps were not manly—they were rubber-heeled, therefore quite like all hospital steps. How could she know they belonged to someone "tall and dark and wonderful-looking", and everything, in fact, of significance to a small person who felt dreadfully alone and afraid.

She listened for Miss Courtney's voice and heard instead:

"Good morning, Miss Kenning; this is Dr. Hurd, the interne. Are you all alone?"

It was such a shock, such a relief, that she opened her lips to speak, and a sob that had been waiting a chance to exit, slipped out. The interne reached her chair quickly.

"Why, what in thunder," he began in a delightfully unprofessional manner; "your eyes are not paining, are they? Is there anything wrong?"

"No"—Marnie began to cry in earnest—"they're not paining, and there's nothing wrong. Everything is—is lovely, thank you."

The tears ran down her cheeks, and she started to touch her bandaged eyes, but the interne caught her hands. Taking them both in one of his, he got out his handkerchief and carefully and gently wiped the tears away.

I KNOW I shouldn't cry—that Dr. French wouldn't like it," she told him between sobs, "but I'm so—so lonely—it's so dark, and I've been so afraid that I would cry."

"That's just it," said the interne. "You knew you shouldn't and that made you want to. Now, I'll give you permission to cry all you like," which may have sounded clever on his part, but to one who saw him holding the dainty hands of a pink-robed figure, with soft, light-brown hair and a surprisingly attractive mouth, it was really only human after all.

"Everyone is very nice, you know," she assured him. "Everything is being done for me, and I've tried to be patient, but I guess I'm not very good at it."

"Is there anything in particular that worries you?" he asked. "Do you think that you won't see again?"

"Yes"—Marnie sobbed anew—"it's just that. Oh! I'm so glad you guessed. Miss Courtney won't talk about it and I can't think of anything else."

"Well, we'll settle that right now. You are going to see. You're going to laugh, walk, dance—everything that you used to do. I know how you feel. I've been in the contagious pavilion for a month, and I've caught a regular grouch-germ over there. Wish someone would take the contract of cheering me up."

"If my bid is right"—Marnie smiled unsteadily—"will you give me the contract?"

"Your bid is accepted on the spot."

"Then, bring me the box of candy, one of the American Beauties—"

The interne was plainly enjoying himself. "These roses come by the yard, I guess," he muttered as he tried to extract one from a vase. "Now, for the candy, but, hold on—here's your mail and not a letter opened. That's rather tough; why don't you ask Miss Courtney to—"

"I didn't want to, because—because I hated to bother her. Oh!" she cried suddenly, "maybe you wouldn't mind. If you only knew how I want to hear them! Miss Courtney may not be back for some time. She went to the diet kitchen, I think; is it far?"

"At least a quarter of a mile."

"What a wonderful hospital this is," she said, and the interne's eyes twinkled as he took up the letters.

"Here's one from your father, I think. Shall I read them all?"

"Please! I'll be so grateful."

Dear Little Girl [he began]: Received encouraging report from Dr. French to-day, and was glad to hear you are keeping up splendidly. That's my own little daughter. Am enclosing an extra check in case you want to send out for something.

Love from

"Father Dear".

"Isn't he a wonder?" asked Marnie.

"He certainly is that," answered the white-robed one who had never set eyes on him. "Here's one from Northampton, Massachusetts, signed 'Harriet'. A Smith girl?"

"Yes; my best friend."

Darling [began the interne, and coughed as one coming from a well-heated, well-ventilated pavilion of fever cases only, has no right to]: When the telegram came from your father—well, it was a regular sob-fest around here. All the girls know you, as I've said before. I've read them parts of your letters, knowing you wouldn't mind, of course, and they are all mad about your picture. When they heard what had happened, some of them actually wept! As for me, I came near going to the infirmary. To think of you having the time of your life at the Prom., and right in the midst of it getting a pesky little cinder into your eye. And, now, with a bandage on both eyes, and twelve hundred miles from Kippy!

I can imagine what a wonderful time you had at the Prom. Who couldn't have a good time anywhere with Kippy, for Kippy is truly adorable, and perfectly insane about you.

You want news, I know—you wouldn't be you if you didn't, but there isn't anything special except a garden-party yesterday and exams all next week. The garden party was just a Miss Smith-have-you-met-Mr.-Brown-do-you-care-for-strawberries affair. Florence May had her brother, the stunningest human I've ever seen except Kippy, of course.

I have only five exams to prepare for or I'd write more, dear. Heavens! It just occurred to me that you can't read this, and, in fact, I don't know who will. Here's hoping it will be someone sweet and sympathetic. If I had only thought to talk it into a blank record and send a graphophone by parcel post. For devotedness plus rash extravagance, that thought is worthy of Kippy!

With oodles and heaps of love, darling,
from Harriet.



BEFORE AUNT MINNIE KNEW
IT, SHE HAD BEEN TUCKED
INTO THE TONNEAU

Dr. Hurd put the letter back into the envelope.

"A very clever girl, I imagine," he said.

"Very clever," agreed Marnie. "I wish you could meet her." Then, with marked indifference, "Are there any more?"

"Yes, one from New Hampshire." He eyed it suspiciously. "Shall I read that, too?"

"Yes; I suppose it's from Kippy," she said carelessly.

"Yes"—he turned to the last sheet—"it's signed 'Kippy'. Do you—would you like me to read all of it?"

"If it isn't too much trouble."

"Oh, no!" and Dr. Hurd glanced over the fourteen pages, mentally reflecting that the writing was the most illegible he had ever seen:

Dear Marnie: You were the one who put festivity into Junior Week festivities for me. This place was like Paradise when you were here, and when you left it slid down the map into a more tropical zone. My one wish was to be busted out of college right then and there, so that I could go with you and your aunt and do something to show you how I felt about the whole affair.

If you hadn't insisted that I shouldn't, I would have gone anyway, but you know I'd do anything you wished, and you asked me to stay here; so I stuck. I had hopes of getting out to see you on the Glee Club trip and, now, that has been abandoned for eighteen hundred reasons, each reason being a dollar. But I shall write every day and hope your nurse won't be bored reading the letters.

Dr. Hurd looked up to see Miss Courtney in the doorway wearing an expression capable of freezing solid the egg-nog she held.

"An ambulance call just came in," she announced crisply. "They are looking all over for you."

"Thanks awfully for finding me," he returned with a sweetly innocent smile, and rose, putting down the letter.

Then he turned to Marnie. "I'll drop in for tea, if I may. I take three lumps and lemon."

"Oh, do come!" she begged. "We'd be very glad to have him, wouldn't we, Miss Courtney?"

"If he wants to watch you take your beef-juice or raw egg. Unfortunately, we don't serve tea, Dr. Hurd," and she put the chair he had been using back where it belonged.

"But lemon—surely, you would offer me plenty of lemon."

"They are waiting for you down-stairs," Miss Courtney moistened her lips into their habitual straight line; they were wont to slip into disturbing curves whenever the youthful interne appeared.

"And something tells me I must go, but don't get all cheered up, Miss Courtney, I'll be back."

"Isn't he nice?" Marnie's tone was partly interrogative, mostly affirmative. "He must cheer the patients, greatly."

"It is not his duty to visit with the patients," the nurse suggested. "He simply calls to see them morning and evening."

"Oh!" somewhat disappointedly. "Tell me how he looks."

Miss Courtney regarded the bandage on Marnie's eyes as if seeing it for the first time.

"He is short and rather stout, reddish hair and glasses, and his teeth are bad," she said, and her eyes gleamed with the triumphal look of one who puts a boulder in Cupid's path and says to him, "There! climb over that if you can!"

Marnie was quiet. Into her mind came a text about the joys in this life being few, the crosses, many. She took the egg-nog, which she abhorred, and drank every drop of it eagerly. After lunch Miss Courtney read aloud

for a while, Marnie slept an hour, got up and sat in the armchair again, and fearfully felt the light fading, the evening coming on.

"It's a quarter to five," announced the nurse. "Time I went for your tray."

"I'm not hungry," Marnie told her, "so don't hurry."

"I wouldn't be hurrying, dear; I would be getting there on time," replied Miss Courtney, and was about to depart when Dr. Hurd entered, with his arms full of boxes.

"That's perfectly right," he began, with the most distractingly happy smile. "You know, you always should be on time, Miss Courtney. I won't hear of your allowing my coming in to interfere with your going after Miss Kenning's supper."

"What are you doing with all those packages? Where is Henderson?" asked the nurse. Henderson was a voter with rheumatism and political pull sufficient to keep him a regular boarder at the hospital, where he did odd jobs like distributing the mail.

"It's his foot again. He has the most conveniently rheumatic foot I ever saw. There was so much mail, so many packages, I said I'd help him out with these."

"It didn't occur to you to help him out with some of the third-floor mail, instead of the first, to save him climbing the stairs?"

"Of course, it did," Dr. Hurd beamed on her. "But Henderson, poor fellow, hasn't much in life, you know, and he loves the view from the third-floor hall window."

Marnie started to laugh but managed to turn out a rather successful sneeze. Miss Courtney marked it down on the chart, and left the room, after bestowing on the interne a glance that should have taken the starch out of his white linen.

"Poor old Court," he said, sitting down, "if more of the nurses were as conscientious as she is, the hospital would be better off. Shall I open the boxes?"

"Please, and read the cards."

"Here goes!" He tore off the paper. "More American Beauties! About a gross, I should say, and, wait a minute, this could be either a hat or a muff—a big square box—no, by Jinks, it's violets."

"And the cards?" she reminded him.

OH, YES; the cards. Well, here's the one that came with the roses. It says 'Kippy'."

"Kippy?" repeated Marnie with unnecessary surprise. "Why, how very sweet of him."

"Yes; how very sweet of him," said the interne. "Now, for the violets. They are from—why, let me see—yes, this says 'Kippy', too."

"Really? Are you sure? There must be some mistake."

"Probably," he agreed, untying the third package. "This is candy; a five-pound box. The person who so expensively thought of you is"—he opened the miniature envelope,

read the card, paused, looked at Marnie and again at the card—"is Kippy."

The fluffy pink pompons on Marnie's slippers became nervous; she was worrying the fluffiness out of them, pressing the toe of each foot in turn over the other.

Finally, she said, "Won't you have some of the candy?"

"No, thanks; I think I'll be going. Miss Courtney will be back soon in case you need anything. I guess there's nothing I can do, unless you want me to finish the letter I began this morning."

"Oh, no! don't bother now," she told him quickly. "And must you go? Are you afraid there'll be another ambulance call?"

She bit her lips in a distressed little way and the interne suddenly decided that if Kippy, from a twelve-hundred-mile range could permeate the atmosphere so thoroughly, surely to be twelve hundred miles nearer was an advantage not to be overlooked. He drew up a chair and sat down.

"You know," he said, "they didn't really need me on the ambulance the

last time. It was one of the D. T. regulars. We send him out every so often all straightened up, but he's rather timid about drinking water; guess he's afraid he might rust. The driver is a big, husky fellow; he could have handled him alone easily."

"How many big, husky men there are," observed Marnie, "and they're usually so painfully conceited, though I'm sure I don't see why. For

myself, it's very annoying to talk to them; I have to look up so far, and they always seem so horrid and superior."

"What? Is that right?" asked the astonished one, who had rather begun to anticipate the lifting of the bandage for purely personal reasons. After all, the junior nurses were not continually reprimanded for showing their appreciation of his looks, without his realizing that he was, at least, tall and broad-shouldered.

"Have you—have you any particular style in mind?" he inquired. "Must he be light or dark, slim or—"

"By all means light." She was laughing when Miss Courtney arrived with the tray.

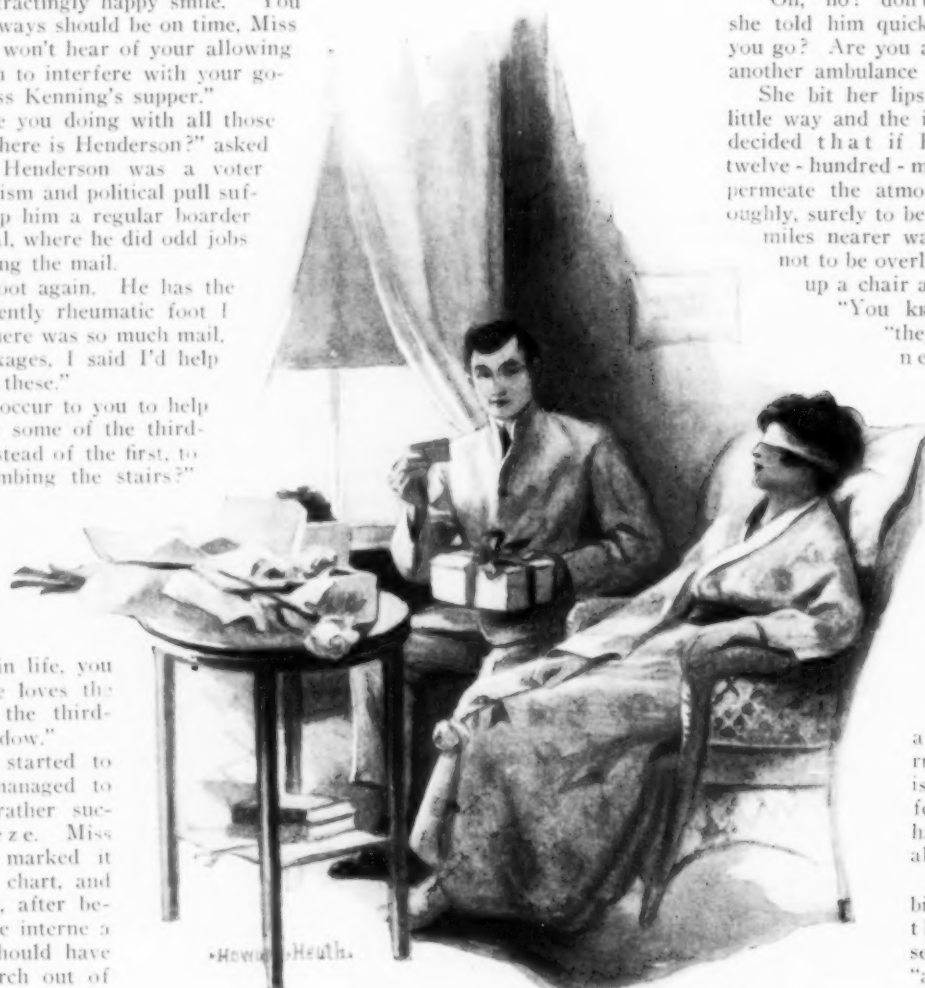
"The chief is waiting on the 'phone, to speak to you, Doctor. Henderson asked me to tell you."

The interne was up like a flash. "I'll drop in this evening. So long."

"Who is the Chief?" inquired Marnie.

"Dr. French. We are all in the habit of calling him that. He is greatly interested in Dr. Hurd. Intends

(Continued on page 74)



"THE PERSON WHO SO EXPENSIVELY THOUGHT OF YOU"—HE PAUSED, LOOKED AT MARNIE AND AGAIN AT THE CARD—"IS KIPPY."

THE DAY TRANSCENDENT

BY LILIAN DUCEY

ILLUSTRATED BY SARAH K. SMITH

HE WAS twenty-four. The fact that it was St. Valentine's Day never entered his mind; but, then, neither do the birds on wing stamp it thus specifically. He only knew that the sun gleamed, the air was warm with the first still call of spring, and that he felt his youth in every vein. And his was a two-fold gladness. Four months before, when

Madge Lendrum had broken their engagement, he had never expected to draw another joyous breath—such is the way of loving! But now he stepped forth, suddenly free again; and, touched by the witchery of the day, looked pleasurably forward to Life's unfolding.

Under his arm Theodore West carried a small sample-case, for he was a salesman. As a matter of fact, he should even now have been calling upon his customers. But a sense of imminent romance filled him. He simply walked on and on—the same streets, to be sure, that he traveled week in and week out; but how changed! An aureola rested on the towering city sky-scrapers. The whirl of taxis and the clang of cars became music to his ears—tunes that ran to the accompaniment of his pulses. He looked around every corner with an unfaltering belief that it held out for him the possibility of an adventure.

She, also, was twenty-four. Therefore, it goes without saying that she had a woman heart. But the spell of Nature at its carnival time touched her but remotely. She had come to the city to shop—in pursuit of new garments seasonable for the change in the weather. If the city, for her, also breathed with enchantment, it was because she thought to herself: "On this little island called Manhattan lives a man—a man I love." And the day might have been cold as many a Valentine's day before, and she would still have cherished that thought in some innermost recess of her being. In spite of the fact that she had jilted Theodore West, she loved him. Below the unruffled surface of her days ran a turbulent, tugging undercurrent; and her heart ached with its pent-up longing. Every jubilant note of Nature's spring sang "Theodore West" to her, and whenever any familiar landmark suggested him and woke a poignant memory, a flood of tenderness suffused her.

Across the tiny restaurant table, set for two, leaned the man, an air of friendly amusement in his laughing eyes. "Who'd ever dream that we had once been engaged?" came in a whispered exclamation.

"Let—me—see!" The girl spaced each word. "Were we?"

"Were we?" It needed just that to set a tiny spark glowing within his eyes. "We were!" he added.

"Queer—I can't seem to remember." She was still deceptively reflective, but her dark blue eyes seemed to grow darker from their twinkles.

"And you threw me over." He watched her white teeth sink into the heart of a piece of celery, even as he held her eyes with his. "But we were engaged all right. Do you remember the night we walked all the way from your house to Nell Bradford's? Do you remember what you told me at—"

"Stop!" she interrupted hastily. "Stop instantly! Did you think to feast me on dead memories?—to sit at the table with ghosts from the past?"

Neither pair of eyes would give way, and the next moment they were irresistibly laughing together.

"Ted," the girl said, frankly merry, "don't you know it's bad form even to remember that—much less talk about it? I don't want to be reminded of my foolishness."

"Foolishness!" He caught the word from her lips. "So you call it foolishness, loving me?"

"Having loved—past tense," she corrected, in a neutral voice that tried hard not to break into a laugh.

"You have the final word, of course," he teased. And then, for a few seconds, they applied themselves strictly to the luncheon. It was Marjorie who brought the conversation frankly back to personalities, steering it, however, into altogether different channels.

"Ted, who spoke first?" she asked, with slightly puckered brow.

"I," he acknowledged at once.

"Sure?"

"Sure."

"Thank goodness," she sighed with merry relief. "I was afraid— You see, seeing a face I knew, in this great big city of New York, I quite forgot"—she paused, and laughed bewitchingly, with a side glance at him—"past differences and present indifferences."

Again their joint laughs rang out. The sense of humor that had always been one of their strongest bonds asserted itself now.

"Content yourself with the facts as they are." He chuckled his appreciation, checking his laughter as he saw several glances turned their way. "Although my first impulse was to run—turn and run—I came bravely on. Still, I knew that I could never in my life pass Marjorie Lendrum without speaking, so I kept saying to myself: 'Will she?—or will she not? Will she?—or will she not?' And then, somehow, I got the impression that she would. Well, you know the rest—here we are."

"You're the same Ted." Marjorie's expressive eyes rippled and danced.

"In more ways than one," he added significantly, and on his face was the look of the boy who takes a dare. Then: "But how came it—honor bright!—how came it that you did speak?"

"I told you." Her eyes were like deep pools, too deep for him to see below their surface shimmer. "A stranger in a strange land is apt to fall upon the neck of his enemy if he meets him there."

"Then the best is yet to come." He drew himself up with mock solemnity, but before the sudden icy stare he encountered he tacked quickly. "I'm going shopping with you," he announced evenly, in everyday speech and voice.

"I've finished shopping." Marjorie daintily dipped her fingers into the finger-bowl. The action and her words hinted that the end had come to their little escapade.

"Then we'll take in a matinée," he said doggedly.

"Mother expects me home not later than three." She glanced at the clock; it pointed to half-past one. "I'll just get back in time."

The man's jaw set itself. "Telephone her."

"Oh, Ted!" She swept him with a glance that came back and lingered mirthfully.

"Yes?" he urged.

"I can't really," she answered seriously. But, even as she spoke, her eyes narrowed. An observer might have suspected she was trying not to smile.

"Well, then"—the grim look about his lips was oddly at variance with the light in his eyes—"I'll run out to Clayville this evening and pay you a visit. I dare you to let me, Marjorie!"

Marjorie toyed with her napkin, in tentative consideration of it and his proposition. Her brows held a queer, little thoughtful expression. Seemingly, she was not at all anxious to continue the acquaintance beyond this chance meeting. On the face of things it was he, and only he, who was stirred by past memories.

"Look here, Marjorie," he went on, all eagerness as she kept silent, "you won't believe it, but there is an explanation of—of—well, what made you throw me over."

"This is the night of Mrs. Carlton's musicale," she offered quickly, fearful of touching such disturbing depths in a public place. "I'm going. So, you see"—this with a glinting smile—"it is out of the question."

"Is it?" The man followed his question with a long moment of silence; meanwhile, unflinching purpose set itself like flint in steady eyes. When he spoke again it was slowly and impressively. "I'll call up Mrs. Carlton. I'll have an invitation. Whom are you going with?"

Deep in Marjorie's soul there fluttered an odd joy at his high-handedness. It mounted to her head like wine. But her face did not show it. Straight, level eyes met his.

"The Hendersons have a car now. They are taking me with them."

"I'll call up Henderson, too." Before his determination, all obstacles fell. "I'll call up the different garages in Clayville. I'll have a car at your door at eight sharp."

But her sense of humor was not proof against this, no matter how her pulses might clamor. A low, rippling laugh of amusement burst from her. "No," she gurgled; "I wouldn't dream of allowing you to call for me. But," she went on with a sudden sweet intensity, "there's nothing to

prevent y o u
f r o m going to
t h e Carlton's.
T h e Carltons
can ask whom
they like—they
don't have to
consult me as
to w h o m they
shall invite to
their house."



"TED, WHO SPOKE FIRST?" SHE ASKED WITH
SLIGHTLY PUCKERED BROW

"Done!" he laughed, capping the word of finality to the trailing sweetness of her inflection. "I'll be at the Carlton's"—again he laughed—"unless the heavens fall and engulf me."

And when they separated, a few minutes later, he repeated that last phrase—voice sober now, eyes burning. Then, having seen her aboard her train, he immediately set about making it possible.

Marjorie, traveling swiftly toward home, was tormented by all sorts of doubts and questionings. Away from his masterfulness, she wondered. Why had she so altogether forgotten the cause of their difference? Now, the memory of it crept into her thoughts insidiously, poisoning them one moment with unhappiness, making her fiercely indifferent the next. Alternately she grew hot and cold—pale and crimson. And what would her friends say when they discovered that she and Ted were on speaking terms again? What would her mother say?

HER mother! That in itself was enough to occupy Marjorie for a good part of the trip—how she would tell her before some one else did. And she must prepare her; she knew that. She knew also that the only way of managing her mother was to take the bit firmly and decidedly between her teeth. Otherwise, one simply had to bend to her will. But Marjorie was not long in coming to a decision, and, once resolved, she went bravely to her mother.

"I met Ted to-day—in New York—on the street." She went to the point at once, and without even trying to keep the gladness from her voice. "And we lunched together."

"You lunched—with Theodore West!" Mrs. Lendrum stared astounded.

Against the chill reproof of her mother's voice, Marjorie tried to hold her smiling poise. "And he is going to the musicale to-night," she added.

"Marjorie!" Incredulously, Mrs. Lendrum regarded her daughter. For a moment she apparently thought she had misunderstood. Then, in a tone of withering scorn, she said: "I expected a daughter of mine to have more pride."

"Pride? Oh, mother!" Suddenly, Marjorie's gladness dropped from her. "Of what good is pride?" Her voice rang quivering on a breaking edge.

"You surely don't mean"—the mother spaced each word carefully—"that you—Marjorie, under those conditions, you must not go to-night. It's out of the question. I'll explain to Mrs. Carlton so it will seem all right."

Marjorie looked her mother in the eye—not insolently, but as woman to woman. "I'm going—to the Carlton's." Her head lifted proudly.

"For what?"

"For what?" It was a little cry that ran quickly to despair. "I don't know yet, mother. But I do know this—if I had the chance once more—"

"What are girls coming to!" Mrs. Lendrum burst in with. She regarded her daughter critically. This low-voiced passionate girl was unknown to her.

"I'm a woman, mother." Marjorie made the correction with a quiver of impatience. "Without realizing, I threw away the best there was in life. Now, I want it back. Why, when Ted— When my eyes fell on him, and he smiled—oh, an angel beckoning me into Heaven wouldn't have meant as much!"

The very room seemed to throb to her vibrant voice; and, even when she stopped; it stirred softly beneath the hush. In the palpitating silence, Mrs. Lendrum, pattern of all that was correct and strait-laced, felt much as the hen

must have when she discovered the duckling she had hatched. Never in her day had girls made such frank avowals of their feelings. Never, she had supposed, did girls feel that way. Searching for a clue as to what Marjorie's intentions were, she said:

"And so you are going to appear in company where he is—talk to him among the friends who know all about why the engagement was broken off—"

Marjorie, a little sorry now that she had spoken so unreservedly, suddenly smiled a trifle whimsically. "I sha'n't wear my heart on my sleeve, mother, dear. But, remember the poem:

Oft have I heard both youths and
virgins say,
Birds choose their mates, and couple,
too, this day.

I really think the spirit of that dominated Ted and me when we met. It's absurd, of course—hard for others to understand—but we never gave it a thought—our—the reason for our estrangement. It was the most perfectly natural thing I ever did—to talk to him."

With the air of one who could no longer listen to such talk, Mrs. Lendrum turned away. She went out of the room: she went out of the house. Had Marjorie seen her getting into the car at the corner—the car that took her to the outskirts of the town—she would have guessed that her destination was Mrs. Carlton's home. Had she seen her mother on her return, she would also have guessed that Mrs. Carlton had brooked no interference. But Marjorie did not appear until dinner. She was quite dressed for the evening, then; and her thoughts so intent upon it that not even her mother's majestic silence was noted. The sound of the car and toot of the horn at the door brought her out without waiting for Mr. Henderson to come for her. Down the path she sped to the street, drawing on her gloves as she went, muff tucked under her arm.

Suddenly Marjorie stopped. Was that the Hendersons' car? No; certainly not. But as she paused a figure came toward her. "You see I came, Marjorie," it said, with a low laugh of sheer delight. "The limousine's waiting."

For a minute, Marjorie could only gasp. "But—but the Hendersons," she managed to say, at last.

"FIXED it with them!" Ecstatic chuckles burst forth. "So, come along, Marjorie. 'He who hesitates is lost'; 'Procrastination is the thief of time'; 'All's fair in love and war'; 'It boots not to resist both wind and tide'. I'm the wind; there's the tide. Doesn't it look as if it would carry us snugly along?" He paused for breath. Meanwhile, hand on her arm, he kept urging the girl along.

As in some whirling dream, Marjorie found herself seated in the car, carried past her own commanding. She shivered a little; but not because of the weather. It was a glorious night.

"Four months," Ted was saying, "since I spent a cent on a girl! Here you have the sum total. Marjorie, ever since this afternoon I've felt like whooping and shouting—

that is, when I haven't felt just a tiny bit shaken with the awe of it all—meeting you that way—and everything."

Marjorie said nothing to this. For a time, something subtly still and tense held them, while through and through them from their touching shoulders passed thrills of sweetness. When the beating of her heart almost hurt her, and the silence fairly thumped in echo, she burst into a low, uncertain, little laugh.

"W—what will they think—everyone at Mrs. Carlton's—about our appearing together?"

"Bless you, Marjorie!" Once again, merriment and audacity transformed the man into a boy.

"We're not going to that musicale."

Marjorie gasped. "Not going!"

"Certainly not!" He leaned back with such an air of comfort and content as made the girl gasp again. "We're going to have a regular powwow of talk.

Nice comfortable place for it. No one to interrupt. For all practical purposes we're alone on a desert island—marooned until you humbly beg my pardon for misjudging me as you did."

"Ted!" All Marjorie seemed able to do was gasp. Not the woman her mother had seen was she now, but a girl, trembling and a little timid before her lover's masterfulness.

"That little actress I was seen with by your mother and her friends lived next door to us when I was a kid. Her mother and my mother have kept up their friendship, and when Mary was to play in New York, the mother wrote us. She stayed at our house for the whole week. Didn't you go to the theater a couple of times with that Mapes fellow when he visited your brother? This whole trouble has been stirred up by your moth-

er. She's a busybody!—a mischief-maker!—a—she was determined to spoil our—"

"Ted!" The tone was level and chill. It recalled the young man to himself.

"Oh, it's all true," he laughed; "but I'll beg your pardon—if only by way of example. How about it, Marjorie?"

"About—what?" Marjorie's reply was prompt, if a little tremulous. But she knew what he referred to, and, woman-like, deferred the moment. Erect, flushed, she turned and looked out into the night. Hastily she added: "What a wonderful evening—soft and mild. It would be perfect if there was a moon."

"Oh, I don't know," said the man gravely: at the same time, he leaned forward until his chin rested on her shoulder, his cheek against her cheek. "This is good enough for me, Marjorie. I don't need a moon. The stars are enough, if you're along. Say it's all right again with us. Say that you care, Marjorie. Say that you'll go right on as if this break had not occurred." He stopped for huskiness, but, beneath his cheek, he felt hers warming. And, suddenly, he pulled her close to him, so close it left her breathless. The next moment, silently, they kissed and clung—nobler fragments than the "lesser world", but no less miraculously touched by the mastering impulse of the universe—and the car sped on into the darkness, carrying them to happiness.



SUDDENLY HE PULLED HER CLOSE TO HIM, SO CLOSE
IT LEFT HER BREATHLESS

WHAT I DID FOR MY ONLY DAUGHTER

BY HER MOTHER

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID ROBINSON

AT PRESENT writing I am acting as housekeeper to Elaine's establishment, and as nurse and caretaker to Elaine's twin babies. It is evening, and I am alone and very tired; yet I must keep awake until the babies have had their final bottles. Robert, my husband, has gone alone, frowning and grumbling because

he is alone, to an affair which I, also, should have attended had it not been for this unexpected demand from Elaine; and, aching in every muscle from the unaccustomed housework, and with fingers stiffened and sore, I am attempting to put down in black and white, so that I may consider it soberly and thoroughly, my unpleasant situation. Elaine and her husband are on a week-end party, and are having a joyous time. Elaine is my daughter.

It was last Monday that she rushed into my sitting-room with her cheeks aglow.

"Mother," she called rapturously, "Mrs. Wolf has asked Jack and me to one of her week-ends at Lester House."

Mrs. Wolf's week-ends at Lester House are famous, deservedly so. Mrs. Wolf is a rich woman, a social leader, and the owner of an old mansion out in the country, which is an ideal place for the merriest of times. Four or five times a year she organizes week-end parties of twenty to thirty young folk, and these parties are the Mecca not only of the social aspirant but of the young people who genuinely enjoy a good time. It was Elaine's first invitation to a week-end, and she was delighted beyond expression.

"I accepted at once," she went on hurriedly, "and you will care for the twins, won't you, dear?"

I hesitated.

"It is the night of the Cawthorne affair," I protested meekly. "I had intended going."

Elaine's little nose tilted scornfully.

"The Cawthorne affair!" she said. "Now, mother, honestly, how does that compare with Mrs. Wolf's week-ends?"

HONESTLY, it doesn't compare, but I enjoy the Cawthorne affairs, as I am no longer young and could not enter into the Wolf program, and, in any event, it was I who was invited to the Cawthorne affair and she to that of the Wolfs.

"You can drop that old thing," said Elaine decidedly, "and you simply must come, mother. I cannot depend on Mary's staying from day to day, and I must have someone who can keep her in line."

I listened with dismay. Elaine's maids have a faculty for meandering, and to my other duties was to be added that of keeping one safe until her return. On Friday, however, she repeated her call to tell me that Mary had left.

"But you can get someone, you know," she said gaily, "and it will be all right."

I had never said that I would come at all, but I knew that I would, and Elaine knew it. So it happened that this morning, Saturday, I broke the news to my disgruntled husband and hurried to Elaine's. The "somebody" to help me has failed to materialize, although I have tried about every respectable agency in town. Bertha, my reliable maid, has been over to give me a hand with the babies' wash, but she has her own duties and I cannot press her too hard. And so I have washed, and pressed, and cooked, and cleaned until I am tired, and have had, in addition, a very disagreeable visit indeed from Robert, who left me with the remark:

"And it's your own fault, Edith, entirely. You have made that girl a monster of selfishness."

That is why I am sitting and trying to face the situation. Robert's remark has wounded me terribly. It is not a pleasant thing to hear one's daughter labeled a "monster of selfishness", and to be told that one is responsible—especially when it is the truth. Elaine is my only daughter—my only child. I think that if this had not been, if there had been other children, it might have been totally different.

But we had been married seven years when she came to us, and I had almost given up hope that my daughter would ever come. Somehow, I always pictured my daughter-to-be, never a son. And when she came, as I had wished, I was wild with joy. Born in that same moment was the fear—the terrible fear of losing her. In her early babyhood I suffered daily and nightly agonies at every feeble cry. Incessantly, I hovered at her side. All my household arrangements hung on Elaine. Robert, who had been almost as anxious for her coming as I had, aided and abetted me in these days. We had given the best room in the house, formerly our own, for her nursery. While she slept, we locked the piano, we walked about with silent tread and spoke in whispers. When she awoke, we flew to entertain her. Before long, we began to be the butt of our friends' witticisms. We minded this not at all; indeed, I rather gloried in it. I felt as if I were demonstrating to the whole world my fitness as a mother.

IN THE evenings, I would entertain Robert by a comparison of our care for our little daughter with that of our neighbors. Virtuously, I assumed the air of a devoted mother. While the baby was quite small, Robert was, as I have said, heartily in accord with me. Indeed, he hovered about Elaine as much as I did when he was at home, and he appeared proud of both the baby and of me. But, toward the end of the first year, he began to tire of sitting home evening after evening. One night, he suggested the theater, and I stared at him in open-eyed wonder.

"But, Robert!" I protested, "I could not leave Elaine."

"Elaine does not need you," Robert replied. "She is sleeping, and will, in all probability, sleep the night through. If she should waken, Mary could care for her."

Mary was our maid, an old and trusted servant, but, at the thought of anyone save myself administering to Elaine, two big tears welled up, overflowed my eyes, and coursed down my cheeks. Dimly I felt that Robert could not understand this; so I sobbed silently, while he patiently argued the matter. It ended in Robert's angrily stalking off to the theater alone, while I, a martyr wife, sat at home thinking bitter thoughts about my husband.

During the month that followed, Robert renewed his arguments and entreaties for a few evenings out with him, but I stood firm. Finally, in just anger, he demanded that I come, and, then, told me flatly that if I persisted in my attitude he intended to go when he liked and where he liked, alone or in any company he saw fit. The last part of the statement troubled me not at all. I didn't believe it. After this lapse of years I shudder as I think of what might have happened had Robert followed out his intent. But, just here, Fate helped—or hindered me—I know not which. For, had Robert carried out his threat, it might be that I would have been brought to a realization of my folly and

to some recognition of the fact that I still was a wife, albeit a mother as well. Or it might have been that I would have persisted blindly and permitted the ruin of our marriage. I cannot tell. The very night after Robert delivered his ultimatum, Elaine had a sudden and violent attack of croup. She was a very, very sick baby for two hours, during which Mary, the trusted, totally "lost her head" and was incapable even of aiding me, moaning and wringing her hands like a wild creature. Robert, according to the ultimatum, was out, and it was a long, long time before the doctor came. When he did arrive the worst was over. I had fought the battle and won, and when Robert came in, soon after the doctor, he was just in time to hear me congratulated upon saving our daughter's life and to hear Mary characterized as a "silly fool who could not be relied upon". Of course, I triumphed; Robert apologized, and meekly remained home thereafter until I magnificently gave him the privilege of going out alone occasionally, and, this time, there were no threats. I even unbent so far as to accompany him on several occasions when my mother was visiting us and could watch over Elaine.

That was the beginning, and while it was quite true that Mary was not the trustworthy soul we thought her, it is also true that I might, with a little effort, have obtained a thoroughly trustworthy, competent person to sit at home and watch Elaine during occasional excursions with my husband. The truth was that I was so obsessed with the baby that I did not want anyone else to touch her. I was jealous of any interference; I did not want to share her with anyone, and I expected Robert to feel the same way. I have said that from the hour of her birth she ruled the household, but I cannot make clear enough how thoroughly this was accomplished, how complete was her reign.

One day, I remember that some old friends, whom I had not seen for a long while, called me on the telephone and asked if they might come over for an hour. They had just time for a visit between the passing of trains, and might not be able to repeat it in many months. I eagerly assented, then caught my breath. They were coming at Elaine's bath-time! I never permitted anyone save myself to bathe Elaine, and Elaine's bath had never been varied from its regular hour since she arrived in the world. So I faltered over the 'phone:

"I'm sorry, but you know it's Elaine's bath-time. Couldn't you come later?"

"Why, of course not," came Alice Needham's surprised voice. "I just explained the situation, Edith. What did you say about Elaine?"

"It's her bath-hour," I repeated. "You know, she always takes her bath at this time, and I always give it to her."

Alice's voice was very dry.

"I suppose that is fixed and irrevocable beyond question of alteration," she said quietly.

"Oh, Alice, I have to be so careful," I answered nervously. "We try so hard never to break in on her regular schedule, and her bath-time hasn't varied once."

"And, I suppose, I couldn't possibly visit with you while you were bathing her?" suggested Alice, still more quietly, and with a touch of ironic sarcasm in her tone.

"Oh, I never permit anyone in the room when she is bathed," I said lamely, and really distressed. "It excites her, and they are apt to move, you know, and cause drafts. I am so sorry, Alice, but, you see—"

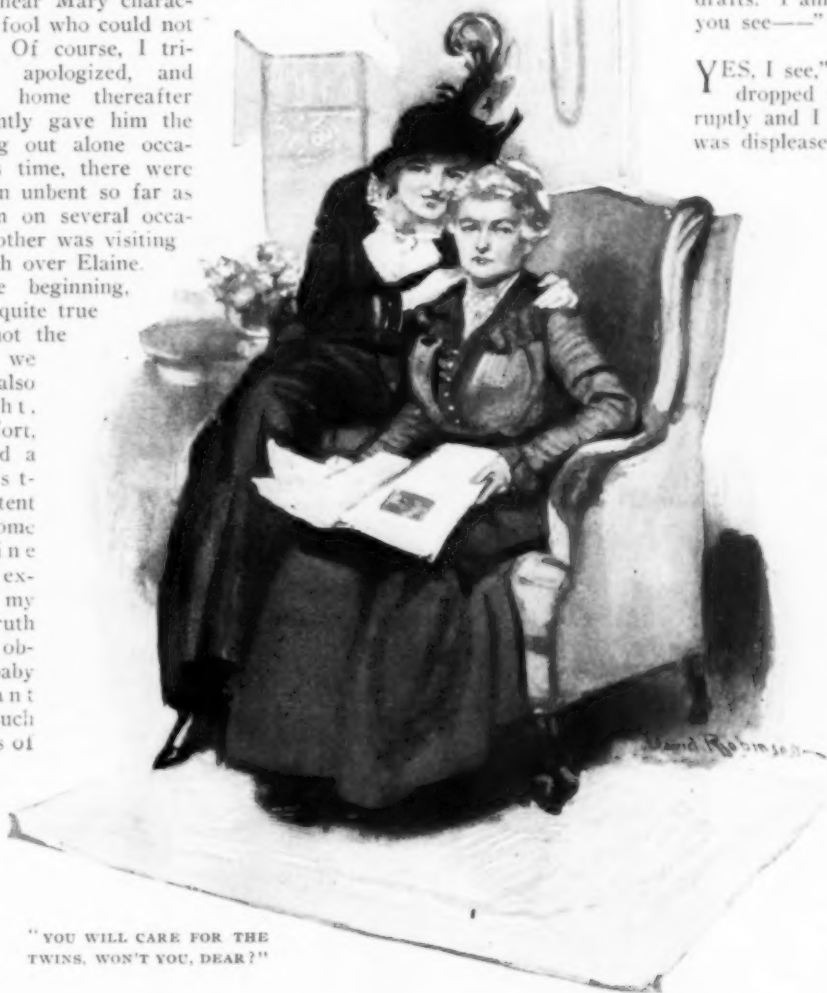
YES, I see," returned Alice. She dropped the 'phone quite abruptly and I was aware that she was displeased. But not once did it occur to me to alter my course of action. Elaine was first, and if my friends did not know that fact they must soon learn.

They learned.

Elaine was a good baby. I believe that I reaped that much reward from my faithful adherence to rules and hours. She slept, ate, and played according to the clock. She rarely saw visitors. Neither did I. I slept, ate, and played as Elaine. Not only was Elaine good, but very lovely. She grew prettier as the years passed, and I grew more and more afraid for her. In every way I shielded and guarded her. As the time for attending school approached, I feared still more. What would become of my flower, and what would become of me? I dreaded that daily parting of a few hours, and put off the school going until it could be put off no longer. Then, I watched my small daughter to the schoolroom door, saw her yellow curls bobbing over a desk-top, and went home to weep, bereft.

Elaine was never popular with her schoolmates. It was some years before I realized that fact, and, when I did, it was with joy, as it meant that I should have so much more of her time. It was not until she was fourteen years old that I was aroused to the possibility that this lack of popularity argued something wrong with Elaine. One afternoon Elaine entertained a guest, one of her schoolmates. This was a rare occurrence and, as usual, I hovered near the room in which the two were playing, unwilling to miss anything of my daughter's life or experiences. Suddenly, Beatrice's voice sounded in shrill protest.

(Continued on page 22)



"YOU WILL CARE FOR THE TWINS, WON'T YOU, DEAR?"

THE CAREER OF AN OPERA STAR

GERALDINE FARRAR - A STUDY

BY CLARE P. PEELER

NOW, I'll be a big opera singer; you can be what you like," is the way Geraldine Farrar, or "Our Geraldine", as she is known among the legions of people who have adopted this most gifted and personally attractive singer into their hearts, began all her childhood plays. It was a prophecy that has more than come true; and never once has she swerved from this early ambition. Miss Farrar, this young American singer, who at nineteen made her debut as "Marguerite" in *Faust*, at the Berlin Royal Opera, and who has since won immeasurable success in half a dozen different rôles, both here and in Europe, is a most interesting study.

She does not mind admitting the fact; but will cheerfully sit down and study herself out with you, if you like, or if she likes, rather. Once, she took the trouble to look up her own ancestry to see where her contradictions came from, and, with the acuteness of the New England mind, she reckons herself as about five-sixths Celtic and Latin, and one-sixth Anglo-Saxon. All three strains show in her, and have done so very distinctly in her career. Her white skin, her dark blue eyes, her black hair, her fascinating, wheedling little ways, are decidedly Celtic. Her impetuous, emotional manner of talking, both hands moving to illustrate every sentence, her detestation of routine, of work, of all things practical—they are the Latin inheritance, pure and simple. And the common sense that has prevented her emotions from running away with her, and the dogged determination that made her conquer social and financial obstacles as well as those of her own disposition—perhaps they are just plain, good New England. Then, besides these, there is a kindliness of outlook, a tolerance of other people's point of view, a perfect willingness to let them do as they like provided they let her do as she likes—and there you have Geraldine Farrar.

Sincerity, sincerity, and then again sincerity! Miss Farrar is too clever to harp on any theme, but this one she emphasizes often. One must be one's self, always; must never flatter or be sycophantic for any end; must not conciliate where one can fight. But there is nothing aggressive, masculine, nor hard-headed about her, either in appearance or manner. She is the typical pretty American girl—only prettier! In her black velvet suit, with its low-collared white silk blouse, her black and white tricorn hat framing her charming face in a perfect color scheme, even carried out to black pumps and white silk stockings, she is exactly like any other well-dressed New York girl. There is nothing theatrical about her appearance, and a refreshing absence, apparently, of make-up. In manner, she is most charming. When she speaks of things that do not appeal to her, it is always, "I cannot do" certain



AT NINETEEN, GERALDINE FARRAR MADE HER DEBUT AS "MARGUERITE" IN "FAUST"

"OUR GERALDINE" AS THE POOR LITTLE JAPANESE WIFE IN "MADAME BUTTERFLY"

things; never, "I will not". And when her great blue eyes look earnestly into yours, and her mouth takes appealing curves that almost hide its firmness, you appreciate perfectly that anyone, from an impresario down, would say, on being confronted by five feet four of such charming determination, "Do it your own way, by all means".

Sometimes, one feels as though, in the rush of life towards success, most of us push others aside to attain our goal. It seems almost as though the gentle, the kindly, and the considerate were crushed out of the running. I asked

Miss Farrar once what she thought about that. She said emphatically—indeed, she never says anything unemphatically—"Not the least bit in the world! I couldn't possibly sing with tenderness if I had a little, mean, hard soul. I couldn't act a heart-broken woman if I had no heart myself to heal.

(Continued on page 98)

THE PURSUIT OF PATRICIA

A SERIAL STORY BY EUNICE TIETJENS

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID ROBINSON

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.—Sophie Dogiel, a beautiful young woman, evidently ill and in distress, appears at a metropolitan museum offering for sale a valuable cigarette-case. David Harwich, in charge, considers its purchase and takes her name and address. In handling the case, he discloses a secret panel bearing the coat of arms of the Imperial family of Russia. Sophie hastily reclaims the case and departs. David, hoping to help her, goes later to the address given him, where he is denied admittance by a man, greatly agitated, whom he recognizes as Brunoff, a well-known Socialist, and who insists no Miss Dogiel lives there, although David has just heard her cry out, "Geneve! Geneve!" David contrives to meet Brunoff at a Free Thought rendezvous that night. During dinner, Sophie, glowing with life and vitality, enters with a man and another woman. She looks at Brunoff without appearing to know him, and he is visibly startled. He is finally introduced, and the three and Brunoff later leave together. David follows, having decided that this is not Sophie, but someone strangely like her. The party enters another restaurant, where the older man and woman, being called away, leave Patricia, as David hears her called, alone with Brunoff. A striking-looking Russian enters, and Brunoff leaves hastily. Patricia becomes visibly embarrassed at his absence, and David offers his assistance. He calls a taxi, but the one that responds is evidently a private one. David, sure that something is wrong, decides to protect Patricia by going with her. On the way uptown he tells her of her wonderful resemblance to Sophie, of Sophie's evident need and the events of the afternoon, and she begs him to take her to Sophie's apartments that very night, that she may help if possible.

CHAPTER VII

FOR a space of time which neither of them could reckon, David and Patricia stood in the dim hallway, staring at the lighted door where the silence was so strangely heavy. Harwich could feel the little pressure of her hand on his arm, and hear the quick intake of her breath, as the silence grew, and seemed to take on body, like an invisible wall shutting them into this little world, where nothing existed but themselves and the motionless shadow.

With an effort, David broke the spell. "Perhaps she has fallen asleep," he said. "She looked so tired this afternoon, poor woman." He spoke as casually as he could, and he hoped that his words would reassure Patricia.

Perhaps the words themselves might have had the desired effect if they had not been uttered in such an odd voice. As it was, she only moved still nearer to him, and made no pretense of answering.

Something must be done! David reached out and pushed the bell-button resolutely. The frantic buzzing sprang out again, louder it seemed than before, more startling, with a note of menace. But no step sounded in the room before them.

THEN down below them they heard the clang of the elevator-door and the rattle of the car as it mounted. The black face of the hall-man, lit by an unquenchable curiosity, appeared above the floor and beamed with satisfaction at sight of them, standing there silent before the closed door. He brought the car to a stop and stepped out eagerly.

"Kain't yo' open de dooh?" he asked. "Dat's jes' what ah was a-feared of. I sez to myself, I sez, 'Miss Sophie ain't ben out in so long she sho' has forgot huh key'. So I jes' reaches for de pass-key, puts hit in mah pocket, and heah I is!"

The kindly chatter jarred horribly, and David waited with an aching impatience for the moment when he would go down-stairs again.

"Jes' a minit, Miss Sophie—jes' a minit till ah find this heah key," he chattered on, rummaging leisurely through his pockets. At last, he found the key, inserted it in the lock, and opened the door a foot or so. Then he glanced

at Patricia and essayed a personal remark.

"Yo' suttingly ah lookin' some bettah'n yo was dis aftahnoon, Miss," he said.

Patricia smiled a little vaguely, but she still made

no answer; and it was Harwich who thanked the man and slipped a coin into his hand to dismiss him.

Suddenly, the bell in the elevator rang loudly, and the hall-man shuffled off to obey the summons.

David and Patricia waited till the car had disappeared from view. Then she turned to him with quick appeal. "Ought we to go in?" she asked doubtfully.

David looked at the door. It opened in such a manner as to mask the room almost completely. Only a strip of magenta wall-paper was visible to the right, where it stood ajar.

The mere fact that he could not see anything extraordinary seemed to relieve David's mind of a kind of obsession. The vague anxiety and dread, which had somehow arisen from the strange manner of Brunoff that afternoon, coupled with Sophie's pallor and evident distress, suddenly seemed ridiculous. His thoughts ceased their fearful speculation, and he turned to the girl at his side. His first duty was to her. She trusted him and he must protect her, even against Sophie. Something might be wrong here, but he could return alone later and investigate. So he replied quite definitely to her question:

"No, I don't think we had better. We have no legal right here, you know, and, if anything is really wrong, I don't want you to be mixed up in it. Come, you had better let me take you home, after all."

BUT Patricia thought otherwise. Her gray eyes turned to his with the simple directness which was so characteristic of her, and she spoke earnestly, standing in the doorway with the flood of light behind her, and her hand on the knob of this mystery-haunted room.

"But," she said, "if there really is anything wrong with her, don't you see that that is all the more reason why we should go in? We came here to help her, and when people are in the worst trouble is the time they need help most of all. Isn't that so?"

The strong glow from behind made a kind of halo around her head, and as she stood there pleading so earnestly for this woman whom she had never seen, a quick feeling of awe came over David, a feeling that her own goodness and truth were a better protection for her than even his strong arms could possibly be.

But before he could reply there was the crash of the elevator again, and this time a man stepped out and came towards them.

It was the Russian gentleman who, in the guise of a chauffeur, had driven them there. With a quick, protective impulse David moved forward in front of Patricia and deliberately excluded her from any word in what followed.

"I beg pardon," said the newcomer in a slightly guttural voice, "but is this not Madame's book, which she has left in the automobile?" And he held out towards them the limp leather copy of Alfred de Musset.

The pretext was perfectly obvious. Evidently, he had not thought it necessary to look for a plausible excuse. David found himself growing angry.

"No," said he shortly; "it does not belong to her."

"Ah, then I have mistaken! Again, I beg Madame's pardon." As he said the last words, he stepped quickly to one side and bowed profoundly past David to the girl in the doorway. The bow was politeness itself, but there was so strong a gleam of triumph in his manner that David felt a quick desire to throw the man out, a desire that

showed itself in a little, restless movement of the shoulders and a half-clenched fist.

The man turned at this, and, with the air of one who has just brought something to a successful conclusion, got into the elevator and went down with hardly another glance at them.

When the car had quite disappeared, David turned again to Patricia. The incident had acted as a spur to his spirits, had made him feel practical again. There was a situation to be met here, and the sooner he acted the better.

"You are quite sure you want to go in?" he asked quietly.

Patricia nodded without speaking, and for a moment their eyes met in a long look of understanding.

"You had better let me go first!" said David.

He opened the door and stepped in. His first glance showed him nothing but a small room, overcrowded with cheap furniture and reeking of bad taste. In the center of the room a space had been cleared; there was a chair overturned, and on the floor lay a shattered mirror. But that was all the disorder visible.

Suddenly, he became conscious that there was something which prevented his opening the door wider than would permit him to enter comfortably. He stepped forward quickly and half closed the door again. Then he turned. Against the wall to the left of him was a narrow cot-couch, covered with a gaudy green cover. On the couch Sophie lay. Just at first, David thought that his guess of a few moments ago had been right, after all, and that she was sleeping. She still had on the simple black dress which she had worn that afternoon, and she looked very slender and unutterably weary. She was lying half on her back, with one arm thrown upwards over her head so that the hand extended beyond the couch with the fingers spread slightly apart as though clutching something. Her other hand was at her breast, and her heavy, blonde hair had been loosened and made a shining pillow for her head.

BUT, in her face, in the great shadowy, wide-open eyes, David read that Sophie had made the last turning in her troubled path. He read, too, what he had not been quite sure of that afternoon, that it was a great joy which had met her at the turn, and that in this joy she had died. He thanked God silently for so much.

Then David realized that Patricia was standing beside him, looking down at the still figure on the

couch. He had not heard her come in, and, now, she made no sound of any kind. She stood with her hands clasped tightly together and her head bent a little, gazing with wide eyes at the desolation of her own beauty.

For it was her own beauty. The silent, black-clad figure lying there so wearily, save for the ravages of sorrow and illness, might have been herself. Those great wonder-struck eyes were her own; the oval face on its pillow of shining gold, the slender figure and slim pale hands, all were hers.

Yet David knew that somehow, somewhere, in the inner shrine of personality, which is deeper almost than ourselves, there was a difference as wide as the world, as wide as the nations that gave them birth, as the dreams that sheltered them.

FOR himself, he could look with sorrow on Sophie lying there, it is true—pity and sorrow for her life, ended when joy had, at last, come to her—but with nothing more. But if it were the other way about—if Patricia were lying there dead—

He turned sharply toward her. She gave a deep, tremulous sigh, and putting out one white hand she touched lovingly the mass of shining hair.

"Myself! It is myself, dead!" she whispered in a low voice of awe; and, then, after a pause: "Poor, poor woman! And I was too late to help you."

A sudden trembling seized her. She turned to David, her eyes dark with terror, and her hands groping towards him. "We can't help her now. We mustn't stay here. Oh, take me away quickly!"

David took her two trembling hands in his own firm, strong ones, and held them for a moment. Then he released one, slipped the other through his arm, and led her quietly out into the little hallway. There they stopped instinctively before the elevator, but, at once, by a mutual instinct, they turned away and walked down the narrow stairs in silence, Patricia's hand still clinging convulsively to David's arm.

At the bottom, to their intense relief, the elevator was empty, and the colored man absent on some errand.

Almost furtively, they hurried out into the crisp, November night. The black brougham, with its mysterious driver, was gone too, now, and the street completely deserted.

David drew a deep breath of relief. In his efforts to free Patricia from the tangle of circumstances he had only succeeded in drawing the net closer about her. How much deeper she was involved now than she had been when Brunoff left her at the restaurant he could not tell; but, even if they could escape completely now, through what an unnecessarily harrowing scene he had led her! And what a meddling fool she must think him! At the corner, the green and



"I BEG PARDON," SAID THE NEWCOMER, IN A SLIGHTLY GUTTURAL VOICE,
"BUT IS THIS NOT MADAME'S BOOK?"

red lights of a drugstore glowed like accusing eyes. David turned to Patricia. She was quieter now. Her breathing was regular again, and her hand no longer clung to him, but rested lightly, with due formality, on his coat-sleeve.

"Would you mind waiting just a moment in here while I telephone the police?" he asked.

When he came from the booth, she was sitting staring with wide eyes at the ruby glow, and she started when he spoke to her.

"Now," said David in a practical, authoritative voice, "I am going to put you on the plain, unromantic, twentieth-century subway and take you home."

CHAPTER VIII

David and Patricia made the short ride in the subway almost in silence, but when they were on the street once more, with Patricia's slim hand on his arm, David spoke. "I—I can't possibly tell you how sorry I am," he said miserably, "that I should have dragged you into all this. I've only made it much worse for you. If I had let that man drive you up-town, he'd have taken you home properly, I'm sure; and the chances are he'd have discovered his mistake and you'd be out of the tangle—whatever it is—by this time. But, now, I've got you even more hopelessly involved."

"Oh, don't say that!" said Patricia quickly. "It wasn't your fault. You couldn't have known."

"I know that, of course, but it doesn't help much. To have dragged you into a scene like that—even if I didn't mean to—a scene that really had nothing at all to do with you—"

"But that isn't true!" she interrupted vehemently. "It had a great deal to do with me. You can't tell what a Russian Government agent like that might do. He might have taken me down to some steamer and whisked me away to Siberia in the night. Who knows? And if you hadn't helped me at the restaurant, I—I don't know what I should have done. I didn't have a cent of money."

THERE was a little pause while David was trying to make up his mind to something. Then he blurted out: "There's something I want to ask you to do, or rather not to do, as a favor to me. I know it will seem awfully queer to you, but I can't help it. I heard you tell Brunoff you were going to Geneva, and I don't want you to go."

"Not go to Geneva!" she exclaimed in surprise. "Why? Because Sophie said 'Genève' before she died? That's not a very good reason, I'm afraid."

"I know it," said David, feeling very uncomfortable. "I really have only a presentiment, but it's an awfully strong one. I'd feel ever so much safer if you wouldn't go!"

"I'm afraid I can't promise that, though. You see, I always have to go where Mr. and Mrs. Walton do, and



SO, FOR A SPACE, THEY WALKED ON IN THIS ELECTRIC SILENCE

as they have already made out the route, I really couldn't ask them to change it, because a perfectly strange young man had a 'presentiment', could I?" and she laughed.

"I suppose it would sound a little odd," he admitted reluctantly.

Patricia grew sober again, and when she next spoke it was in a low voice that was vibrant with a kind of wonder.

"But — but about Sophie! You mustn't think that I could regret it. I never could. It was terrible, of course, the most terrible thing I have seen—but the most wonderful. She was so brave, so brave and so lonely, so far from home! I have the strangest feeling that it was fate that took me there, not anything that you could have helped; that her life and mine are somehow tangled together across seas, and nations, and even death. Can you understand what it would mean to find yourself—your very self—and to see her lying there dead, with that great joy in her face? The wonder of it?"

"I think I can understand," said David.

They were getting near the hotel now, and he had a most unconsciously

slackened his pace so that they were walking very slowly. Patricia's hand on his arm grew heavier by just enough to make him conscious of it, and a delightful sense of peace and companionship came over him. He felt that between himself and this slender girl there was a bond of understanding that made words quite unnecessary. So, for a

space, they walked on in this electric silence. But, at last, just before they reached the hotel entrance, Patricia raised her head and spoke:

"Promise me," she said, "that you won't feel sorry about what has happened to me to-night! Truly, I have been glad of it, glad to have seen her, and very, very glad to have known you."

David choked a little over his answer. "You can't know what it has meant to me!" he said at last.

Then they came into the lighted entrance of the hotel, and David stopped. Patricia's hand slipped from his arm, and her manner changed a little.

"Mr. Harwich," she said, "won't you come up and meet Mr. and Mrs. Walton? I know it's late, but they can't have been back long, and I do so want them, too, to be able to thank you for your kindness to me."

"I should like to very much, if it wouldn't be an intrusion," he answered quietly.

"Why, no, of course not! If you will come, we'd better go right up now," and she led the way to the elevator.

At the door of a suite on the second floor she paused. "I'll see whether they are in yet. Mr. Walton didn't say what the business was that called him away."

She knocked. After a moment the door was opened a little way by a startled-looking maid, who cast a quick glance at Harwich.

"Are Mr. and Mrs. Walton here, Clara?" asked Patricia. "No, Miss Endicott," the girl answered, after an instant's hesitation. "They aren't back yet."

"Then, I shall have to say good-night," said Patricia regretfully, holding out her hand to David. "But you must come soon and let them thank you. We sail for Europe next week. So, you see, it must be soon!"

The maid had withdrawn into the room again and the corridor was deserted. David held the slim hand in his an instant longer than politeness required.

"I shall come," he said.

The wave of understanding which he had felt in the street came back to him suddenly, with something new and electrical about it that set his hands to trembling. Patricia, too, felt it, for she blushed a little and turned half away from him.

"Come to-morrow, to-morrow morning!" she said, in a breathless little voice. Then she drew away her hand, and before David could reply she was gone.

DAVID could not remember getting home at all that night, but his sensations in the morning made up in vividness for the lack. When, after a little heavy sleep at daybreak, he opened his eyes in his own familiar rooms, his first feeling was the one he had had the evening before—that the whole adventure had been a dream. He had dreamed Sophie and the gold cigarette-case—had dreamed Patricia! Those slim hands and level gray eyes were figments of his own imagination, and he should never find them again.

But it was only the practical, business part of him that said this. Deep down in him, where his belief in miracles dwelt, he knew that it was true, that he had seen her, had felt the pressure of her hand in his. He knew, too, that he was going to her this morning.

But, right here, the business part took a hand again. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that she was real, what right had he, when he should be working, to be spending time making calls on a girl he had only met last night? And had he any right to go so soon? To be sure, she had asked him; but there are times when a girl is not quite responsible for what she says, and it is one of the privileges of true friendship to discount in the morning the overdrafts of the night before.

This sounded like a good argument. On the whole, perhaps he had better wait till to-morrow or at least till to-night. Yes, he would go to work to-day.

BUT this good intention was the last concession the business part of him succeeded in getting; for, after breakfast, he settled down comfortably to a cigar and the lightest piece of fiction he could find; and a quarter before eleven found him, very big and clean-shaven, at the desk of Patricia's hotel, asking for Miss Endicott.

"Miss Endicott?" said the clerk, with slightly lifted eyebrows. "I don't recall any one of that name here just now. But I will look." He opened the big book with its rows of small cards and looked under E. "No; there's no Miss Endicott here," he said.

"Oh, yes, there is. She's with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Walton," said David, a trifle irritated at the delay.

"Walton, did you say?" The clerk opened the big book again at W. "You must be mistaken. There are no Waltons here, either."

A sudden chill of fear gripped David's heart, but he heard his own voice answering calmly: "There's something wrong with your book, then. Because I was here, at their rooms, at eleven o'clock last night. So look again!"

The clerk was growing impatient, though he contained himself. He turned to the other man in the office. "Jim," he asked, "are there any Waltons here? Or a Miss Endicott? They're not down in the book."

The man thus addressed shot a quick glance at David that had something odd about it, but he answered at once: "No; never heard of them!" Then he turned away to another guest.

Just for a moment it seemed to David that he should smother, his heart was beating so slowly, with great sledgehammer blows. He stood by the desk for so long, in the perfectly relaxed attitude of calm indifference and without speaking, that the clerk grew restive.

"You can see for yourself," he said, "that they do not appear on the register."

David straightened up. "I'll just go up and have a look at the suite they were in last night," he announced calmly. "I don't remember the number, but I can find it."

"I am sorry that we cannot permit anything of the kind," said the clerk firmly.

But David was unmoved. He looked the man steadily in the eye. "Bring a pass-key and come along," was all he said.

"But—" began the clerk. Then he looked at David's calm bulk and stopped. "Oh, very well!" he finished, shrugging his shoulders.

So he came, and David piloted him to the door where Patricia had stood so few hours before. It was an ordinary suite, three rooms and bath, with absolutely nothing out of the way about it. And it was empty with the peculiarly pointed emptiness of hotel rooms.

"You have, no doubt, mistaken the hotel," said the clerk suavely.

But David did not answer. He went quietly into the street and set out walking mechanically straight before him.

SO HE had dreamed her, after all! There was no such person! The believer in miracles was wrong, and the business man was right. He had dreamed her, perfect in every detail, down to the subtle perfume of Maytime she carried with her. . . . But this was nonsense, stark, raving nonsense! She was as real as he was, more real, more vivid even. And if she was not where she had been last night, there was some perfectly comprehensible physical reason for it. He would not, dared not, believe otherwise.

The clerk knew more than he would tell, but that did not alter the fact that she was gone. David remembered how she had spoken jestingly of being spirited away to Siberia in the night. Of course, such things did not really happen, but—what had become of her? It was perfectly impossible for him to believe that she had been tricking him, that when she whispered breathlessly, "Come to-morrow morning!" she had known she would not be there in the morning. Something had happened to her, and she had not been able to let him know. She did not know where to find him. She knew practically nothing about him.

And he? What did he know of her? Her name, that she lived in Albany, that she expected to sail for Europe next week and would be in Geneva on the first of December.

"Geneva!" He remembered Sophie's cry, remembered the expression on Brunoff's face when Patricia had told him she was going there. In Geneva lay the heart of the mystery. But how—

And then, quite suddenly, from the depths of his consciousness, the believer in miracles spoke: "Go to Geneva!" he said.

But the storm of protest aroused by this in his practical self was overpowering. "Go to Geneva, indeed, visionary fool! Leave your work here at sixes and sevens, and rush away four thousand miles following a will-o'-the-wisp, a perfume of Maytime! Bah! How do you ever expect to get on in the world if you do mad things like that? You need a keeper."

The visionary's answer was a bit staggering to the practical man. "You know that, even in business, I've found my best things by following a premonition. Do you remember the time I went to Virginia on just such an instinct, and what I found there—the carved lapis-lazuli

(Concluded on page 83)

PLANNING FOR THE EARLY GARDEN

BY SAMUEL ARMSTRONG HAMILTON

THE resignation with which we accept the dearth of green vegetables for many months of the year is really unnecessary. Though February is upon us, the thrifty housekeeper who will call to her aid that most simple of agents, a hot-bed, can furnish her table with fresh radishes before the end of the month, and with onions, lettuce, and beet greens by the first of March. At the same time, the plants for her outdoor vegetable garden and her flower beds can be getting the early part of their growth in the friendly atmosphere of the hot-bed, and be ready to set outdoors in late April or May, with several weeks' start of gardens planted in the ordinary way.

The idea held by many people that building and maintaining a hot-bed is a difficult procedure is a most mistaken one. It can easily be built at home by the amateur, and the seeds, once planted in it, need no more care than if placed in a garden.

Radishes, lettuce, parsley, and onions are the best vegetables for your first planting, and when the first of them are pulled for eating, the plants suitable for the first outdoor garden, such as the early cabbage and the cauliflower,

and also the flower seeds for the bedding plants, can be placed between the remaining plants. Geranium cuttings, dahlia and canna roots, and others of the same type, can also be placed in the hot-bed at the same time.

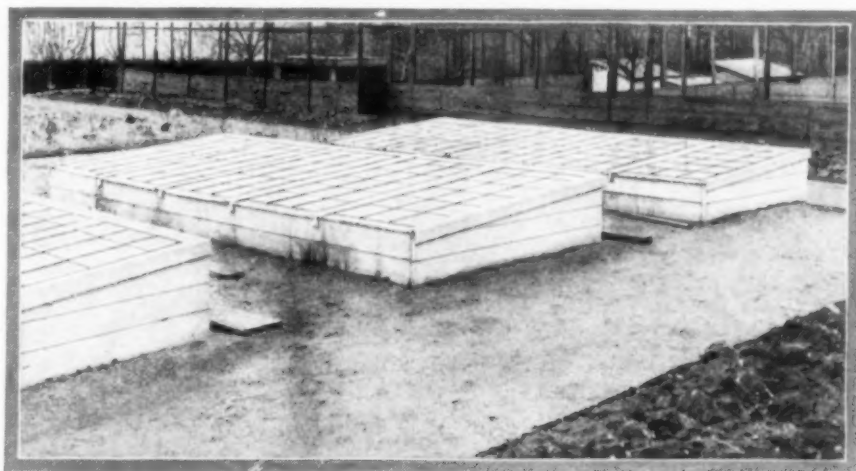
The best radishes for the hot-bed are "French Breakfast", "Icicle", "Olive", and "Scarlet Button", and if any of these first three varieties are planted by February first, they will be ready to pull in eighteen to twenty-one days.

Onions, if sets of "White Silver Skin" are used, will mature in the same time; lettuce, not the head lettuce, but the loose kind, in four weeks, although it can be used sooner for garnishing. Use the "Grand Rapids" variety of lettuce and cut it when it is three inches tall. The parsley—"Extra Moss-Curled" is a good variety for hot-bed planting—should be grown from clumps taken in from outdoors, or from plants or roots purchased. It will produce usable leaves in three weeks. One large clump of parsley is enough for a family. Although all the rest of these vegetables can be interplanted, the parsley will have to be given a permanent corner. Beets, to be used for greens, are also possible in this before-the-season garden. "Extra Early Egyptian" is the best variety to use.

In the meantime, the seeds of early flowers and vegetables can be sown between, and when the first vegetables are removed, these will have the right of way. Use your favorite varieties for these. As to the bedding plants for outdoors, those not intended to be potted off, but to be transplanted direct from the hot-beds to the beds and bor-

ders, any time from March first to April first will do for placing in the hot-bed, as it is rarely safe to set them out before the middle to the last of May. Most large parks and estates uniformly adopt June first, to make sure of their safety, and there is nothing to be gained by setting out plants from a hot-bed to a cold one in the ground. The roots of cannas and dahlias will do better if potted in pots which will just hold them, and the pots then sunk level with the soil in the hot-bed. The beds never should be empty, as a constant succession should be assured by interplanting one thing before another is quite ready to remove. The cuttings and bulbs and roots can be the last things set in, as it takes only from two to three weeks to bring them into shape for transplanting, and they are too tender to bear early outdoor planting. In placing the seeds do not sow them promiscuously, but plant them in small "drills"

or furrows, made by laying down a straight edge and using a pencil along its edge. Sow the seeds thinly, so as not to have to thin out the plants until they have shown their third leaf. The rows should be two inches apart, and the plants two inches apart in the row. Thin them out one-half as they increase,



THE THRIFTY HOUSEKEEPER, WITH THE AID OF A HOT-BED, CAN FURNISH HER TABLE WITH GREEN VEGETABLES IN FEBRUARY

so that they will have plenty of room to grow, and at the same time will not touch each other.

When, as might happen in late April or May, according to the latitude, the bedding-plants are of a size to set out before the state of the weather permits, hold them in the hot-bed by taking off the sashes in the daytime, and shading the plants.

The watering of the beds should always be done early in the morning on a bright day, be done thoroughly, and then not repeated until the top of the soil is dry. On warm sunny days, ventilate by raising the high end of the sash a few inches; as the days get warm, the sash may be taken off altogether during the middle of the day.

AS TO the frame itself, the materials cost little, and only the commonest tools—a saw and a hatchet—are needed. Hot-beds are usually made six feet wide, although a small one, three feet in width, can just as easily be made. The sashes can be bought ready-made at a very low price, and, with care, will last a lifetime. They come in only the one size, three-by-six feet, and two of these make a standard hot-bed cover, but, if you happen to have on hand any size window-sash, this can be adapted to your requirements. Practically all seedmen or plantmen carry these sashes. Although they come either with or without the glass, it is better to get them unglazed, as the risk of breakage in transportation is great, and you can easily put in the glass

(Continued on page 106)

KISSES THAT HAVE MADE HISTORY

BY ADA PATTERSON

IT DOES not really need St. Valentine to prove to us that the kiss is truly a potent thing. If we will read the quaint tales which history holds for us, we will soon admit that kisses have been not mere details of ordinary courtship, but pivotal events in the history of the world. The kisses of Helen of Troy caused a war in which thousands were slain;

the kiss that Judas Iscariot gave the Savior, by that kiss betraying him to his enemies, was the turning-point in the history of the Christian religion; the kiss Princess Alice, daughter of Queen Victoria, insisted upon pressing upon the lips of her diphtheritic child cost her life, and to the extent that she, the most beloved princess of England, and her children, would have affected the affairs of the British Empire, that kiss changed the story of a nation; the kiss that a Scandinavian princess bestowed with childish impulse upon an early English king caused that custom to become an English one, else you who read this might salute your fiancé on St. Valentine's Eve as the Eskimo does—by rubbing your nose against his. England and France, whose habit it was for hundreds of years to regard each other with the same distrust and hostility as do a dog and cat, have been far better friends—have, indeed, shown marked symptoms of heart-warming for each other—since Queen Victoria permitted Napoleon III to greet her publicly, on behalf of his nation, with a kiss upon her cheek. Representatives of the two nations, watching this salute, were enchanted by the humanity of their monarchs and have since, in a degree, reflected their spirit.

But kisses of a more romantic nature have turned the currents of lives, and, in consequence, the currents of history, into new channels. There is no doubt whatever that the petulance of a wee princess of the royal blood of Spain changed the dynasty of that kingdom. Had the tiny princess yielded a kiss when it was requested, the Spanish throne might be occupied by one of Castilian blood, instead of by a monarch in whose blood is some of the chill of the north. It was at a children's party at the palace in Madrid. The boy king, Alfonso, turned to give to the little princess, his partner, a kiss by way of farewell, as the dance required. But Her Little Highness, frightened and offended, ran away. Her parents, shocked at the snub to a king, whom they had regarded as a future son-in-law, told the child she had made a most serious mistake.

REMEMBER that it is always an honor to be kissed by a king!" they admonished, when they took her to the next children's party at the palace.

Again, King Alfonso danced with Her Little Highness—reluctantly, however, but his mother had impressed him with the duty of a king to his subjects.

"*Noblesse oblige!*" she whispered, as he toddled along, his way impeded by his kingly robes, to lead forth the highest-ranking princess in the kingdom. Dutifully they

danced, but when the coquettish figure ended, for their fellow princes and princesses, in a salute, and the princess turned her cheek to be kissed, the small monarch said in icy tones, while he extended his hand:

"I am the King. You must kiss me there."

Kneeling, the little girl obeyed. It was the only manner of salute ever permitted her by King Alfonso.

The royal plans, changed by his dislike for the little girl who had snubbed him in the presence of the court, looked to an alliance outside Spain.

Thus, a kiss refused caused the reigning house of Spain to be not truly Spanish, but half Spanish and half English.

The story of Mary of Burgundy is that of a kiss granted after many were withheld. Mary of Burgundy was a rarely beautiful young queen, and very rich.

Young noblemen who wanted to become prince consort swarmed about her court as bees about a flower. One after another the princess sent the suitors away. One was too old; another was too ugly. One squinted; another's beard was scrubby. One looked "silly" when he was presented; another looked too stern.

"Trivial excuses, Your Majesty!" groaned her ministers.

"I am the Queen!" responded the regal beauty.

Some years before, on a lonely road in a German forest, she had met a wandering troubadour. To him this young girl, traveling in her carriage with a governess and a painfully plain aunt, was not Mary of Burgundy, to be approached with

humility, but the Divine Lady of his heart, to whom his eyes might tell the story of his suddenly lighted love. And in her heart, the strolling player, wondrously handsome, and with marvelously expressive eyes, kindled a swift and answering flame. The meeting was brief but unforgettable, the parting inevitable. Neither had learned the other's name, and though, secretly, the heart of Mary of Burgundy chafed under its royal restrictions, and longed to leave the poms and vanities of court life and seek out her youth of the forest, outwardly she remained the proud and inaccessible young queen.

With each year the importunities of the court and of visiting suitors became greater. But Mary of Burgundy still declined to take a consort.

One day there was announced, "Maximilian of Hapsburg". He had arrived with his retinue.

"I suppose I must see him," pouted the young queen.

"It would be a pity were so lovely a queen to become an old maid," dared to whisper her favorite lady-in-waiting.

"If that happens, I shall be one queen, at least, who has not bartered her hand for a tarnished old crown. Are not these Hapsburgs the unlucky house?" retorted Mary of Burgundy with spirit.

But when the young pair met on the flower-wreathed balcony of the palace, the entire court forming a human background for the scene of the meeting, they sank, as by one impulse, to their knees. Their lips met in a long kiss. In Maximilian, Mary of Burgundy recognized the strolling player, and in Mary was revealed to him the adorable



CAROLUS DURAN'S FAMOUS PAINTING,
"THE KISS"

young girl of that never-to-be-forgotten year of his wanderlust, when, disguised as a troubadour, he had gaily sought the road. Now, in the discharge of what they had expected to be a hateful duty to their countries, they met again in the rose-bower of the balcony. To the immense relief of the ministers, Mary of Burgundy not only accepted him as a husband, but hastened her wedding.

OF DARKER import to a kingdom was the kiss stolen from Anne, the lovely daughter of the Earl of Warwick, who made and unmade monarchs as easily as the political "boss" of the present day makes a mayor or a governor. Anne bloomed in Warwick Castle as beautifully as any rose in the flower-dotted grounds of the estate. One officer in the War of the Roses said a man could win against any foe if he wore the colors of Anne of Warwick on his helmet.

The War of Roses began as a family quarrel between the Duke of York and the Duke of Lancaster, as to who was entitled to be King of England, but it soon grew so hot and furious that it embroiled all of England in a thirty-years' war. The followers of the Duke of Lancaster wore white roses. The adherents of the Duke of York wore red roses. Because of these emblems the bitter civil war came to be known as the War of the Roses.

King Edward IV, of the House of York, a most flirtatious monarch, saw the rose-like Anne at Warwick Castle. He admired her vastly, so much, indeed,

Otto IV, overhearing His Majesty say, "Who is yon lovely maid?" and her father's reply, his forehead almost upon his hands in obeisance, "That, sire, is my daughter, whom you may kiss," turned angrily upon her father.

"Kiss me! He shall not, not if he were forty emperors instead of one!"

Instead of being indignant with the young woman for her declaration of independence, the Emperor was delighted at her spirit and applauded her with great enthusiasm.

Calling up Guido

Besanche, he presented to him the still angrily flushing Gualdrada as a bride. He also created him a Count and gave him large territory in the Cassentino. To this day a chamber in the Castle of Popia is shown to visitors as



ANNE
BOLEYN,
WHOSE
KISS
CHANGED
THE
RELIGION
OF A
KINGDOM



FROM "THE KISS", BY FRAGONARD, THE CELEBRATED FRENCH ARTIST



QUEEN MARGARET OF FRANCE

daughter that a kiss from a king was always an honor. Instead, she had a distinct impression that it might be quite otherwise. She raged at His Majesty, and told her father of the kiss with as great and genuine show of indignation as though he had been a grocer's clerk. Moreover, her father agreed with her, and in his wrath pulled Edward IV from his throne. Thus, a kiss cost a king his throne and prolonged a civil war which, until that unwelcome kiss was given, had been thought to be at an end.

While the kiss declined is not usually so potent as the kiss granted, there is a true tale of a girl who won a husband, a title for himself and her, and a large territory by a refusal to bestow a kiss upon her king. Gualdrada, the beautiful daughter of a subject of the German Emperor,

that meeting her alone for an instant, he bestowed upon her a kingly kiss. Unlike the Spanish grandee, the Earl of Warwick had not taught his

the room of the good, quick-tempered Gualdrada, who risked her life to save her self-respect.

Not so with the kiss bestowed on the fair daughter of Charlemagne. The Frankish king had planned to bestow her in marriage upon a troublesome monarch of a petty kingdom and so end the harassing of that competitor for domain. But he reckoned without her feminine inclinations, or the attraction of one of his handsome secretaries.

One day Charlemagne was jostled out of his absorbing interest in his playthings of kings and crowns by the sight of the handsome secretary bending in obeisance before the lovely princess, as was the custom of the court, and pressing a kiss upon the toe of the royal slipper. This was a commonplace of his court, but the king observed—what was less common—the adoring glance in the secretary's eyes and the reciprocal look in those of the young princess.

Fortunately His Highness was in gentle mood, else he would not have cried, as history has recorded: "Daughter, you would give me a mere writer of mean scrawls for a son-in-law. So be it!"

History informs us that the princess was nothing loath, also that no kingly complications ever marred her marriage.

The origin of the common and laudable expression, "Be like Caesar's wife, above suspicion", was the playful kiss

of a young Roman named Clodius. There was in Rome

(Continued on page 100)

COOKING FOR CREATION

THE NEIGHBORHOOD CLUB DISCOVERS DOMESTIC SCIENCE

BY ZONA GALE

EDITOR'S FOREWORD.—Miss Gale's monthly talks in this department are making us all very well acquainted with Friendship Village and its needs and problems, and with Calliope Marsh, its mouthpiece. How like is this little town of Miss Gale's imagination to thousands of other communities scattered over the country, and how close its problems come to those of even larger communities and city neighborhoods! We wonder if, by chance, there is not something at your own door waiting to be done for the big civic good. Miss Gale will be glad to help you with suggestions and advice in the formation of a "Neighborhood Club", or in any other way which is for the good of your home town, if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies your inquiry. Address your letters to The Friendship Village Editor, McCall's Magazine, New York City.

"DOMESTIC science!" says I. "That's the only proposal for committee work for this association that I don't hanker over."

"Why don't you like it Calliope?" says Abigail Arnold, quiet.

"It surprised us some to hear her voice, her that is usually afraid to speak up in public about anything. And, now, we was right in the throes of our annual meeting."

"Well," says I, "what is there to like? It's nothin' but cooking. And ain't the way to cook, to cook?"

"But everybody don't know how," she says back, timid.

"Well, can't their mothers teach 'em, I'd like to know?" says Mis' Postmaster Sykes.

"All their mothers don't know how," says Abigail, firm; "not only them that you know don't, but some of them that you think do." And she adds on: "I don't believe all of us here in this room knows."

"We all gasped at that. Us that had cooked since we was brides!"

"Not everyone is cooks because they cook," adds Abigail.

"True enough," says I. "Cooks is born, not made. I ain't one, and I know. You, Abigail, that are one, had ought to know."

"I ain't one like I'd ought to be," she says. "I can stir up things—but stirring ain't it."

"No," says I, "nothing's it but being born with the knack. And you can't teach that in no school whatever."

"Abigail went on, kind of soft stubborn."

"They don't speak so," she says, "about school-teaching! Nor about carpentering! Nor doctoring! Nor lawing it! Nor no real profession! You've got to be born with the knack—but you've got to train that knack."

"WELL, I guess that's about so," says Mis' Toplady, thoughtful. "Knacks ain't much use—so be they're let run wild. I never thought of it before, but—why not cooking, like others?"

"Cooking and farming," says Abigail, "was the last two callings to get a-hold of any dignity. They use' to think anybody could farm it. And, now, I was reading the other day that farmers that know what to do for their soil when it gets sick—yes, sick!—and how to spray things, and how to rotate their crops right, can raise three and four times as much to the acre as farmers that go it blind."

"I don't know what that's got to do with cooking," says Mis' Postmaster, "with peeling, and slicing, and dumping in the pot and the spider."

"Well, ladies," says Abigail, "most all my life, there in my bakery, I've stood and made bread, and pies, and cakes, and rolls, and cookies, and what not. Now, I ain't no idee of getting wealthy—I guess you all know that. Nor of cheating anybody in order to save for my own pocketbook. But, whenever I could do it, I—well, I saved. I scrimped



on graham and whole-wheat flour; I pinched on the butter in my cake, and on the lard in my doughnuts, and on the fruit in my pies, and on the sugar whenever I could. I says it was bein' saving, and that I was always taught to be saving. I was taught that was one of the chief virtues you could get—and that thrift was 'most as good as honesty. That's the trouble, though—you can't always be thrifty, not in the old sense, without being dishonest. And I found I was being dishonest."

"She looked around on us calm. And we all kind of gasped. Abigail dishonest! Her that we had known ever since we could remember!"

"I read in a book," Abigail says, "that there's a certain number of 'elements', it called them, in the human body that it has to get a-hold of to make it grow and be strong. And all them elements is in the ground—ain't that wonderful? All that the body needs to grow and be strong is in the ground! And, somehow or other, the body's got to get a-hold of 'em—through vegetables, or eggs, or milk, or butter, or nuts, or water, or bread, or pies, or cakes. Think of it! My bread—and my pies—and my cakes—"

"Abigail stopped, kind of reverent."

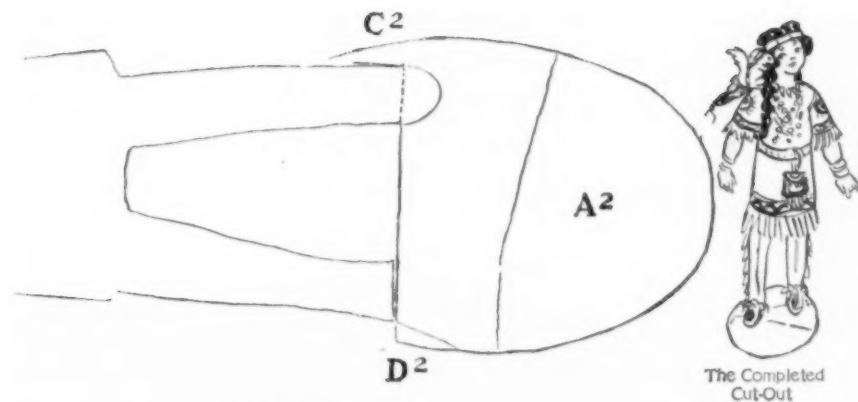
"I NEVER knew," she says, "that that was my business. I read more about it in the book—more'n I can tell you here. All about what things in food makes strength for what kind of work—and how much folks so old, doing such and such kinds of work, needs to keep 'em strong. 'Issues of Life', that was what the book says food is. And when I got done reading"—Abigail looked around at us, shy, and went on—"it was late at night, but I got up and took the lamp and went down-stairs to my bakery. And I looked along the shelves, to my bread lying there behind the glass doors, and inside my glass case to my cake and gingerbread, and I says right out loud to 'em: "Why, I never knew you was that! I never knew you was issues of life! I thought you was just my bakery stuff—to skimp on, if I wanted to, and call it thrift, and keep back the issues of life from coming up out of the ground to make human lives grow. At least, I never thought anything about that part, but that's how I've been acting."

"Oh, ladies," says Abigail, "I never had thought of it that way before. I've used corn-starch instead of confectioner's sugar, and I've used—"

"Never mind, Abigail," says Mis' Toplady, soothing, and she looked around at us, kind of guilty; and it was so we was all looking at each other. Many's the time we've all come to association meetings, gleeful, with some new receipt that tells you how to use a little less of something, and we've thought each other was smart and thrifty to find it out, and we've wrote it out, and gone home, triumphant, and tried it on our family's stomachs, good wives and mothers that some of us are.

"Abigail went on: 'I'll never forget the feeling—never. It was like I was some kind of witch—a good witch, waving my baking-spoon for a wand, and letting issues of life out of the ground, through my oven and my kettles and my pots. I went back up-stairs feeling like I'd never felt before—like I didn't know I could feel—all glorified and kind of joined in with life, working for what it was working for—like creation was keeping right on, now, and I was let have a hand in it, too. Think of it! and all these years I'd thought I was just keeping bakery.'

(Concluded on page 95)



The Completed Cut-Out

TO OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

You've been hearing so much about Jinks and Betty that we thought it was about time Betty herself made you a visit in your own home. So here she is, all dressed up by the Cut-Out Lady as a little Camp-Fire Girl, with a feather head-dress that she can wear or not, as she pleases. She has also brought along her little squirrel, who is tame enough to sit on her shoulder. Perhaps, next month, we shall persuade the Cut-Out Lady to make Jinks a Boy-Scout suit, and then he, too, can come a-visiting. You will find all the directions for putting Betty together on page 101.



OUR BETTY AS A CAMP-FIRE GIRL

A CUT-OUT FOR THE CHILDREN

Designed by MARGARET PECKHAM

MISS PEGGOTY DAY-THE WHISTLING GIRL

BEING PEGGY'S SECOND ADVENTURE IN PURSUIT OF A CAREER

BY MARGUERITE AND ARMIGER BARCLAY

EDITOR'S FOREWORD.—If you haven't met Peggy before, we must certainly tell you that she is a very delightful young person, indeed, whose uncle has left her a comfortable fortune on condition that she marry her Cousin John. Now, Peggy is very, very, very fond of Cousin John, but, to use her own words, she "won't be coerced". So she puts her small foot down and announces that she intends to earn her own living. In January we printed the story, as told by Cousin John, of her first adventure in the wage-earning world. Since January, Peggy has led poor Cousin John many a dance, for her apparent surrender to his invitation to "look at carpets" for their future home meant nothing whatever. She looked at carpets, to be sure, but only to buy a most extravagant one as a wedding present for a friend, and February finds her launched on still another erratic adventure, as Cousin John is about to tell you.

THE microbe of independence seems to run in Peggy's veins," declared my sister, Lottie. "You would never believe that such a sweet, gentle-looking girl could be so self-assertive!"

"Speak for yourself," said I. "Peggy's independence is my despair. What has she done now?"

"Last night she told me that unless I let her stay on as a sort of P. G.—"

"What's that? Petulant Golfer or Perpendicular Gothic?"

"Paying guest, of course, you silly! I was very angry with her, as you may imagine. I'm not, as I told her, an impecunious duchess or a poverty-stricken landlady, but a prosperous young married woman of the upper middle class. But she has a wheedling way with her, Jack, as you'll find out to your cost when you're married."

"If we ever are!" I sighed. "But you needn't tell me. I could write the book of Peggy backwards, which, by the way, is the only way it should be written, for she's contrariness personified. Well, what did you arrange?"

At this juncture, Peggy came on to the balcony through the open window.

"I've heard all you said," she remarked, "although I coughed three times to draw your attention—"

"To the fact that listeners hear no good of themselves?" I asked.

"We have already come to quite an amicable arrangement," said Peggy, sitting down; "although you wouldn't think so by the expression on Lottie's face at the present moment."

"I shall save that ten dollars a week to add to your wedding present, when you have the good sense to marry Jack," retorted Lottie.

Peggy's eyebrows went up ironically.

NEVER mind that," said I, a little shortly. "But may I ask from what source Peggy proposes to get this sum?"

Lottie gave a despairing shrug, and threw out her hands. "Ask her!" she said.

I tried to look stern. Peggy only laughed.

"I'm going to have another try at earning my own living," was her flippant explanation, "and I think, in fact, I may say, I shall be in a fair way to make thousands in a short time—that is, if I can make up my mind to bare feet—"

"As far as earning your own living is concerned," I interrupted, not without apprehension, "you surely ought to have learnt by this that you might as well whistle for it!"

Peggy clapped her hands. "That's exactly what I'm going to do!" she exulted. "I'm going to whistle for fifteen dollars a week—and get it, too! Whistle and dance, my dear Jack. The contract is signed!"

Lottie and I drew a sharp inward breath, but neither of us said anything, which was the only way to make Peggy impart the information she was burning to tell us, and we, of course, to hear.

"For a long time I've been thinking I'd like to go on the stage. But the trouble was to find out how to get there. I couldn't ask either of you; you're so suspicious and all that; but I happened to catch Lottie's housemaid dance-



THE WHISTLING GREW CLEARER, SWEETER, LOUDER, AND THEN, DANCING ON FROM THE WINGS, CAME PEGGY

ing in front of the glass in my bedroom with my accordion-pleated skirt on—"

"I shall give her notice at once!" broke in Lottie.

"No, don't. I'll give her the skirt instead. She was quite upset, as it was, when I caught her, although she really danced splendidly. Would you believe it, Lottie, she could touch the back of her head with her foot!"

"The very idea!" fumed Lottie. "I engaged her as a housemaid, not as an acrobat! She'll be making the beds standing on her head next!"

"I believe she would if you raised her wages," said Peggy guilelessly. "But do let me get on, if you want to hear. Jane was most apologetic. It appears it runs in her family—dancing, I mean. She has a sister on the stage who got her first engagement through going to a voice trial, which gave me an idea. Then I made some inquiries, and, last week, I went to the Alcazar Theater at eleven o'clock in the morning, through the stage door and down a passage which led on to the stage."

"Go on," said Lottie. "I must admit, although I don't entirely approve of it, that the stage interests me. Do you remember, Jack, how stage-struck I used to be, and how when you were sixteen I dressed you up as a fairy in the darlingest gauze skirts?"

"No, I don't," I returned huffily. "Girls have an extraordinary faculty for remembering dozens of things that never happened. There's nothing at all to laugh at, Peggy."

Peggy swallowed a giggle. "The stage looked most early-morning-ish," she went on, "like the rooms in a house before one comes down to breakfast—not tidied up, you know. Down by the footlights there was a man



HE CAUGHT UP WITH HER, SEIZED HER IN HIS ARMS, AND—
KISSED HER

sitting at a piano, and another man opposite him at a table. The man at the table was the stage manager. There were a lot of girls and men waiting to have their voices tried—at least thirty of them. I don't think they could all have been related, but they seemed very affectionate, and they mostly called each other 'dear' or 'darling'. And some of them must have been saleswomen, for they kept on mentioning the word 'shop'. One young man was evidently a pugilist; he was talking most ferociously about wiping the floor with another man. I felt quite out of it. Nobody seemed to see me. They really almost pushed me aside when I got in their way.

"The man at the piano was rather rude. First, one girl sang and then another, and he made all sorts of rude remarks. And so it went on. Everybody had had their turn. Some had been allowed to sing half a song, some were stopped at the very beginning. The stage was empty and there was only I left.

"Now, then, young lady," said the man at the table, "what can you do?"

"I can whistle," I said. And I did. And I danced. The man at the table said, "She's all right!" and yesterday I signed a contract for an engagement. That's all! The piece is called *The Jolly Mannequin*, and we start rehearsing to-morrow. I've got a little part all to myself, and it's all because they like my whistling so much. I shall be dressed in two shades of yellow chiffon, just like a canary, and I go 'tweet-tweet'!"

"Sounds more like a motor-car," I could not help commenting. "But who are you supposed to be in the play?"

I'M CALLED Miss Peggotty Day, the Whistling Girl, on the program. The part was specially written in for me. I have to run on the stage just dancing and whistling and beckoning, and when the hero sees me he runs away from the Princess just as he is going to propose to her, and flies after me, and in the end he catches me, and that's all. So now you know all about it." She got up, pirouetted through the French window, around the room once or twice, and "tweet-tweeted" herself out.

Lottie sighed. "Dear little Peggy! What a baby she is!" she said softly. "Will she ever in the world grow up, I wonder?"

But I felt too annoyed to discuss the matter with her. I had borne Peggy's vagaries and helped her out of her self-inflicted scrapes without a murmur, but her going on the stage seemed to me almost synonymous with her departure on a long journey. I had a premonition that, once behind the footlights, I might soon see the last of the old Peggy. I had dark misgivings of what the stage might do to her. When I got her by herself, I tried to talk to her seriously.

"But what is it you're afraid of, Jack?" she asked, her pretty head on one side. "I promise I'll be careful to take my make-up off after matinees. I know some actresses are rather lazy about it."

"With some actresses it must be always after matinees," I said sarcastically. "I don't like it, Peggy. You'll have your head turned. And I don't want to see your photograph on chocolate boxes, or advertising dentifrices, and I don't want strange young men to buy picture postal cards of you."

Peggy's merry face grew serious for a moment.

"I give you my word, Jack," she vowed, "that I won't allow any of these things." Her voice trembled a little. "I don't really want to go on the stage a bit, but I do want to make fifteen dollars a week and be independent of Uncle John's will. It's—it's that clause in which he says I'm to have the fifteen thousand a year if I marry you that makes me say 'No, never!' If I'd got some of my own, then—"

"Then—?" I asked eagerly, evolving wild schemes for endowing her anonymously with the money which should have been hers by right.

"I said 'If.' She smiled roguishly, and nothing would induce her to say more.

Peggy would never let me go with her to rehearsal. She wanted me to see her act for the first time on the first night of the production of the piece. She didn't seem to have any fear of failure, but I hoped that at the last moment she would not be seized by stage fright. Though I didn't want her to go on the stage, I had the natural anxiety that she should not come off it ignominiously.

On the fateful night I took a box, and Lottie and her husband and I were in it, waiting for the parting of the great curtains that hid our little Peggy behind them.

I don't remember what happened in the first act, or what it was about. Peggy had only one appearance to make, and that was not until the middle of Act II. The hero of the piece, as Peggy had told us, was about to propose marriage to the Princess, when—

Soft as a bird's note came a little trill. The music from the orchestra modulated. The whistling grew clearer, sweeter, louder, and then, dancing on from the wings, came Peggy, her yellow draperies a-swing, her slender little self

(Continued on page 108)

NEW HATS FROM OLD

LESSONS IN HOME MILLINERY · NUMBER XIV

BY EVELYN TOBEY

HEAD OF MILLINERY DEPARTMENT · COLUMBIA COLLEGE

THE aim of the lesson of this demi-season month of February is to help you brush up and remodel the winter's hats to make them do until straw-time. The four hats in this lesson, which give suggestions for different shapes and styles of trimming, are all small, so that a fair-sized last winter's hat will furnish you plenty of material for any one of them. The frame patterns, the covering, and trimming of these hats you have learned to do in the lessons just preceding; so we will need to say just a word about them now, and, then, can go on to the renovation processes needed to put our old material in shape.

A small sharp hat which looks like a gunboat (Fig. 1) is very popular, at present, for street wear and motoring. It stays on well, and a veil fits easily over it. The brim is cut like an oval, with sharp points front and back. It is only one and one-half inches wide on the sides, and two and one-half inches wide at the points. The crown is an oval tam, fifteen inches by fourteen inches. An effective trimming is a band of gros-grain ribbon with a small bow placed low near the brim in the back, and another small bow high on the crown in the front. It is one of the season's smartest tailored hats.

The smart sailor of the season (Fig. 2) is two inches wide, and the brim cover is fitted tight. The side crown is three and one-half inches wide, and is covered with a bias of velvet fitted tight. The top has no frame under it. It is an oval of velvet, eight inches from side to side and nine inches from front to back. It is gathered and sewed neatly to the top of the side crown. A most effective trimming for this hat is a butterfly made from a tiny wing, poised on the edge of the brim at the back.

The "Niniche" hat (Fig. 3) is another popular shape, and can be covered with a bias of velvet, cut two inches wider than twice the width of the brim. This strip is gathered at the head-size, under and on top, is loose at the edge, and extends beyond it about one-half inch. The crown is a tam, cut oval, fifteen inches front to front, and fourteen inches side to side. It is gathered to fit tight around the outside of the head-size of the brim.

A little close hat, with flowers and chin strap (Fig. 4), is one of the harbingers of Eastertime, and I advise you to

add one to your wardrobe without delay. It can be worn either for an everyday or a "dressed-up"

FIG. 1—ONE OF THE SEASON'S SMARTEST TAILORED HATS

hat. The brim is a mushroom, two and one-half inches deep and thirty inches around the edge.

The brim frame is covered with a bias of velvet, which is stretched tight around the edge, and pleated at the head-size underneath and on top. The crown is an oval tam, fourteen by thirteen inches. For trimming, use a wreath made of a charming combination of colors, yellow wheat, mignonette, tiny bachelor buttons of brilliant blue, and cerise rosebuds, with a soft American Beauty rose on the left side. Now for the renovation of materials that can

be used on these hats or any hats you may choose. All materials ought to be thoroughly brushed and shaken free of dust, and threads ought to be carefully removed. Gasoline and reliable dyes will renew or change the colors. Steaming will then remove the creases and put new life into materials. Heat an iron very hot, turn it upside down, and rest it so that the flat side of the iron is uppermost. Place over it a cotton cloth soaked in cold water. Steam will rise; and when it ceases to rise move the cloth along so that a new wet spot is over the hot iron and more steam is rising. While the steam is strong, lay the wrong side of the material against the steaming cloth, and brush it with a soft-hair velvet brush. If the material is velvet or plush, brush against the pile lightly, so as to make it stand up fresh.

Until the pile is thoroughly dry, do not fold the velvet or press it with the fingers. After the pile of velvet has been brushed up and steamed, then rub the back of it across the hot iron to remove the creases and to dry it.

If the velvet is mirror, chiffon, or panné, you can iron it on both sides, after you have steamed it, with an iron which is not too hot. Experiment with a small piece first. You may have to repeat the steaming several times, if the velvet is much worn.

When the velvet is too much worn you can mirror it. To do this, first moisten the pile a little with a piece of wet velvet, then iron both sides, being careful when drawing the iron over the right side not to stop it on the surface of the velvet, but to use a long stroke from end to

(Continued on page 88)



FIG. 2—A SAILOR EFFECTIVELY TRIMMED WITH A DELICATELY POISED BUTTERFLY

FIG. 4—THE JUST-BEFORE-EASTER FLOWER-TRIMMED HAT

BUSTLES AND BOLEROS

LATEST TENDENCIES OF FRENCH FASHION
AS SEEN IN EXCLUSIVE SOCIAL CIRCLES

BY ANNE OVERTON

PARIS, France:—All Paris is breathless with interest over the radical changes taking place in the fashioning of clothes. Not that we need be, I think I hear you say, for, in seasons just past, we have seen one style succeed another almost as breathlessly as we used to watch the antics of the old-time, lightning-change artists in the circus. But even their dexterity was primitive in comparison with the speed with which pipe-stem slenderness gives way to up-in-front draperies, and they, in their turn, to panniers and bustles, in this modern real-life vaudeville in which we find ourselves taking part.

This revolution has been more than matched by the sudden evolution of the jacket from bolero to rippled short coat and long-tailed polonaise. When I first began to think of this letter—indeed, I might almost say when I began to write it—the bolero, or a suggestion of one, was part of the detail of almost every costume. It is still beloved, but it has been taught to know its place. As the winter advanced it was forced to yield the scepter to a longer and warmer wrap. Then, before I could even tell you about the ripply peplums some of us were sewing to the bottoms of our boleros to hoodwink our enemies into the belief that we were entirely up-to-date, the short coat turned traitor to French ideas and appeared as a garment on the Russian order, with very long full skirt, as you see it in my sketch.

LONG coats of this type, so reminiscent of the true polonaise, were seen at Paul Poiré's opening, and at once became immensely popular. On the instant, various versions of them appeared, some with belts and some without; some with a seam at frills and ruffles, and some falling in straight, spreading lines from neck to hem; some beset with frills and ruffles and some severely plain but chic. If I am any judge of clothes, this coat is going to hold its own, both in the winter months in warm fabrics, and next spring and summer, as well, when it will be developed in satin or brocade for the promenade at mountain or seaside resort, or in pongee, taffeta, or crash for train or motor trip.

My mind has been so full of this evolution of the bolero that there is not space enough left to tell you about all the other interesting new fashions to be seen here. The bustle, hinted at before, is a fact, achieved at present mostly by big bows and fluffy ruffles, but, in many cases, a real bustle of wire or hair is worn beneath the dress.

And ruffles! The fondness for them is increasing every day. Just so you have some on your dress, they can be put on in any way desired; straight around, down in front and up in the back, or down behind and up in the front—I might almost add, straight up and down! Surely, this summer will find the most serene among us ruffled to some extent.

Just a word, now, about the hats. I know you are wondering why I send this sketch of the kind irreverently called a "stove-pipe". Parisiennes are wearing it, however, along with the Gladstone collar, and I want you to become accustomed to it before you actually meet it on American soil.



THE BOLERO WILL HAVE AS ITS
SUCCESSOR THE POLONAISE



CLEVERNESS OF DETAIL DISPLAYED IN GOWNS FOR DAILY USE

NEW STYLE FEATURES SIMPLIFIED FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

For other views and descriptions see opposite page

WHEN MAKING YOUR SPRING CLOTHES

Eton Jackets, Pockets and Plaid Materials
Are All Promises of the Coming Season

THE little Eton jacket, so popular a few years ago, is again coming in, in time for the spring and summer sewing. It will be worn with a skirt of the same color or with a contrasting skirt, for the day of contrasts has not yet passed.

The peplum is apparent in all spring styles, from the one which is almost a tunic to the one which is nearer a belt.

Pockets are seen in all sorts of places—some for use and some for show.

The skirts continue to be narrow at the ankles with decided fulness at the hips, exhibiting variations of the Minaret, peg-top and bustle effects. The waist continues large, and the skirts are slightly full in at the belt. We have had slashes in the sides and the front, but the very newest and smartest thing now is the slash in the back, showing lace or silk petticoat beneath.

The spring materials are displayed in a wide variety, and include most of the popular winter fabrics duplicated in cotton materials for the needs of the season. Printed silks in Dresden and Oriental patterns will be very good.

Matelassé, with its heavy brocaded effect upon a sheer background, is a very striking material, and lends itself to a variety of styles and combinations of color.

Cotton duvetynes will hold a strong place among the materials now used; they are rather expensive for a cotton material, but are so soft and pliable that they drape effectively, and will, therefore, hold their own.

Ratine in many colors will continue popular, especially in places where piqué and linen have been used, as it does not become so quickly mussed.

Plaids, in all varieties and in all colors, will be used a great deal this summer. The voiles and other similar materials are manufactured with broad borders of plaid, and are particularly smart for summer frocks.

Crêpy materials are growing more and more popular. They are being made in silks and in many varieties in cotton goods. Their softness and pliability make them peculiarly adaptable to the present styles. Cretonne effects are very much used in these materials.

Brilliant colors have been the rage of the winter, but mostly pastel shades will be seen in the summer novelties. Pre-season notes from Paris tell us that there will be a strong leaning in spring and summer fashions to what is known as *Petrole* blue—that is, the soft, delicate shades of both refined and unrefined petroleum or coal-oil. There are six of these beautiful tints, classed, respectively, as light-oil blue, cloud blue, cadet blue, military blue, dark-oil blue, and gunpowder blue—something, you see, for every complexion.

Yellow has been one of the favorite tints of the winter, and will, undoubtedly, be carried over into the summer season in some of the wonderful shades of the ripening corn, or deepening into the soft browns of chestnut and cigar. There are, besides, beautiful shell pinks and crushed raspberries, but the predictions are that the main choice will lie between blue and yellow.

Cleverness of Detail in Gowns for Daily Use

NO. 5699, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—The simplicity and good style of this frock would make it especially adaptable for business women. The hand embroidery from Transfer Design No. 314 has been effectively used and gives a touch of individuality to the dress. This pattern is cut in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires six and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material. The three-piece skirt measures one and five-eighths yards around the bottom.

NO. 5687, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—This is an unusually new model, wide side tucks being combined with sleeves in semi-raglan fashion. This frock, made of deep red serge, would make a practical addition to the winter wardrobe.

Revers of red-and-white plaid silk, with a crushed girdle of the same, would be very smart. Long, tassel-finished sash ends of the silk would be an attractive feature. The pattern comes in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, and requires five yards of forty-four-inch material for size thirty-six. The skirt is two-piece, and measures one and seven-eighths yards at the lower edge.

NO. 5671, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Kimono or peasant styles still hold sway. They are simple in construction and lend themselves to various styles. The blouse illustrated, developed in heavy lace with tunic of the same, is very striking. The fullness of the blouse is gathered at the neck, giving an entirely new effect. The V-shaped neck and surplus waist is especially becoming to slender figures. This pattern is cut in five sizes, from thirty-two to forty inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires two yards and three-quarters of forty-four-inch material.

NO. 5697, LADIES' ONE- OR TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Dame Fashion has given her approval to large waists, exaggerated hips and extremely narrow skirts around the ankles. We have no model that so fully carries out this fashionable outline as this illustration. The drapery at the sides of this skirt accentuates the outline of the hip. This pattern is cut in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure. Three and one-quarter yards of forty-four-inch material are required for size twenty-six. The skirt measures one and three-eighths yards.



5671



5699

5687



5697



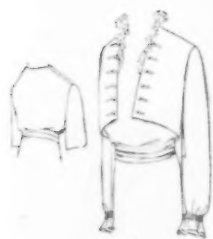
MODELS SIGNIFICANT OF THE COMING STYLES

ETON JACKETS AND JAPANESE COLLARS WILL BE LEADING FEATURES

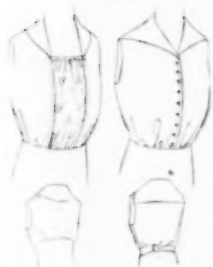
For other views and descriptions see opposite page

Just Sufficiently Unusual to be Distinctive

To These Models is Given That Subtle Touch
Which Shows Them Apace With the Fashions



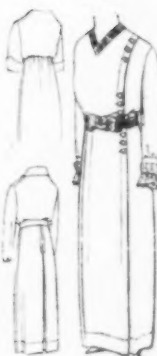
5603



5690



5703



5715



5676

NO. 5600, LADIES' AND MISSES' GUIMPES (10 cents).—This very practical model can be developed in several ways with plain vest buttoning up the front, for simple tailored dresses, or in surplice fashion, and of lace or embroidery for the elaborate dinner gown. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. One yard and seven-eighths of thirty-six-inch goods are needed for size thirty-six.

NO. 5603, LADIES' BOLERO WAIST (15 cents).—The little short jackets are the latest mandate of Dame Fashion, be they Eton or bolero. We have a charming example in this up-to-date bolero, embroidered with Transfer Design No. 447. The jacket is to be worn over a guimpe, and the back is bloused over a broad, crushed belt. The accompanying illustration shows a back view of the waist developed with a pleated tunic and Japanese collar, one of the new effects which help to give a garment an air of distinction. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Two yards and three-eighths of forty-four-inch material are required for size thirty-six.

NO. 5703, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—This is an unusually up-to-date model. The upper part of the skirt ending in a wide tuck, under which is set the circular flounce. The lower part of the skirt falls straight from under the flounce. Developed in velvet, this skirt would be extremely stylish and elegant, as this material lends itself to straight lines and the ripples of a circular flounce particularly well. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty waist measure. For size twenty-six, two yards and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide are required. Around the lower edge the skirt measures one and one-half yards in size twenty-six.

NO. 5715, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—This decidedly chic little utility dress would be very attractive developed in plaid, with collar and cuffs of a plain color taken from the colors of the plaid. Buttons down the side opening with embroidered arrow-heads, Transfer Design No. 570, would be very smart. The little pockets on either side of the skirt are effective as well as useful. This pattern is cut in nine sizes, from thirty-two to forty-eight inches bust measure. Four yards and three-quarters of material forty-four inches wide are required for size thirty-six. Around the bottom the skirt measures one yard and five-eighths with gathered back.

NO. 5714, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—An attractive frock for young girls or small women. The simplicity of the frock lends itself well to contrasting colors. Transfer Design No. 570 was used for the arrow-heads which trim the waist-front. The skirt is in one piece and draped to a yoke. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. Four yards and one-quarter of forty-four-inch material are needed for the sixteen-year size. At the hem this skirt measures one yard and three-eighths in size sixteen.

NO. 5704, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Plaid materials are the vogue of the day. The illustration shows a model developed in plaid with an attractive lace guimpe. In the small illustrations are shown different methods of developing this stylish frock. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. Four yards of forty-four-inch material are required for size sixteen. Around the bottom the skirt measures one yard and one-quarter.

NO. 5628, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—The delightful silvery gray of this brocaded waist is relieved by the peach-colored panne velvet of collar and belt. The skirt is of plain material, and is draped in pleats at the front. This pattern is cut in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. For size sixteen, four yards and five-eighths of material forty-four inches wide are required for size sixteen, and the skirt measures one yard and one-quarter at the lower edge.

NO. 5716, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Charmeuse and net make the unusual combination for this stylish frock. Around the waist is a crush girdle, with a large beaded butterfly, Transfer Design No. 571, directly in the front. The pattern is cut in four sizes, from fourteen to eighteen. Five yards and one-quarter of forty-four-inch material are required for size sixteen. At the hem the skirt measures one yard and three-eighths.

NO. 5718, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—An unusually dainty and girlish frock for the class parties and other affairs for the young girl. Pattern is in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. For size sixteen, four yards and three-quarters of forty-four-inch material are required. One yard and one-quarter is the width of the skirt around the hem.

NO. 5676, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—The drapery of the skirt of this model is new. The waist is of allover lace. The dress is suitable for small women as well as young girls. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. Four yards of forty-four-inch material are required for size sixteen. One yard and one-quarter is the width around the bottom.

(For other views see pages 32, 34, and 35)



5714



5704



5628



5716



5718



FRENCH IDEAS TRANSLATED INTO GOWNS FOR THE AMERICAN GIRL

PEPLUMS, PLAIN OR PLEATED AND PEG-TOP SKIRTS PREVAIL

For other views and descriptions see page 33



5716

Butterfly—Transfer Design No. 571

5718

McCall Patterns

5676

TUNICS AND FLOUNCES CHARACTERIZE THE SEASON'S EVENING GOWNS
 LACE, FINE NET AND BROCADED CHIFFON PUT TO CHARMING USE

For other views and descriptions see page 33



5691-5265
279, Transfer Design

5711-5031

5569-4909

McCall Patterns

TAILORED SMARTNESS ASSURED BY THE NEW SHIRT WAISTS
TYPES OF WAISTS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO LINEN AND SILK

For other views and descriptions see page 38



5695-5705



5713-5721



5707-5481

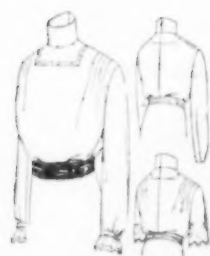
NEW STYLES AND NEW TEXTILES IN WISE COMBINATION

BEAU BRUMMEL BLOUSE AND SCOTCH PLAID EMBROIDERY ENGAGE ATTENTION

For other views and descriptions see page 38

GENERAL UTILITY DRESS

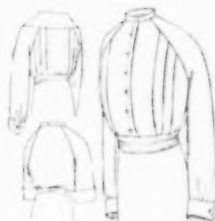
The Shirt Waist Has Again Come to Its Own While the Peplum Still Holds Sway



5691



5265



5711



5569



5031



4909

NO. 5265, LADIES' SIX-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—This skirt is a particularly good straight model. It can be opened front or back and have either a high or regulation waistline. This pattern is cut in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure. Two yards and five-eighths of forty-four-inch material are required. The skirt measures two yards and one-eighth around the bottom.

No. 5691, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—This simple and practical waist is particularly adapted for hard work. Use fine linen lawn and embroider it with Transfer Design No. 579. Sew an Irish picot edge around neck and sleeves and you have a charming lingerie waist. This pattern is cut in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Two yards and one-eighth of thirty-six-inch material are called for size thirty-six.

No. 5711, LADIES' SHIRT WAIST (15 cents).—The combination of raglan sleeves with shoulder tucks is extremely smart and quite new. A particularly good pattern for the woman looking for a novelty in a shirt waist. This pattern is cut in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Three yards and one-eighth of material of thirty-six-inch width are needed for size thirty-six.

No. 5031, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—This model would be very attractive made of blue serge, buttoning down the front, with buttons covered with the same. This pattern is cut in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure, and requires two yards and five-eighths of material forty-four inches wide for size twenty-six. Around the lower edge the skirt measures two yards.

No. 5569, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—A simple linen waist, with tiny pockets put in diagonally on either side, is quite new. A sailor collar of contrasting linen embroidered with white scallops and dots makes a charming addition. This pattern is cut in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure. For size thirty-six, three yards and five-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide are required.

No. 4909, LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—The attractive feature in this skirt are the three pleats extending to the bottom of the skirt from the side opening. This pattern is cut in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. Two yards and three-quarters of forty-four-inch material are needed for size twenty-six. Around the lower edge this skirt measures two yards and one-half.

No. 5695, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—This attractive model is developed in plain velvet and brocade. The revers can be used or not, as preferred. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Two yards and three-quarters of forty-four-inch material are required for size thirty-six.

No. 5705, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—An attractive feature to this stylish skirt is the lower straight edge, which makes the use of bordered material so easy. The one-piece circular tunic is exceedingly smart. This pattern is cut in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. Three yards and five-eighths of forty-four-inch material are needed for size twenty-six. Around the hem this skirt measures one yard and a half.

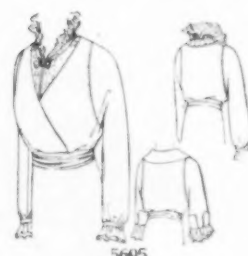
No. 5713, LADIES' BEAU-BRUMMEL BLOUSE (15 cents).—A particularly stylish and practical blouse. The pointed peplum, with the two little pockets on either side of the points, is especially new and up to date. Made of some heavy linen or cotton fabric, this would be eminently practical as well as stylish. This pattern is cut in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Two yards and seven-eighths of thirty-six-inch material are required for size thirty-six.

No. 5721, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—An attractive and simple skirt is here pictured. It opens down the center of the front. A circular band can be put around the skirt, which gives the tunic effect so popular at the present time. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist. Two yards and three-eighths of fifty-four-inch material are required for size twenty-six. One yard and five-eighths is the width of this skirt around the bottom.

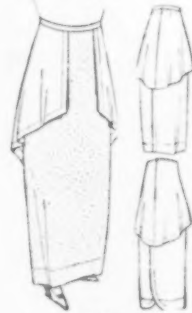
No. 5707, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—The materials with a plaid border are extremely smart, and would develop this waist very attractively. The body and sleeve may be in one, or a set-in sleeve used, as desired. This pattern is cut in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Four yards of material thirty-six inches wide are needed for size thirty-six.

No. 5481, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—This is an exceedingly stylish model. Tucks in the front are in good style, and the fullness at the side-back is arranged in pleats meeting a straight panel. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure. Two yards and three-quarters of forty-four-inch material are called for in size twenty-six. Around the lower edge the skirt measures one yard and three-eighths.

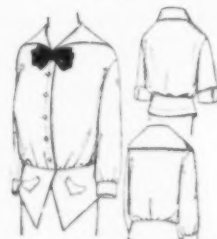
For other views see pages 36 and 37



5695



5705



5713



5707



5721



5481



ADVANCED IN APPEARANCE BUT REALLY CONSERVATIVE IN CUT

VARIED EXPRESSIONS OF THE TUNIC, AND A NEW COAT WHICH HAS CAPTURED THE POPULAR FANCY

For other views and descriptions see page 40

CORRECT LINES IN COSTUMES AND COAT SUITS

Short Cutaway Coats Are Worn With the Suits
And Skirts Show Draped or Tunic Effects

NO. 5717, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Two views of this attractive waist are shown. Made of flowered or brocaded material, over a vest of plain silk or satin, it would be exceptionally stylish and up to date. The pattern is cut in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. For size thirty-six, three yards and one-eighth of forty-four-inch material are required.

No. 5721, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—This model of a skirt is particularly smart, with its broad circular band to simulate a tunic. Around the waist it may be fitted or gathered, as desired. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. Three and one-quarter yards of forty-two-inch material are required for size twenty-six. About the hem this skirt measures one yard and five-eighths.

No. 5701, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—An attractive model that would be particularly good for a plaid or large-checked materials, as the lower edge is straight. The two-piece tunic, developed as illustrated, is extremely fashionable. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. Four yards are required of forty-four-inch material for size twenty-six, and around the bottom the skirt measures one yard and one-half.

No. 5727, LADIES' MINARET COAT (15 cents).—An extremely up-to-date coat is here developed in heavy plush, with white fox collar and cuffs. The motifs in Oriental coloring give an extra touch of distinction to this garment. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires four yards of fifty-four-inch material for full-length coat.

No. 5723, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Two illustrations are given of this attractive pattern, one very plain, the other more elaborate. The pattern is cut in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure. Two yards and three-eighths of forty-four-inch material are required for size thirty-six. Transfer Design No. 554 was used for the embroidery.

No. 5719, LADIES' THREE- OR FOUR-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—

Two views are given of this up-to-date skirt. In one illustration it is shown with a broad sash girdle. The ends of the sash are embroidered with Transfer Design No. 554. This pattern is cut in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires two and three-quarter yards of forty-four-inch material. Around the bottom the skirt measures two yards and one-quarter with pleats.

No. 5731, LADIES' COAT (15 cents).—An unusually smart coat model is shown here. The embroidered arrow-heads at the buttonholes are obtained from Transfer Design No. 570. The coat is in two lengths, twenty-eight or thirty inches. The pattern is cut in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure. Two yards and a half of fifty-four-inch material are required for size thirty-six.

No. 5469, LADIES' COAT (15 cents).—An attractive cutaway coat, with short-waisted back. The model is particularly smart, with collar and cuffs of the extremely popular fur. This pattern is cut in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Two yards and five-eighths of forty-four-inch material are required for size thirty-six.

No. 5611, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—This stylish skirt opens down the front, and at the bottom the two edges are curved up, which gives a modest opening through which the daintily-shod foot is attractively presented. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. For size twenty-six, two yards and five-eighths are required of material forty-four inches wide. Around the lower edge the skirt measures one yard and three-eighths.

No. 5639, LADIES' OR MISSES' HATS (15 cents).—Here is a smart little hat which can easily be duplicated at home, with materials to match your suit. This pattern is cut in one size, and in four styles. The one illustrated requires one yard and one-quarter of thirty-six-inch material.

(For other views see pages 39 and 41)



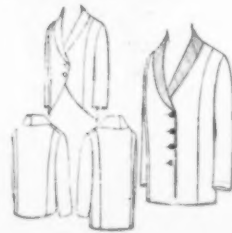
5469-5611-5639 Hat



5611



5469



5731



5727
Arrow-heads—
Transfer Design No. 570



5701
Transfer Pattern No. 570



STREET DRESS BEST WHEN SIMPLY MADE

THE CHARM OF INDIVIDUALITY IS ADDED TO STYLE IN THESE DELIGHTFUL EXPONENTS OF PREVAILING MODES
For other views and descriptions see opposite page

CHARGED WITH INTEREST FOR LARGE WOMEN

New Fashions as Becoming
in Large Sizes as in Small



5655



5725

NO. 5655, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—The raglan sleeves and the vest in this waist are extremely smart. The two side-fronts are fulled onto the upper part of the sleeve as though to a yoke. This pattern is cut in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Three yards and three-quarters of forty-inch material are required for size forty-two.

No. 5725, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—A stylish and attractive skirt, with tunic having a straight lower edge. The skirt is attached to a yoke foundation. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure. Size thirty requires three yards and one-eighth of forty-four-inch material. At the hem the skirt is a yard and seven-eighths.



5709



5729

No. 5709, LADIES' SHIRT WAIST (15 cents).—Shirt waists are always popular, but the model illustrated will make an unusual appeal because it is an extremely stylish and up-to-date waist. Back and front views are shown in the illustration. The pattern is cut in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Three yards and one-eighth of thirty-six-inch material are required for size forty-four.

No. 5729, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Two views are shown of this extremely smart model. The opening is in the back, a unique arrangement of the pleats characterizing the front. Cut in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure. Two yards and five-eighths of forty-four-inch material are required for size thirty, and around the lower edge the skirt measures one yard and one-half.



5655-5725

5655-5725

5709-5729

5709-5729



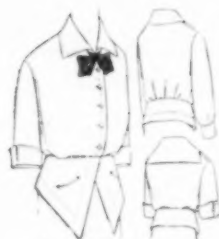
Transfer
Design
No. 579

Dressing the Juniors

Happy Expressions of the
Need for Modes for the Girls



5712



5730

NO. 5712, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—This is a particularly good school dress for a young girl, and has the distinction of being the official uniform for girl scouts of America. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from thirteen to eighteen years. Four yards and five-eighths of forty-four-inch material are required for the fifteen-year size. Around the hem the skirt measures two yards and three-eighths.

NO. 5730, MISSES' BEAU-BRUMMEL BLOUSE (10 cents).—A waist which has new style and is becoming is what every girl demands in her school or sports dress. The illustration is particularly stylish. In the points of the peplum are shown little pockets. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from thirteen to eighteen years. For a fifteen-year-old miss two yards and one-half of thirty-six-inch material are required.

NO. 5644, MISSES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—The attractive skirt shown in this illustration is a particularly good plain skirt. Bias folds, as shown in the small illustration, would give it a semi-tunic effect. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from thirteen to eighteen years. Two yards and a quarter of forty-four-inch material are needed for size fifteen. Two yards and seven-eighths of thirty-six-inch goods will make the bias bands. Skirt measures one yard and a quarter.

NO. 5688, MISSES' NORFOLK DRESS (15 cents).—This stylish model is an especially smart sports dress for a young girl. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from thirteen to eighteen years. For size fifteen, five yards and one-eighth of forty-four-inch material are required. The skirt measures one yard and a quarter around the bottom.

NO. 5708, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—An attractive and simple party frock is needed in every junior's wardrobe. This little frock would be very dainty and fetching if developed in allover embroidery. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from six to fourteen years. Two yards and a half of thirty-six-inch goods are needed for size eight.



5708

NO. 5696, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—The pleasing features of this practical little model are the unique lapel and straight-pleated skirt. Pattern is cut in five sizes, for girls from four to twelve years old. Three yards of material forty-four inches wide are required for an eight-year-old child.



5696



5688

5620
Hat

5702

5722

5692

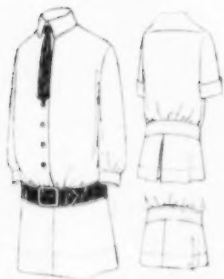
5698

5722

Transfer Design No. 448



5702



5692



5698

Niceties in Dress for the Little Tots

Simpler Modes for the Younger Girls
And First Short Clothes for Baby Boy

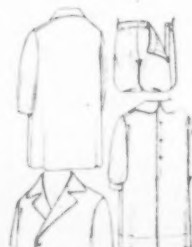
NO. 5702, GIRL'S NORFOLK OR BALKAN DRESS (15 cents).—This is an exceptionally serviceable model for a little girl's play suit. The stylish little back yoke can be used or not as desired. This frock could be made up from a variety of materials, such as serge, linen, or galatea. The one pictured was developed in khaki, with white sailor collar and black leather belt. The little separate skirt is plain or gathered as desired, and fastens with buttons upon the underwaist. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from six to fourteen years. Four and one-quarter yards of thirty-six-inch material are needed for size eight.

No. 5620, LADIES', MISSES' AND GIRLS' HATS (10 cents).—A jaunty knockabout model for a little girl's hat. This is cut in three sizes, ladies, misses and girls. One yard of thirty-six-inch material is needed for the girl's size illustrated.

No. 5722, BOYS' SET OF SHORT CLOTHES (15 cents).—This set is recommended to the mother who wishes her boy baby to appear as masculine as is consistent with his tender years. The box-pleated dress has no trimming but the feather-stitching down the tucks, for which use Transfer Design No. 448. The little coat seen on the second figure is an unusually good model, suitable for the very little boy as well as for an older child. The simple collar and the pockets are essentially masculine. This pattern is cut in four sizes, from six months to three years. For the two-year-old boy one and three-eighths yards of forty-four-inch material are needed.

No. 5692, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Plaids are popular this year for dress or for trimming. For the model in the illustration we have a dress of a large red-and-white plaid, with plain red collar, cuffs and belt. The buttons and tie are of black velvet, giving a finishing touch to an extremely smart little dress. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from six to fourteen years. Two and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material are required for the eight-year size.

No. 5698, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Simplicity is the vogue in children's clothes. This plain little model is exceedingly stylish made up in plain goods, with plaid tie and belt. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from six to fourteen years. Three and three-quarter yards of thirty-six-inch material are required for the eight-year size. One-half yard of goods eighteen inches wide will make collar and sleeve facing.



5722



5706
Transfer Design No. 294

5694

5724-5520, Hat

5726-5520, Hat

5728

NO. 5706, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—An extremely chic little frock is here pictured. The long vest is particularly new. The fronts, embroidered with Transfer Design No. 294, are very attractive. I saw this dress developed in white piqué, embroidered in red and worn with a red satin belt. It was extremely fetching. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from four to twelve years. Three and three-quarter yards of thirty-six-inch material will be required for the eight-year-old size.

No. 5694, BOY'S RUSSIAN SUIT (15 cents).—A practical and stylish suit for a boy is a combination Mother is glad to find. This model, developed in galatea or kindergarten cloth, is a splendid utility suit, and in white piqué will be attractive for the "best" suit. This is cut in five sizes, from two to six years. For the four-year size two and three-quarter yards of thirty-six-inch material are needed.

No. 5724, CHILD'S DRESS, WITH BLOOMERS (15 cents).—A simple dress with bloomers of the same material holds a very important place in the small girl's wardrobe. The illustration is in white duck, with sailor collar of dark blue. It can be made with body and sleeve in one, or with a set-in sleeve. This pattern is cut in five sizes, from two to ten years. For size eight, three yards and seven-eighths of thirty-six-inch material are required.

No. 5520, GIRLS' HATS (10 cents).—Three hats of different styles come in this pattern; a tam, a gathered, and a one-piece hat. The tam and gathered hats are here shown on separate figures. They are both extremely jaunty and not hard to make. The pattern is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large. The tam requires five-eighths of a yard, the gathered hat one-half yard, and the one-piece hat one-half yard of thirty-six-inch material, for any size.

No. 5726, GIRL'S CO-ED OR BLOUSE DRESS (15 cents).—A practical long-waisted blouse and skirt for the young girl. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from six to fourteen years. For size eight, four yards and three-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide are required.

No. 5728, CHILD'S DRESS WITH SHIELD (15 cents).—This is a model which would be especially attractive developed in checks or plaids. The square yoke and sailor collar are new and attractive features. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from two to ten years. Three yards of thirty-six-inch material are required for the four-year-old size.



5694

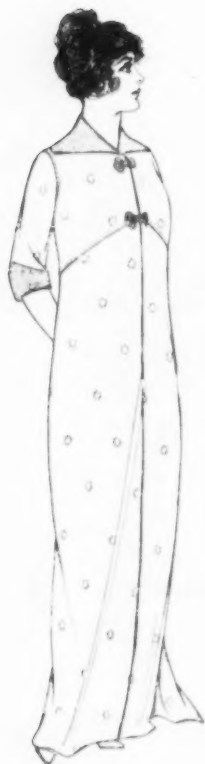
5706
Transfer Design No. 323

5724

5726

ATTRACTIVE NEGLIGEE FOR THE BOUDOIR

Artistic Aprons for the Workroom and
Caps and Bonnets for the Little Ones



4971

NO. 4971, LADIES' EMPIRE WRAPPER (15 cents).—A garment that is easy to put on and that is dainty and comfortable is what is desired in a wrapper. This stylish little model would be especially attractive developed in a Dresden figured challie. The pattern is cut in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires four yards and one-quarter of forty-four-inch material. Around the edge of the hem it measures two yards and three-eighths.

NO. 5499, LADIES' EMPIRE WRAPPER (15 cents).—This is an unusually attractive model, with its square collar and large revers. The skirt may be attractively draped up or left straight, as desired. The pattern is cut in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Four yards and three-quarters are required for size thirty-six of forty-four-inch material. The wrapper measures one yard and three-quarters around the bottom of the skirt.

NO. 5720, CHILD'S BONNETS (10 cents).—The illustration shows several stylish children's bonnets developed by the aid of this pattern. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from six months to four years. Three-eighths of a yard of twenty-seven-inch material is required for any size when made in one piece. When pleated or gathered one-half yard is required.

NO. 5710, LADIES' AND MISSES' ENVELOPE CHEMISE COMBINATION (10 cents).—This unique combination is a particularly new development of chemise and drawers. It is extremely practical and unusually dainty when embroidered with Transfer Designs Nos. 294 and 540. The pattern is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large. For the medium size two yards and one-quarter of thirty-six-inch material are required for size thirty-six.

NO. 5360, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE CORSET COVER (10 cents).—This simple and dainty model is especially well adapted to the use of flouncing, as it is cut in a straight piece without a seam under the arms. Dainty heading over the shoulders forms the armhole. It can be opened front or back, as desired. The pattern is cut in six sizes, and graded from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. One yard and three-eighths are required for size thirty-six, or one yard and one-half of flouncing eighteen inches wide.

NO. 5689, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE PETTICOAT (15 cents).—This attractive skirt can be dart-fitted or fulled around the waist; an embroidery flounce would be attractive, or a little slash up the side-front, lace-edged, would be particularly up to date. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires three yards and seven-eighths of thirty-six-inch material. Around the bottom this skirt measures two yards.

NO. 5550, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE APRON DRESS (10 cents).—An especially attractive utility apron for kitchen or studio. It is especially popular, as it completely covers the dress worn underneath. The pattern is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large. For the medium size four yards and three-quarters are required of thirty-six-inch material.

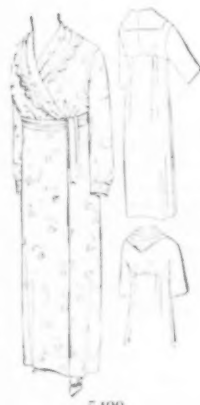
NO. 5650, LADIES' THREE- OR FOUR-GORED PRINCESS SLIP (15 cents).—A princess slip is a necessity for many of the up-to-date frocks. The one illustrated is a very stylish model. It is cut in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Five yards of thirty-six-inch material are required for size thirty-six. Around the bottom the skirt measures two yards.



5499



5550



5499



5689



4971



5650



5720

Transfer Design No. 318



Lingerie and Utility Garments for Dainty Women

NO. 5510, LADIES' AND MISSES' CHEMISE OR UNDERVEST (10 cents).—This exceedingly attractive little garment would be particularly dainty if developed in white pongee or crêpe de Chine, embroidered with Transfer Design No. 354, and with beading or embroidered scallops around the neck and armholes. The pattern is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large. For the medium size two yards and three-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide are required for size thirty-six.

No. 5220, LADIES' KNICKERBOCKER DRAWERS (10 cents).—The waist of a stylishly-dressed woman is large but not bulky, and the modern silhouette demands that everything underneath must fit closely. The illustration shows dart-fitted knickerbockers. On either side are embroidered sprays of flowers from Transfer Design No. 354. The pattern is cut in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires two yards of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5700, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE APRON (10 cents).—The most serviceable garment in a woman's wardrobe is the apron, and the most abused. It is seldom a thing of beauty, for the least forethought is given its style and the material used of any other garment. The model shown is an attractive example of an overall apron. The pattern is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large. For the medium size three yards and one-half are required of material thirty-six inches wide.

No. 3099, LADIES' ONE-PIECE NIGHTGOWN (15 cents).—To have exquisite lingerie is the wish of every dainty woman, many preferring the expensive under garment to expensive outer garments. The model here illustrated is daintiness personified, and simple to develop, as there are no shoulder seams or sleeves to set in, but the whole garment is in one piece. By using Transfer Designs Nos. 323 and 540, a touch of charm may be given to the hand work. Beading and lace are the finishing touches. This pattern is cut in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Four yards and one-half of thirty-six-inch goods are needed for size thirty-six.

No. 5477, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS (15 cents).—An attractive house dress especially for morning wear. An unusually new feature in this model is the reversible front closing. The illustration was developed in striped blue-and-white crêpe, with collar and cuffs of plain blue. The pockets on the sides of the skirt are both practical, and the very latest thing in the way of ornamentation. The pattern is cut in nine sizes, from thirty-two to forty eight inches bust measure. For size thirty-eight, five yards and seven-eighths of thirty-six-inch material are required. About the hem the skirt measures one yard and five-eighths.



5510
Transfer Design No. 354

5220
Transfer Design No. 354



5477

EMBROIDERED THINGS FOR YOU AND THE BABY

By HELEN THOMAS

IN ALL the bustle of the holiday season the dear little blue-eyed baby has been looking on, wondering what it is all about. Now it is her turn to receive our undivided attention. To be sure, the baby says the least about our loving care of her, but somehow, in the end, she repays us most for all our efforts.

Possibly, you could get two or three other young mothers interested in developing the same embroidered articles, and in that way start a contest to see who would finish her piece first, or whose piece would look the best. A sewing-bee is an excellent way to improve your embroidery. You get help and inspiration from those around you, and work more quickly and with greater care.

Another way to get your friends interested would be to suggest a shower for some baby whose birthday is at hand. There are so many pretty things to be made for such an occasion that your interest in embroidery will receive a tremendous impetus.

One of the very first to recommend itself as a gift for baby is a baby cap. The prettiest style I have seen is cut in one T-shaped piece, sixteen inches long by fourteen inches wide, and laced into shape. The material may be handkerchief linen, lawn of fine quality, cashmere, charmeuse, cr pe de Chine, or French flannel.

Wreaths and ovals of tiny flowers and detached eyelets make a pretty design.

THE flowers and leaves may be embroidered in satin-stitch. The centers of the flowers should be in eyelets, and the stems worked in the French stemming, which is nothing more than tiny satin-stitches worked the width of the ordinary outlining; it is often spoken of as satin outlining.

The edges of the cap are firmly padded and buttonholed in scallops. On lingerie material use marking cotton numbers 25 and 30 for the embroidery; on silk and woolen materials, use fine silk for the design, and medium-weight floss for the buttonholing. If made of silk or wool, it is desirable to have a lining of thin silk; or it may be worn over a quilted cap bought ready-made.

A delicate pattern of little flowerets, which may be developed in satin-stitch and eyelets (Transfer Design No. 577), is most suitable for the yoke of an infant's dress. If



A LINEN COAT COLLAR EMBROIDERED IN COLORS
Transfer Design No. 580



FORGET-ME-NOTS IN YOKE DESIGN
Transfer Design No. 577
INFANT'S DRESS NO. 5092



A CUNNING CAP
FOR THE BABY
Transfer Design No. 575



EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF LINEN MAKES
THE PRETTIEST OF BABY PILLOWS
Transfer Design No. 576



A PRACTICAL BABY-CARRIAGE COVER
Transfer Design No. 578

you prefer, such a design may be worked entirely in satin-stitch. French beading may be very effectively used for joining yoke and skirt of a little dress of this kind, as the sewing must never be slighted when putting together such a garment. In fact, whenever hand embroidery is employed, the sewing on the garment should be by hand. Also, the lace used on a hand-embroidered dress should be delicate

and of a character to correspond with the embroidery. The thread for this design should be the same as that used on the cap. The material may be fine nainsook, handkerchief linen, Persian lawn, or batiste of a fine quality.

(The Infant's Dress in McCall Pattern No. 5092 for Infant's Layette was used for our illustration. The layette includes patterns for seven little garments for 15 cents.)

A CARRIAGE-COVER for the baby, made of fine piqu , heavy French flannel, cashmere, or felt, is very pretty indeed embroidered with a conventional floral pattern (Transfer Design No. 578). Without the flap, it should measure 24 inches in width and 28 inches in length, and be buttonholed in large scallops around three edges. A good way to stamp the scallops is first to mark lightly with a pencil the shape of the carriage-robe on your linen and stamp the scalloped edge along this line.

The flap is a separate irregular piece sewed on, the central part of it being 15 inches wide and nine inches deep; the shorter part on either side 6 inches deep and 4½ inches wide. A pretty floral design may be developed in satin-stitch, outlining, and eyelets; the center of the petals worked either in satin-stitch or eyelets. The veining may be outlined or worked in French stemming. One-and-three-quarter-inch eyelets should be worked in the flap through which to run four-inch ribbon, the ends being tied in a bow in the middle of the flap. In working these slits, you may find it easier if you baste a piece of thin table oilcloth or heavy paper under material to keep slit in good shape.

A pretty cover for a baby pillow has a design of a basket filled with tiny roses and forget-me-nots (Transfer Design No. 576), worked in satin-stitch and eyelets. Handkerchief linen, batiste, or fine lawn is suitable material.

(Concluded on page 71)

SIMPLE LESSONS IN EMBROIDERY—No. 3

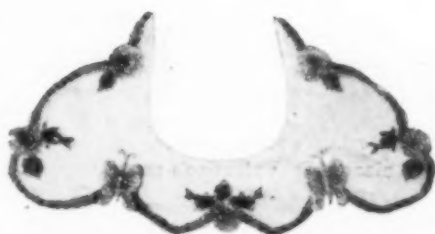
By GENEVIEVE STERLING

SOME people always seem to be making others happy. Let us join that delightful company to-day. The best way to start is to do something for somebody. Embroidery is one medium by which we may accomplish this end, so be sure to do it well. Every month, as you learn and master a new lesson on stitches, you will find yourself in command of a greater power of expression.

Our lesson this month is on the satin-stitch. This is one of the most popular of our embroidery stitches. In developing their rich color effects, the Orientals have attained almost perfection in their satin-stitch. This stitch is improved by padding. There are two kinds of padding; the chain-stitch for very large pieces, and the running- or darning-stitch for small designs.

For this lesson, let us make a lovely corset cover, which any woman would enjoy having. As butterflies are flitting about everywhere, why not have one for a motif? An exceptionally pretty design has a small wreath in the center, and a ribbon fluttering to either side, with a few leaves and a butterfly, (No. 10369). Outline the stems and ribbon-like parts of the design first. For those who want to give a solid effect to the ribbon, add one or two rows of the running-stitch between the two rows of outlining.

After you have completed this part of the embroidery, we will be ready to pad the leaves. Take three or four tiny running stitches toward the center of the leaf, then back again to the base to fasten your thread. With the goods over your left index finger, and held down by your thumb, insert your needle about one-quarter of an inch over, close to the line. Take a tiny stitch in the material. This will make a long stitch on top and a tiny stitch under the material. Continue in close rows until the entire leaf is evenly covered. The stitches in the second row should not be exactly parallel with the stitches in the first row. Be careful to keep your padding stitches close to but never on the line, as that has to be your guide for the satin-stitch. Good, even padding helps materially with the success of your work, so this must be done with care.

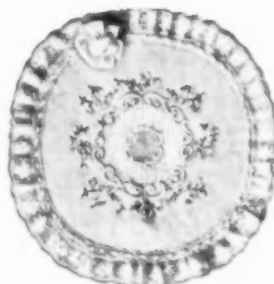


A CHIFFON COLLAR WITH BEADED DESIGN NO. 10372



VALENTINE PINCUSHION COVER WITH SUNBONNET BABY IN OUTLINING. NO. 10367

A PERFORATED PATTERN FOR ANY DESIGN ILLUSTRATED ON THIS PAGE, WITH STAMPING POWDER AND FULL DIRECTIONS FOR STAMPING, WILL BE FURNISHED, POST-PAID, FOR FIFTEEN CENTS



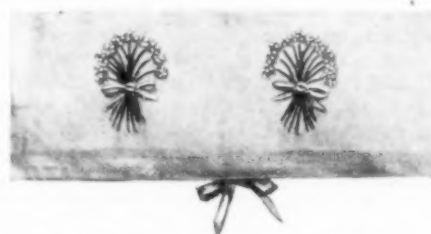
A DAINTY AND CONVENIENT WAY TO KEEP YOUR DOILIES NO. 10368



AN EMBROIDERED COVER FOR A CENTERPIECE CASE NO. 10370



THE BUTTERFLY PAD ADAPTED TO HAND-MADE LINGERIE NO. 10369



A CONVENTIONAL HANDKERCHIEF-CASE, EASILY EMBROIDERED. NO. 10371

Now you are ready for the satin-stitch. Do not cut your thread after padding, but pull your needle out on the lower line, on the left-hand side at the base of the leaf. Insert your needle directly on the line above, take a stitch under the material, and bring the needle out directly on the lower line close to the first stitch. Continue this way until your leaf is evenly covered. When you get to the apex of the leaf, pull your needle through the stitches on the back to the base of the second leaf. Turn your material so that the apex of the leaf points towards you. Be careful to keep your stitches right on the line, and close together.

The French treatment of the satin-stitch, straight across the space, is prettier than the German, in which the stitches slant.

Another stitch for us to learn this month is the seed-stitch, which we will use for the butterfly wings. Fasten your thread as before, with a few running stitches. Bring your needle out on the little dot a quarter of an inch from the body of the butterfly. Insert the needle directly back to form a tiny back-stitch the size of a pinhead. Bring the needle forward from the wrong side a quarter of an inch beyond the last stitch, and take another back-stitch. Always remember that the needle goes forward under the material and backward on the top of the material. Make these seed stitches in rows, keeping the rows parallel. Every other row should be worked so that the stitches, instead of falling directly under the previous row, will come within the space between. Continue until all the seed work is done in the whole butterfly.

It will now be simple work for you to finish the rest of the embroidery, first completing the outlining in the butterfly and then the solid work, or satin-stitch. The corset cover we have in mind is fashioned by one of the new straight

models, caught over the shoulders by lace and ribbon.

(This corset cover, No. 10369, stamped on fine quality nainsook with cotton for working, 25 cents; on linen, with embroidery cotton, 40 cents. Lace and ribbon not furnished.)

(Continued on page 72)



"Wherever I roam
On my globe-trotting rambles
There's no place like home,
And no soup like Campbell's."



The song that reached her heart

In fact it reaches all our hearts—especially when they are accompanied by hungry appetites and the near approach of the dinner hour.

Then is the time we most keenly appreciate the satisfying song of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

With its inviting fragrance and natural color, its tasty zest which appeals to the most critical, and its wholesome nourishing after-effect, there is indeed no other soup like it.

For a bisque or "Cream-of-tomato" prepare it with milk or cream as indicated on the label. You'll find this no trouble at all. And you'll say you never tasted anything more tempting.

Your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds—10c a can

Asparagus	Chin Bouillon	Ox-Tail
Beef	Clam Chowder	Pot
Bouillon	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Celery	Julienne	Printanier
Chicken	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken-Gumbo	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Oleka
(Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato	

Look for the red-and-white label

Campbell's
SOUPS

A Hearts-and-Darts Valentine Party

By ANNE GUNTER

IT IS the wise hostess who seizes upon the suggestion of the poet,

There's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream,

and plans a St. Valentine's party, knowing that her efforts cannot fail to please. With quick wits and nimble fingers, she sets to work and soon contrives an entertainment which will make the sourest bachelor grow warm at heart.

The invitations must be heart-shaped, of course, and pink cardboard makes pretty ones. Cut them double so that they may be folded over, run a gilt cardboard arrow through each heart. The invitation is written on the inner side, and may be in prose or verse:

Cupid asks that you will come,
On the good Saint's night;
If Love's to bind you in his fetters,
You'll find your mate aright.

Before Valentine's Day the hostess makes innumerable pink paper roses, so that there may be garlands festooned about her walls, with clusters of pink hearts hanging in each festoon. Pink rose-shaped shades are on all the lights, transforming the room into a bower fit for the little god of love.

WHEN the guests arrive, their hostess declares that the first and most important thing before them is that they shall decide their fate for the coming year. With great solemnity she passes around a tray, filled with innocent-looking pink cardboard hearts, asking each guest to choose one. With greatest care each selects his heart, only to find written on the reverse side an enigmatic message, as "Look under the vase on the piano", or "Seek your fate in the coal-scuttle". No explanations are forthcoming from the hostess, however, save that they are to follow where their hearts lead. "for better, for worse". Curiosity is rampant, and when the word is given, every one rushes madly off to discover where the heart will take him. Each heart, however, simply points the way to another heart bearing another puzzling message. Under the vase on the piano is found another pink heart which reads, "Hasten into the hall and look under the rug in the northwest corner". Hither and thither those messages

send them, scurrying wildly over the house until at last each guest ends his chase by discovering a small heart-shaped box of candy. The boxes are all alike, but when they are opened in the sitting-room, different-colored hearts are found in each, bearing different messages for each color. The red heart brings a message of cheer;

If you find the heart of red,
'Tis a sign you'll shortly wed.

The blue heart is also comforting;

You have found the heart of blue,
And your sweetheart will be true.

There is less promise in the green heart;

If you find the heart of green,
No wedding bells, this year, I ween.

Whereas the white heart gives a decided thrill to its finder;

Since you find the heart of white,
You will meet your fate to-night.

So each guest learns his future most conclusively, and then the hostess declares that each shall see how his future

mate looks. For this purpose, a huge sheet of white cardboard is brought in, with the outlines of a human head drawn on it. Above the head is written "My Ideal". Two sets of features—hair, eyes, ears, and nose—cut from paper and suitably colored, are now brought forth. One set, when correctly fitted over the head, transforms it into a presentable-looking woman; the other makes a man with up-turned mustaches

and straight black hair. Each guest is blindfolded in turn; the girls are given the masculine features to pin on the face, and the men then endeavor to pin on the feminine features. The poor Ideal usually appears with eyes in crooked and her mouth askew, and is greeted by gales of laughter from the onlookers. A little silver heart is given to the girl whose Ideal looks most nearly human, and to the luckiest man a silver stick-pin.

The hostess declares that a Valentine party must be conducted in pairs, so matching for partners is now in order. A long pink ribbon is stretched across the

(Concluded on page 51)



FOR THE CENTER OF THE TABLE

A Hearts-and-Darts Valentine Party

(Continued from page 50)

room, with large pink hearts on it. A small gilt bow is brought in and a pretty quiver filled with gilded arrows. Each man takes the bow in turn, and is given three trials at shooting one of the hearts. The heart he strikes is cut down and given him, and it is found that this amateur archery proves useful, for on the reverse of each heart is written the name of one of the girls, who now becomes the archer's partner, her arm being tied to his with narrow pink ribbon. Before long the room is filled with couples with arms tied together, and a game of Blindman's Buff begins.

If you have never played the old-fashioned game in this new-fashioned way, you have no idea how amusing—and confusing—it is. When the blindfolded couple try to catch others, they constantly seize each other, while the others, in their efforts to escape, have a frantic and ridiculous time. The game soon becomes a glorious romp, which lasts until every one is breathless with laughter.

NOW the hostess hands around small envelopes, sealed with tiny pink hearts, which, when opened, are found to contain large cardboard hearts which have been cut into many pieces like a child's picture puzzle. Each couple takes one heart, and the work of piecing them together begins. The couple who first complete the task are proclaimed the King and Queen of Hearts, because they have first succeeded in patching up the "broken heart". A gorgeous gilt crown is presented to each; and thus adorned they lead the way into the dining-room.

Here the guests stop in admiration for the table is a thing of beauty. On the chandelier above is tied a cluster of pink paper roses, and from this hangs a beautiful bisque Cupid. Streamers of narrow ribbons, strung with small pink hearts, flutter down to the four corners of the table, where there are clusters of the roses tied with pink ribbon. Around the sides of the table hang wreaths of pink roses, a paper Cupid in each. In the center of the table stands a smiling Knave of Hearts, the "cynosure of neighboring eyes". This

resplendent creature is easily made from wire and crepe paper. Bend some heavy wire into a U-shaped foundation, and pad with layers of cotton batting. Two pink crepe-paper hearts pasted together and padded with cotton form his head, while his features are made with black tinting fluid. His herald's robe is of white crepe paper, handsomely trimmed with hearts and seals of pink. His crown and his arrow-shaped scepter are both of gilded cardboard, glittering quite gayly.



A CANDLE-SHADE
ANY GIRL CAN MAKE

Around the Knave of Hearts stand four candles, with lovely pink- and -white heart-shaped shades which any clever girl can make at home. Take a ring of cardboard about half an inch wide, and paste it to a metal holder. White crepe-paper hearts are pasted about this ring, points upward, and are decorated at the lower edges with tiny pink paper hearts. A crown of small pink cardboard hearts in a row is pasted about the top of the shade.



CROWNS FOR A KING AND QUEEN

At each plate is the quaintest little maiden, with a pink heart for a face. She is standing by a dainty case of old-fashioned heart-shaped candies. These heart ladies are very much smaller, but are made in the same way as the Knave of Hearts, except that the tiny cardboard hearts which form their faces point downward, giving them the most adorably pointed little pink chins.



TINY HEART LADIES PRESIDE OVER INDIVIDUAL BONBON CASES

For refreshments, there is chicken salad for the first course, covered with cream dressing colored a lovely pink with beet juice, and garnished with slices of carrots, and thin sandwiches of cheese and pimientos, olives, and crackers. The next course is equally pretty, being individual heart-shaped molds of pink gelatin, with whipped cream and candied cherries atop.

Editor's Note.—All of us like to strike an original note in our entertaining. Miss Otis, our Entertainment Editor, is bubbling over with ideas for every kind of a party, luncheon, dinner, or other form of entertainment you could possibly want. She will be glad to offer suggestions by mail if a stamped, self-addressed envelope accompanies your inquiry.



Educators Everywhere

are speaking out against the use of coffee and tea with growing children.

In the young, susceptibility to harmful drugs—such as "caffeine," in coffee and tea, is more marked than in persons of mature years.

And just as many adult coffee or tea drinkers suffer from nerve irritability, heart disorder, digestive disturbances and other ills, so the child with its far more sensitive make-up often suffers a hurt which may show in deficiency of learning ability or physical frailty—more noticeable to the teacher than to parents.

The thing for parents to do is to keep coffee and tea out of the reach of our little citizens. The most unkind thing a mother can do is to place a cup of coffee before her child.—Dr. E. A. Peterson, Medical Director Public Schools, Cleveland, O.

The symptoms produced by coffee-drinking can be observed in the arrested physical and mental development of children.—Dr. Otto Juettner, Sec. Cincinnati Polyclinic, Cincinnati, O.


In the light of such testimony the parent who gives a child coffee or tea is taking grave chances of ruining the child's health.

Mothers, quick to remedy wrong health conditions, yet reluctant to deny childish pleasure its hot breakfast cup, now use

POSTUM

—a pure food-drink made of wheat. It is free from caffeine or any other drug, and children can drink it at every meal and grow strong and rosy.

"There's a Reason"



PRISCILLA
The Plymouth Rock Girl

PLYMOUTH ROCK GELATINE

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Phosphated

No Lemons—No Straining No Cooking

This preparation of Gelatine is infinitely superior in delicious and healthful qualities and saves money, time and trouble to the user.

The purest Gelatine combined with phosphoric and fruit acid, providing vital elements of nourishment in most agreeable form. Especially adapted for fruit desserts, salads and meat relishes.

Made in White and Pink, in separate packages.

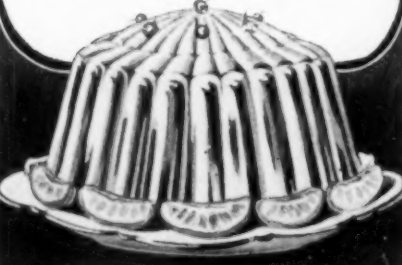
Our Plain Gelatine, *not* phosphated, is the Standard of Excellence, and is used where tart flavor is not desired.

For Sale By Grocers Generally

If you don't find it, send 2-cent stamp and your grocer's name for sample package and our illustrated book, "The Story of Plymouth Rock."

PLYMOUTH ROCK GELATINE CO.

71 Western Avenue, Boston, Mass.




THE VALENTINE GIRL

By ANNETTE BEACON

WHEN Valentine morning comes, and the postman brings that pile of envelopes of every size and shape, each with its bit of sentiment, and the florist's boy rings your bell to leave a nosegay or two, and a big box of candy, all tied about with ribbons, arrives from the confectioner's, I wonder if, among all the people those remembrances represent, there may not be just one who is, truly, in the quaint old phrase, "your loving Valentine".

If there is, don't you want me to help you make the prettiest sort of a valentine of yourself?

Perhaps you have been gazing into your mirror with a too critical eye, and reading all sorts of gloomy confidences therein—that your face is too thin, and your skin too sallow, and your neck too lean, and your figure totally inadequate, and your lips adorned with a superfluous hair or two, and your chin spotted with some objectionable blackheads. No wonder you are dismayed! But just let me whisper something to you. There isn't any woman who hasn't within her the possibilities of charm, and most of the beauty defects which we see in ourselves and others are quite amenable, and exist merely because we have been either negligent or ignorant.

If you will agree to follow my advice, I can promise that at the end of even a month you will vote yourself quite an attractive person, no matter how gloomy a view of yourself you take at present, and at the end of two months your personal appearance will be distinctly a matter of pride.

OF COURSE, the first thing you need to do is to find out what your defects are. We have to know what we are trying to cure.

I am quite sure that the greatest grievance of most of you is blackheads. They are nasty little pests, aren't they? But when I tell you that they are noth-

ing but flying particles of dirt which have found lodgment in the pores, and haven't received a strenuous enough invitation to come away, you can readily see that this is a condition which is possible of immediate improvement.

YOUR camel's-hair complexion brush is your best friend, here, and if you will use it nightly, for the next few weeks, to scrub the face with hot soapy water, your blackheads will soon be a thing of the past. I do not mean they will all leave at the touch of the complexion brush, but some of them will, and the others we will coax out of existence with massage, cold cream, and a comedone extractor. After scrubbing the face at night, rinse it in bowl after bowl of warm water; and after drying, massage a good skin food well into the skin. This will soften it, loosen up the contents of the pores, and make the skin properly amenable to discipline.

Now with the comedone extractor (which you can buy for a quarter), press down on a conspicuous blackhead, and it will pop right out through the little hole in the extractor. Immediately touch the spot with a good astringent to close the distended pore. Take blackhead number two and repeat the process. Your face will look red and irritated when you are through, but the skin food that has been massaged in will soothe the irritation.

Do this every night until all your blackheads are gone. Pay particular attention to those which make their appearance in the little creases at the side of the nose.

If your blackheads are obstinate, there is a boracic treatment for which I shall be glad to send you directions.

If your pores are large and somewhat sluggish, a new battalion of blackheads will spring up unless you ward off the invasion. To do this, you should spray the face with an astringent at least once a day, and follow every bath, partial or

(Concluded on page 65)



THE VALENTINE GIRL

An Orange, a Lemon and Some Sugar

By W. M. BRANDEIS

ONE day I found my pantry shelves almost empty of sweets, and as we are fond of marmalades for the breakfast muffin or biscuit, I began foraging for some fruit. I thought I had a few apples, but instead could find only an orange and a lemon in the basket. I decided I would try my luck with these, and the result was so satisfactory I have given many friends the benefit of my experience, to the advantage of not only their fruit-cellars but their purses.

Orange marmalade is one of the simplest preserves to make. It never refuses to jell, its color and quality are almost always uniform, and there is no need to put it through a bag. The first requisite to success in the making of marmalade is a good receipt. The ordinary receipt calls for oranges, lemons, sugar, and water. One orange, one lemon, and the necessary water and sugar may be used with perfect success.

Smooth, thin-skinned fruit must be selected. That is best in which there is but very slight thickening of the rind at blossom and stem ends. Otherwise a slice from both ends of the fruit must be rejected, in order that the marmalade may not be bitter.

EACH fruit must be quartered and shredded with a very sharp knife. To each measure of shredded fruit, allow three full measures of water. Place in a granite preserving kettle, and set away in a cool place to soak until the same hour the next day. Then set the kettle upon the stove and let it boil hard for ten minutes.

Again set in a cool place until the same hour the following day. Measure the mixture, and to every cupful of pulp allow the same amount of cane sugar, and, at the last, add one measure extra. Put on the stove, and cook until the ordinary tests show that it will jell. From one orange, one lemon, and the necessary sugar and water seven glasses of marmalade will result.

There is no short cut to the successful making of this marmalade. The one day of soaking uncooked, and the day of soak-

ing after it is cooked, are as necessary as the final cooking to make it jell. If, however, three large kettles are used, and the first mixture of pulp and water placed in one for the first soaking and cooking, it will save some of the handling.

The necessary utensils are only those of the ordinary kitchen, other than the extra large preserving kettles. Some large granite or enamel platters, a sharp thin knife for convenience in shredding the fruit, an asbestos mat or two, a small, long-handled ladle, a set of measuring cups, such as found in most households; all these are convenient to have, but by no means necessary.



THE PRODUCT OF ONE ORANGE, A LEMON, AND SOME SUGAR

towns which have their winter or summer tourist season, mining and milling towns, and all places with regular monthly pay-rolls, subscribe to this condition.

In order to make money at home, the thing one must do is to find either a necessity or a delicacy which will attract purchasers. There is a profit in the manufacture of all pickles, jellies, jams, and preserves. With a handy market, and a reasonable amount of perseverance, this

form of home industry will solve the problem of the extra money needed in many households.

Unquestionably the very best method of disposing of any such article until it is thoroughly

introduced is by means of house-to-house canvass. If there are children in the family, here is an after-school and Saturday task for them. A little tray or flat basket may be prepared, which a boy or girl may carry from door to door. With each glass should be left a card saying where the marmalade may be purchased.

The stewards of big hotels are glad to hear of new things to place before their guests, and Woman's Exchanges handle such things on commission.

(Concluded on page 70)

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate"

that Wears"



The Old Colony Pattern



THE Old Colony pattern is a Colonial design of true simplicity, reflecting the dignity of the older craftsmanship with the beauty of today.

Backed with an unqualified guarantee made possible by an actual test of over 65 years. Sold by leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "P-45."

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

SUCCESSOR to Meriden Britannia Co.
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
HAMILTON, CANADA
The World's Largest Makers
of Sterling Silver
and Plate



Gail Borden EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

THE ORIGINAL

For three generations has been the World's Leading Brand for Infant Feeding. For Sale everywhere; always uniform in composition; easily prepared; economical. It provides a safe, wholesome substitute when Nature's Supply fails. Send for Booklet and Feeding Chart.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.

ESTAB. 1857

NEW YORK

Leaders
of Quality



WHAT GOOD FORM DEMANDS

By VIRGINIA RANDOLPH

A Department Devoted to Good Manners and Social Usages

WITH
Patty's
mail o n e

morning in late February there came a small envelope which, when opened, she found to contain a visiting card from her mother's friend, Mrs. Hubert Morrison. It only differed from an ordinary card in that "Tuesdays in March" was written in the lower left-hand corner. Mrs. Livingstone had also received such a card, and she explained to Patty that Mrs. Morrison, whose regular reception day was Tuesday, was following the pretty custom of giving a series of informal teas to insure meeting all her friends over a cozy cup of tea at least once during the year.

The second Tuesday in March, therefore, found Patty and her mother on the way to Mrs. Morrison's. They wore simple afternoon calling gowns, for these teas are informal affairs. At the door they found a maid, very neat-looking in her simple black dress and white apron, who handed a silver tray for their cards and helped them remove their heavy outer wraps. From the living-room came the chatter of voices, and on entering they found eight or nine guests seated about the room. Mrs. Morrison, who was seated by the tea-table, rose when they entered, and came forward to greet them cordially. This she would have done, however, had they been even the merest acquaintances, for a careful hostess makes no distinction in her manner between old friends and strangers. Although there were several ladies present whom the Livingstones knew, they did not speak to any one until they had greeted their hostess, then they turned and bowed to those whom they knew, exchanging a cordial word of greeting with those near enough.

AS THERE were comparatively few present, Mrs. Morrison introduced Patty and her mother to all the other ladies, who bowed and smiled, but did not rise. Two young girls, however, rose courteously when Mrs. Livingstone was introduced, and a young man who was present had risen when Patty and her mother entered the room, and remained standing until all the ladies were seated. He did not shake hands when introduced to the ladies, as it is not proper that he should under these circumstances, unless a woman makes the mistake of extending her hand. He would have shaken hands if presented to a man at such a time. Patty was placed next to him, and although he much preferred to talk to her, he was thoughtful enough not to neglect the elderly lady at his other side.



As they chatted, Patty had an opportunity to notice how simple yet effective was the arrangement of the room for this affair. A few slender vases of roses placed about the room and on the tea-table at Mrs. Morrison's side were the only evidences of any effort made for the afternoon. A snowy cloth covered the table. Tapers in candle-sticks with pink shades were lighted early in the afternoon, and cast a soft light over the scene. The silver teapot and pretty cups were delightfully alluring. Two cake-plates, one filled with cakes and wafers, the other with thin bread-and-butter sandwiches, furnished the repast, and a silver bonbon dish piled with delicious confections made especial appeal to Patty's candy-loving heart. A maid, who entered unobtrusively when the hostess touched the electric bell beneath the tea-table, passed the tea, and replenished the dishes of wafers and sandwiches. There was entire informality in the serving.

PATTY enjoyed her stay most thoroughly, and so, apparently, did the other guests, for conversation was general, and every one tried to aid the hostess in making the few minutes that they were present lively and pleasant. The tactful Mrs. Morrison, without appearing to do so, managed to see to it that every one was drawn into the conversation, and noticed when cups and plates were empty.

It is customary at these small teas to offer a second cup of tea, but it is usually declined, and no guest lingers over fifteen minutes, unless the company is very small and there are no newcomers. Then it is permissible to stay longer. When she saw her mother rise, Patty immediately rose also, for it is the older woman's place always to determine the length of a call, and their hostess also rose immediately, not urging them to stay longer, but expressing with a few words her pleasure at having had them with her. The Livingstones shook hands again with their hostess, and, bowing to the other ladies, left the room promptly, as a prolonged leave-taking shows a lack of consideration for the busy hostess.

Editor's Note.—All of us have been placed at times in some unfamiliar situation which has embarrassed or confused us. "What should I do?" we ask ourselves, and this department is planned to answer that question for our readers. Miss Randolph will be glad to reply to all questions which have to do with social usages if a stamped envelope is enclosed.

Meeting Our Need With My Needle

By A YOUNG MOTHER

Department of Home Money-Making Methods

I WAS just twenty-four, and after five years of married life was having my first experience with a purse which couldn't easily be made to meet the expenses of our little family. My husband was an insurance man, and his salary of twenty dollars a week had begun to prove painfully inadequate, now that a new little baby had come to keep three-year-old Harrietta company.

I tried to be as saving and economical as I could, but the dollars would vanish. I did all my own housework and sewing, and in every other way tried to bear my full half of the burden. Sewing, indeed, I never considered a burden, taking a real delight in making pretty little dresses and aprons for Harrietta; but, little by little, I had learned how to simplify them, to save time and strength, while still keeping them smart and attractive.

It was while I was congratulating myself one day on the success with which I had reduced to a minimum, both the expenses and labor of sewing, that there came into my mind some words of good-natured envy from a very near neighbor, who, with a growing family, found the problem of little dresses and aprons a troublesome one to solve.

Then came my inspiration. I knew she must be only one of many busy mothers who would willingly transfer this responsibility to other shoulders, if they could do so at small expense, and then there I came to a momentous decision. I would make Harrietta's fall dresses at once, not waiting till my usual time for fall sewing, and use them as samples to secure orders.

I SPENT \$2.29 for materials, and soon was busily engaged on the new dresses. After looking over my latest fashion magazine for ideas, I evolved several new designs for kiddies' garments, and cut out and stitched away until five dainty gingham in simple styles (none requiring more than an hour to make), a pair of crêpe rompers, and a dark blue apron and bloomers were spread out on my table, all neatly finished ready for use.

I then wrote half a dozen or more notes announcing my project, and saying that on the following Tuesday from two to five my sample materials and garments could be seen. I mailed these to ladies with children under six, whom I thought probable patrons, making special mention of the fact that the price of a little made-to-order dress and bloomers, including material, was only \$1.50. Several of them 'phoned to me, asking me to call, and none of them failed to respond.

IN the cases where I was asked to call I took with me a tape measure, memorandum book (later, I had printed order blanks), sample materials, and Harrietta's little dresses folded flat between pasteboards held together by a strap. I received so many orders that my enthusiasm was unbounded, and in less than a month I had cleared \$41.02, having made about forty-five garments and bloomers. I could easily make three suits a day in the spare time I had, for children under seven do not need to be fitted, and the sewing was all machine work except the button-holes. This was encouraging.

Very soon, at an expense of \$3.25, I had some order blanks and a hundred cards printed, which

I distributed among my friends for their friends. I also inserted in the society column of our local paper an advertisement which cost ninety cents, and which proved a most profitable investment, for it brought astonishing re-

sults, repaying me many fold. It was short and to the point, and read about like this:

MRS. BLANK, THE CHILD'S TAILOR—Send or 'phone your address, and I will call, show you garments, styles, materials, and take your child's measure. Dresses, rompers, and suits, from 2- to 7-year sizes. Orders delivered.

Altogether my outlay had amounted to but \$6.44, and nearly half that sum was to serve still another purpose, as the sample dresses would be worn by my little girl. Orders came in so rapidly that I soon had three women doing piece-work in their homes, paying them thirty cents

(Concluded on page 64)



I SHOWED THE MOTHER THE SAMPLE DRESSES AND ROMPERS



Bon Ami now made in both Powder and Cake

We like to please everybody. And so, as some folks like their cleaners in powder form, we are now making Bon Ami that way as well as in the cake form.

Bon Ami Powder is the same Bon Ami you have always used, ground to a soft, white powder that turns to a creamy lather at the touch of a wet cloth or brush.

There is nothing else on the market like Bon Ami Powder, just as there is nothing else like the Bon Ami Cake.

Both of them are wonderful for cleaning windows and mirrors, bathtubs, tile, paint, and polishing metals; not for scouring or rough work, but for all the finer kinds of cleaning and polishing.

Same price, 10 cents each

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

"Like the chick that's newly hatched, Bon Ami has never scratched."



30c

70c Initial Pillow Outfits On Pure Linen Russian Crash

With Alphabet of Transfer Initials



No. 2703, Size 17x22 inches.
To be embroidered in shades of
Blue Green and Orange.



No. 8069, Size 17x22 inches.
To be embroidered in shades of Yellow and
Brown and Outlined with Black.



No. 8071, Size 17x22 inches.
To be embroidered in shades of Yellow and
Brown and Outlined with Black.

Take Your Choice

THE newest designs of the season. Your own initial in handsome design on an elegant pillow made of Pure Linen Russian Crash; stamped and hand tinted—ready to be embroidered. Take your choice of any or all of them. Each outfit actually worth 70c. Here is what you receive:

1 Pillow Top and Back.....	worth 25c
1 New Premium Art Book.....	Free
6 Skeins Richardson's Grand Prize Grecian Silk Floss and Lesson.....	" 30c
1 Alphabet of Transfer Initials.....	" 15c
Total Value, 70c	

All sent you for only 30c and dealer's name.

Richardson's
Grand Prize Grecian Silk Floss
is a pure silk floss that is unexcelled for all sorts of art needlework.

Library Scarfs to Match
We will also supply you with splendid library scarfs to match design No. 2703 or No. 8071. Made of the same material and stamped with the same design. Size 17x54 inches. Each outfit consists of scarf, embroidery lesson, and 6 skeins of silk. Price, 50c each.

Special

Any 2 pillows (buy 12 skeins of silk and postage) 35c
All 3 pillows (buy 18 skeins of silk and postage) 80c
For 2 pillows with scarf to match one.....\$1.00

We will refund your money if you are not absolutely satisfied.

Write Today enclosing 30c for one-pillow outfit—or if you prefer to order more enclose amount as indicated above. If you want to see other designs than the one illustrated here send 6c for the Premium Art Book. If you order this outfit now we will send you the Premium Art Book free. Write today.

RICHARDSON SILK COMPANY
Dept. 2062, 305-9 W. Adams St., Chicago
We also manufacture Richardson's Spool Silk.

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Lesson 36. Ladies' Beau Brummel Blouse

By MARGARET WHITNEY

ONCE in a while a waist or a skirt design comes out which makes an instant appeal to popular favor, either by reason of especial beauty, style, or utility. Such a one is this attractive blouse, which the makers have called the Beau Brummel, after the famous dandy of that name who died in England in 1840. It is by no means a mischance to give it this name, for the perfection of style and comfort seems to have been attained by this smart and pleasing model.

As it is sure to be one of the popular waists of this year, I have chosen it for our dressmaking lesson, well knowing that you will want it when you see it, and will be grateful for a little help and advice about making it.

The Beau Brummel is cut by McCall Pattern No. 5713. In Fig. 1 you see it developed in white linen, which makes a pretty and serviceable waist for morning, for the game of golf or tennis, or for the many other occasions when a woman wants a comfortable but stylish blouse which she can put on in a hurry. It may also be made of satin, Habutai silk or crêpe de Chine, if you care to pay for the more expensive material. In the silk or crêpe de Chine it will be a useful waist, as those materials wash as well as linen. Of whatever goods you make it, you will need three yards, forty inches in width, for size thirty-six.

DIFFERENT possibilities of the blouse are illustrated by Fig. 2, showing regulation or dropped waistline, rolling or wedge collar, and long or short sleeves. As you see in Fig. 1, I have selected the version with normal waist,

rolling collar and short sleeves, and this is the form in which the pattern has been placed on the material in Fig. 3. In cutting this form of the blouse, discard the following pieces of pattern: D, plain cuff; O, wedge collar; U, peplum for dropped waistline, and the pocket lap, and cut off sleeve pattern, S, at line of large circles (●), to make short sleeve.

Arrange the remaining pieces on material, as shown in Fig. 3, the back, B, and collar, C, with edges marked with three crosses (+) on the fold, fronts, F, sleeve S, and turned-back cuff, E, with lines of

four large circles (●) lengthwise of goods. You will notice that the diagram shows piece marked H (the peplum for regulation waistline), with half of the outline plain and the other half dotted. This is done to show you how to cut it without piecing. In wider material this piece, also, may be laid with the edge marked with three crosses (+), on the fold of the goods, but in forty-inch material place it as illustrated, pin fast so that it cannot slip, cut out the part indicated by plain outline, then unpin the pattern, turn it over lengthwise the goods, pivoting on the edge marked with crosses (+); pin again and finish, cutting the part shown by dotted line. This gives you two thicknesses for the peplum, both of which you will need just as they are if you are making your blouse of silk, satin, or crêpe de Chine. In that case, lay the two pieces right sides together and stitch around the outer edge in what is known as a pudding-bag seam, then turn, push out the corners, and press flat. With a linen waist, however, the peplum need not be double, but the second piece should be stitched to the first and turned in the same way; then trim off just beyond the dotted line, which indicates width of hem, turn in the raw edge and finish by stitching on fold edge, right on dotted line. This makes a neater finish than if you should underface the peplum with a bias strip of material, as you avoid the bulky mitred corners you will get when facing with a bias strip.

Baste shoulder and underarm seams and try on, making any necessary alterations, and then join the shoulders

in French seams by stitching first on the right side a quarter of an inch outside the bastings, then trimming close to the stitching, turning, and stitching again on wrong side just where the basting threads had been. Turn under armholes three-eighths of an inch to wrong side, and tops of sleeves the same depth to right side; lay armhole over sleeve with edges even, and stitch together along both fold edges. Then baste sleeves and underarm seams in one continuous seam, matching armholes exactly, and stitch in French seams.

(Concluded on page 57)



FIG. 1—LADIES' BEAU BRUMMEL BLOUSE
NO. 5713
LADIES' SKIRT NO. 5721

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

(Continued from page 56)

Make the cuffs double, sewing the two portions together in pudding-bag seams; turn, press flat, fold upper end over the extension on lower end and stitch together the depth of extension, leaving the ends apart beyond that. Place cuffs inside the sleeves, right side of cuffs against wrong side of sleeves, and stitch together at the hand. Overcast raw edges of these seams and turn cuffs back on right side of sleeves. A few buttons may be used to ornament the cuffs, sewing them on the stitched line which fastens extension. Turn under front edges of blouse along lines of small circles (●) for hems, turn under again the selvage edges and stitch close to the edge.

Cut two pieces for the collar, lay them right sides together and stitch around the outer edge. Place the collar to neck edge, center-backs together and front edges even; stitch under part of collar to neck edge; turn under raw edge of upper part, and hem down by hand over the seam.

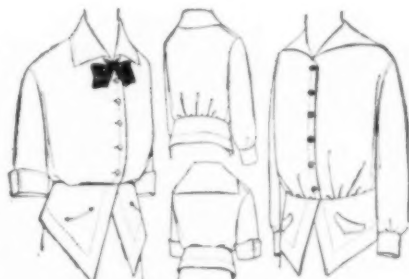


FIG. 2—FRONTS AND BACKS OF BEAU BRUMMEL BLOUSE

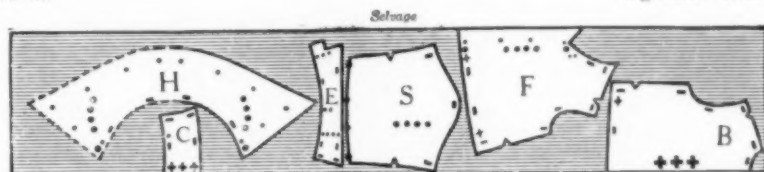


FIG. 3—DIAGRAM FOR CUTTING

Gather the lower edge of the blouse between the crosses, with two rows of gathering threads. Pin center-back of peplum to center-back of waist, and front edges together. Adjust the gathers, basting them to upper edge of peplum, and stitch together in a seam on the wrong side. With an inch-wide bias strip of material, overface this seam. Stitch the bias strip on one side, then turn in the other edge, turn the strip over the raw edges and stitch again close to fold edge, turning in the ends of the strip over the ends of the seam.

The only difficulty you will have in making this waist will be with the slash pockets in the points of the peplum, and unless you make these just right, you will spoil the good looks of your waist. On the fronts of the peplum pattern you will find rows of four large circles (●), giving size and shape of pocket slashes. Mark these accurately and then with the point of a sharp knife held upright in the hand,

cut them the exact size. Cut two half circles of linen for each pocket, one three-quarters of an inch deeper than the other, and both of them one inch longer than the slash. Shape them at the tops by the slash. Lay the shorter piece on the right side of the peplum right sides together, and so that the top edge comes just even with the lower side of the slash. Stitch across with a very small seam. Push the piece through the slash, turn down so that a little of the pocket shows from the right side like a small cord, and stitch again on the right side near the first stitching. Narrowly turn up the upper edge of the slash to the wrong side, lay the longer piece of the pocket on the wrong side of the peplum, with its upper edge even with the turned-up edge of the slash; baste and stitch on the right side with a row of stitching corresponding to that on the lower edge of the slash. You will now find that the two pieces forming the pocket will lie one on top of the other. Stitch them together with two

rows of stitching so that they will not rip. On the right side work a few buttonhole stitches or an arrow-head at the ends of the slashes to keep them from tearing out. Work buttonholes on the right-front of the blouse, and sew buttons to correspond on the left-front for the closing.

To work arrow-heads at ends of pocket slashes, first draw a faint outline of the triangular figure with a lead-pencil. Call one point at base, A, tip, B, and other point at base, C. Bring needle up at A, take a tiny stitch at B, put needle down at C, up again at A, another stitch at B, and so on putting needle in on line B-C and up on line B-A until the space is filled.

Editor's Note.—Mrs. Whitney will be glad to assist you in the making of any garment. Write to her concerning any difficulty you may have, stating the matter clearly, and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

True Style is only Cut and Color

Mrs. H. T. De Wolf, of Chicago, writes:

"Dark colors are most becoming to me, and are far more serviceable. I send you a photograph of a Bedford Cloth Suit which I dyed a most becoming shade with DIAMOND DYES. The suit was given to me by a friend who went in mourning. It was too light for me, so I changed it to a beautiful plum color with DIAMOND DYES. I think it looks very well, don't you? The cut was always good and now the color is fine, too."



Bedford Cloth Suit Dyed Plum Color

Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

Simply dissolve the dye and boil the material in the colored water

Mrs. Josephine Campbell, of Philadelphia, writes:

"The enclosed photograph will serve to show you a gown of pink silk poplin which I dyed dark gray with DIAMOND DYES. I used the DIAMOND DYES for Wool and Silk, and the result was beautiful."

"DIAMOND DYES certainly are little wonder workers, and surely have been 'Fashion's Helpers' for me. When I re-colored the gown, I took some waterproof material and dyed it the same color. I used it to trim a hat to match the gown. All my friends think the combination is stunning. I am so happy about it that I thought I would write you and send you a photograph. You may use it for advertising if you wish."



Pink Silk Poplin Dyed Dark Gray

Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two kinds of fabrics—Animal Fibre Fabrics and Vegetable Fibre Fabrics.

Wool and Silk are Animal Fibre Fabrics. Cotton and Linen are vegetable Fibre Fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as Vegetable Fibre Fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely, Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods to color Vegetable Fibre Fabrics, so that you may obtain the Very Best results on EVERY fabric.

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WHEN FRIENDS DROP IN

By ELIZABETH ARMSTEAD

NOT to break bread with a guest was once the gravest breach of which a host could be guilty. To sit down to a meal with the stranger within the gates was the immediate mark of honor and trust—a symbol of the standard of loyalty the stranger was expected to live up to. Among all the many and curious ethical codes of the long-gone days of knighthood, none was more exacting than the ceremony of eating together. To betray a man of whose bread and salt one had partaken was the act of only a dastard.

Our liking of this bread-breaking custom of old is shown by offering the chance afternoon caller a cup of tea and a sandwich, partly because we can talk better and at greater ease over the heart-warming cup, but fundamentally because it symbolizes



lunch so quickly and deftly that we do not have to be puttering in the kitchen, long absent from the guests. Even where a maid is kept, entertainment of this impromptu kind generally falls to the lot of the mistress. A cup of hot chocolate and a few wafers, a plate of sandwiches with coffee, a bite of cheese with cider, root beer and toasted water crackers, slices of cake with grape-juice or shrub—any of these simple emblems of the bread-and-salt idea—is sufficient to offer the chance evening caller.

An invitation to a neighbor to "come over for the evening" presupposes, however casually given, some slight refreshment. It may be a chafing-dish rarebit with all the fun and excitement of its visible preparation, or merely a simple beverage with a sandwich and a sweet. To omit such slight evidence

Menus for Special Occasions

A VALENTINE FEAST (Pink color scheme)

Crab Salad Pimiento-Cheese Sandwiches
*Cherry Bisque Ice-Cream
Rose bonbons
Dates stuffed with Rose-Cream Filling
*Raspberry Punch

A PATRIOTIC PARTY (Red, white, and blue color scheme)

*Cream of Chicken Salad with Mayonnaise
Center Filling of Beets
*Nesselrode Pudding with Glacéd Cherries
*Washington Pie in individual shapes, Red and White Icing
Grape-Juice Punch

A SAINT PATRICK'S PARTY (Green color scheme)

*Shamrock Salad with Cress Sandwiches in Shamrock shape
Mint and Lime Candies
*Pistachio Ice-Cream
*Little Cakes covered with Pistachio Icing
Mint-Flavored Lemonade

A CHURCH SOCIABLE

Bouillon with Breadsticks or Wafers
Chicken Patties
Marmalade, Cheese and Nut Sandwiches
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Biscuit Tortoni in paper cases
*Fruit Punch

*Receipts are given in this department for all dishes marked with a star.

hospitality. It is a pledge of friendship and loyalty, a toast to better acquaintance and the privilege of service. It is as much as if we said, "You must be my friend!"

When Mr. and Mrs. Brown-Jones happen in after dinner, it seems inhospitable to let them leave our threshold without having some repast. Occasionally we overdo the matter; we offer something unsuitable for an evening lunch, and our friends go home with upset digestions. We should use good judgment in selecting dishes for the evening bread-breaking with the chance caller. While our custom is just as beautiful and important in meaning as the feast of the medieval baron, showing us to be thinking of the late, perhaps long, return trip in the cold, after our friends leave our home, only simple things need be served. It indicates, just the same, that we value and desire their friendship, and will welcome them again. They appreciate the spirit shown.

Keeping this always in mind, by planning well we should be able to produce a

of a hospitable spirit would seem a violation of the age-old feeling about guests.

For most of us, a long or heavy meal at an unusual hour is not desirable. In our own homes we seldom indulge in food between dinner and bedtime. If for any reason we lose sleep between ten o'clock and one, nature seems to demand something to support the unrested body, and to take the place of energy-restoring sleep. We feel hungry toward midnight, but a little satisfies us. An apple, or a doughnut, or a cup of cocoa is usually enough—and this we must keep in mind when determining what to serve to others. It is a mistake to confuse our excuse for an evening lunch with our desire to extend a bountiful hospitality.

Preparations should be made early for invited friends. Paper napkins may be used when serving informal evening refreshments, and for a large gathering, like a card party, the buffet system may be used, the guests sitting or standing at

(Continued on page 60)

The "NATIONAL" Money-Saving Style Book



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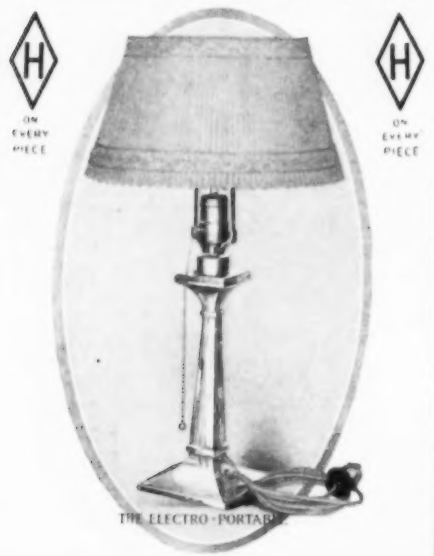
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WHEN FRIENDS DROP IN

(Continued from page 58)

some distance from the serving table, no covers being laid. For one or two friends, especially if the chafing-dish is to appear, a group around the dining-table is far more satisfactory. Doilies are prettier than a tablecloth at this time.

The menus this month suggest suitable combinations for various kinds of simple informal entertaining. If sandwiches and slices of cake are carefully wrapped in paraffin paper, dishes for reheating left in the saucepan, and salads arranged, all but the mask of mayonnaise, a delightful collation may be prepared early in the day, and produced expeditiously when the time arrives for serving your guests.



rika. Add half a cupful of aspic jelly made from the water in which the chicken was cooked, using two tablespoonfuls of gelatin to half a cupful of liquid. Mix thoroughly with the chicken and cool. Whip half a pint of heavy cream and fold into the gelatin. Mold in a ring mold. Serve on a lettuce bed with white mayonnaise

(which is made by beating whipped cream into the plain dressing), covering the beets in the center of the ring. The beets should be cut in fancy shapes. A little of the mayonnaise can be mixed with the chicken before adding the gelatin. This is not only a most palatable salad, but an ornamental one as well.

CHERRY BISQUE
ICE-CREAM.—To a quart of pure cream, sweetened with one cupful of sugar and flavored with a teaspoonful of vanilla, add half a cupful of

What to Serve a Few Guests

AFTER THE THEATER

*Welsh Rarebit on Soda Crackers
Toasted Water-Biscuit
Cider or Ginger Ale
Nuts and Raisins

AN AFTERNOON AFFAIR

*Chicken Salad *Cheese Straws
Cocoa
*Maple Mousse

A CHAFING-DISH REPAST

*Pigs in Blankets
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Hot Chocolate

AN EVENING ENTERTAINMENT

*Grilled Sardines
*Roquefort-Fruit Salad
Nut Wafers
*Café Trappé

*Receipts are given in this department for all dishes marked with a star.

**NESSLEBROD PUD-
PING.**—Cook one cupful of sugar, with half a cupful of water till a thick syrup, about five minutes. Pour slowly into the beaten

A LIGHT LUNCHEON

*Creamed Oysters
Lettuce-and-Nut Sandwiches
Peanut-Butter Sandwiches
*Pineapple Sherbet
Devil's Food
Coffee

maraschino cherries (with juice), chopped so they will be well distributed through the cream. Freeze in the usual way. If preferred, a custard ice-cream foundation may be used, in the proportion of six egg yolks to a quart of milk and eight tablespoonfuls of sugar.

RASPBERRY PUNCH.—If raspberry syrup or vinegar has not been put up at home, a very good commercial article can be obtained in pint bottles. Dilute with carbonated or plain water, then add lemon-juice and sugar to taste, and bits of pineapple, orange, banana, etc. A tablespoonful of concentrated raspberry juice is usually enough for an ordinary tumblerful of punch.

CREAM OF CHICKEN SALAD.—Mix together two cupfuls of white chicken meat chopped fine, a tablespoonful of chopped roasted almonds, a level teaspoonful of salt, a few drops of onion-juice, a tablespoonful of lemon-juice, and a little pap-

syolk of five eggs. Add three cupfuls of whipped cream, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one cupful of mashed boiled chestnuts, one cupful of candied fruit in syrup, one cupful of chopped or grated pineapple. Freeze in a mold and let stand for some time before serving.

WASHINGTON PIE.—Use either a layer-cake receipt or one of a simple hot-water sponge-cake. Bake two layers in large square pans, put together with cream filling, cut into tiny cubes or bars and ice in stripes, using Betty Lyle Wilson's receipt for icing, coloring half with cochineal.

CREAM FILLING.—Use a quarter cupful of corn-starch, one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, two eggs, one and a half cupfuls of milk, a pinch of salt, and vanilla or almond flavoring. Cook in the double boiler twenty minutes, stirring constantly to prevent any lumpiness. Allow to cool before spreading on the cake.

(Continued on page 61)



WHEN FRIENDS DROP IN

(Continued from page 60)

SHAMROCK SALAD.—Fill sweet green peppers with a well-blended mixture of half a cupful of minced nuts, a ten-cent cream cheese, and a tablespoonful of butter. Cut with a sharp knife thin crosswise slices, resulting in a green clover-shaped rim with a cheese center. Lay these on a lettuce bed, and dress with mayonnaise to which pounded parsley has been added to give a green color.

PISTACHE ICE-CREAM.—Add half a cupful of chopped pistachio nuts and one cupful of chopped almonds to a quart of cream, one cupful of sugar, and a tablespoonful of vanilla. Color a pale green with vegetable coloring.

HOT-WATER SPONGE-CAKE.—This is the most satisfactory foundation for small fancy cakes, to be cut in diamonds, rounds, or shamrock shapes, not thicker than an inch. Beat the yolks of three eggs and add to them one cupful of sugar. When well blended, add one cupful of flour, sifted with one level teaspoonful of baking-powder and a quarter teaspoonful of salt. Two tablespoonfuls of hot water will be needed to thin the batter, also one tablespoonful of lemon-juice and the whites of the three eggs. True sponge-cake is raised simply by means of the eggs, without baking-powder, but this receipt is more economical.

FRUIT PUNCH.—Use four cupfuls of water, and four of sugar, boiled five minutes. Add the liquid from one cupful of raisins boiled with one pint of water, then strained; the juice of three lemons, six oranges, and one cupful of mixed fruit juice—grape- grapefruit- and peach-juice. (More orange- or lemon-juice may be used instead of this.) Cut one pineapple in small pieces; add to these a cupful of strawberries or maraschino cherries, four bananas cut in slices, and one orange sliced and cut in small pieces. This will take two quarts of carbonated water. Ice the fruit juice, and when ready to serve add the water to make the right strength. The fruit goes in last. This should serve twenty-five persons.

LOBSTER NEWBURG ON TOAST.—The lobster or any other Newburg foundation is cooked first and the meat removed from the shells. The sauce is made by rubbing two tablespoonfuls of butter with one of flour, adding a teaspoonful of salt, a few grains of cayenne, and a cupful of rich cream. The yolks of three well-beaten eggs make the sauce richer. When the sauce is thick, the lobster meat is stirred into it, heated, and served at once on ready-prepared slices of toast. In dishes

(Continued on page 62)



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WHEN FRIENDS DROP IN

(Continued from page 61)

of any sort where toast is used, cut the large slice into small squares before covering. Poached eggs and hashes on toast are easier to eat this way.

FRUIT SALAD.—Use a combination of oranges, grapefruit, pineapple, and white grapes. Serve in sherbet glasses with French dressing, with very mild vinegar.

ANGEL FOOD.—Add one cupful of granulated sugar to one cupful of the whites of eggs which have been beaten on a platter till foamy. One teaspoonful of cream of tartar should be introduced before finishing beating the eggs. Sift one cupful of flour four times with one teaspoonful of salt. Fold it into the egg mixture. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla, and bake one hour in a moderate oven. Use an angel-cake pan which has a tube in the center. Turn the cake out on a cooler.

CREAMED OYSTERS.—Cook one pint of oysters in two tablespoonfuls of melted butter one minute. Remove the oysters and add two tablespoonfuls of flour, a cupful of cream, a seasoning of salt, pepper, and a pinch of mace, two beaten eggs, and a cupful of chopped stewed celery. Put back the oysters, heat, and serve on halves of pastry crackers, which can be bought by the box. Patties may be made if preferred, or the oysters served in bread shells, dried in the oven.

PINEAPPLE SHERBET.—Boil a quart of water with two cupfuls of sugar five minutes. Add one pint of grated pineapple, the juice of a lemon, to bring out the flavor, and freeze in the usual way, stirring or churning rapidly. When nearly set, add the beaten white of an egg.

WELSH RAKEBIT.—Beat the yolks of three eggs with half a cupful of cream. Add one pound of cheese cut in small pieces. Turn into a saucepan in which a tablespoonful of butter has been melted. Season with a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a dash of red pepper, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Stir over the fire (a double boiler is a good substitute for a chafing-dish) until smooth and creamy. Serve at once on crackers or toast.

PIGS IN BLANKETS.—Wrap separately a number of large fresh oysters in slices of bacon, using wooden toothpicks as skewers; cook till the bacon is crisp, and serve on toast.

GRILLED SARDINES.—Wash a canful of large sardines and heat in a tablespoonful of butter. Pour over them a white sauce seasoned with Worcestershire sauce, lemon, and parsley. Serve on toast.

(Concluded on page 63)



BUST and HIPS

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on method," with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

Hall-Borchert Adjustable Forms

do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dress-making at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes; bust raised or lowered, also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

Write for Illustrated Booklet containing complete line of Dress Forms with prices.

Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co.
Dept. A, 30 W. 32d St., NEW YORK
Dept. A, 163-171 North May St., CHICAGO
Dept. A, 41-45 Lombard St., Toronto, Can.

Maternity Apparel

Direct from Manufacturer

Dresses, Coats, Skirts, Corsets

All Popular Materials

\$2.00 to \$30.00

Made to measure from \$7.50 up

No. 106—Maternity Dress. Sheer dainty Ratine Voile. Entirely new and practical method of adjustment (Patented) creates appearance of stylish normal dress. No elastic bands to cause distress from undue tension. Price **\$6⁷⁵**

Send for loose-leaf catalogue M. 2.

AMERICAN WOMEN'S WEAR CO.

119-M. West 25th St. New York City

When answering advertisements kindly mention McCALL'S MAGAZINE.



WHEN FRIENDS DROP IN

(Continued from page 62)

CHEESE STRAWS.—Roll out thin, a rich pastry. Cover half of it with grated cheese, fold the other half over, and cut into long thin strips about as wide as a pencil and half as long. Bake till delicately browned.

ROQUEFORT - FRUIT SALAD.—Any fruits in season may be used in combination. Blackberries, raspberries, and huckleberries blend well with an apple foundation. Add two tablespoonfuls of mashed Roquefort cheese to a French dressing made of a tablespoonful of lemon-juice and one of tarragon vinegar to eight tablespoonfuls of olive oil, a teaspoonful of salt, and a saltspoonful of pepper.

CAFÉ FRAPPÉ.—Use three parts of coffee to one of cream, sweetened to taste. Partly freeze till about as thick as a cereal. Serve in sherbet glasses with whipped cream on top.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Marinate equal parts of diced celery and chicken meat (for large gatherings where economy is an object well-cooked veal may be substituted for part of the chicken) by mixing with sufficient French dressing to moisten, and allowing to stand about two hours in the refrigerator. When ready to serve, half a cupful of mayonnaise should be mixed in, the whole arranged on a bed of lettuce leaves and decorated with mayonnaise—about a cupful—chopped olives, or pimolas, finely-chopped whites of eggs, half-yolks, and celery tops.

MAPLE MOUSSE.—Cook together in the double boiler till thick three-quarters of a cupful of maple syrup and the whites of four eggs. Stir constantly. When cool add a pint of whipped cream, and freeze for four hours.

THE LOST HANDBAG

By HARRIET BRINKLEY

LOSING the handbag has long been a vexatious problem to most absent-minded women. I always intended keeping a card in mine with my address on it; but often finding my card-case empty, would resort to the lone card in the side pocket—then invariably lose the bag before I had replaced it.

Finally, after I had lost two bags, a bright young woman suggested that I print my name, with pen and ink, inside near the top, where it could be seen when the bag was opened. I did this, with the result that the third time I lost a bag it was promptly returned. No one would care to retain a bag with another's name in it, where it would be seen easily every time the bag was opened.



Convincing Mother

At first she and her family are satisfied with the shortening they always have used. It is pretty hard to improve upon her pie crust and cake.

But someone induces her to try Crisco. Perhaps it is her daughter who has used it at Domestic Science School, or a neighbor who has obtained excellent results.

After the first trial, the old fashioned cook slowly but surely comes to use Crisco for all cooking. She has become a Crisco enthusiast. She has found these advantages in using Crisco.

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

Frying There is no smoke nor odor. Fried foods are free from the taste of grease. They now are tasty and crisp. They are made more digestible, for Crisco is all vegetable. The same Crisco can be used to fry fish, onions, doughnuts, etc., merely by straining out the food particles after each frying.

Shortening Crisco gives pastry a new flakiness and digestibility. Crisco always is of the same freshness and consistency. Its uniform quality makes for uniform results.

Cake Making Crisco gives richness at smaller cost. It brings cake making back to popularity. Butter bills are reduced and cakes stay fresh and moist longer.

Marion Harris Neil, Cookery Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, has prepared a New Crisco Cook Book.

This is printed in two editions. One book contains 250 recipes and is free. The other contains 615 recipes and a "Calendar of Dinners" and may be had for 5 two-cent stamps. The Calendar tells what to eat every day of the year, and the recipes tell how to economically prepare these new and delightful foods. For either of these books address Dept. L-2, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati.



St. Valentine's Day Favors

"Cupid, That's Me!" Bisque, 10c, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 each; Bisque Cupids, flying position, 10c, 25c, 50c each; China Cupids, assorted positions, 5c, 10c, 25c, 50c each; Assorted Heart Boxes, 5c, 10c; Red Satin Heart Boxes, 5c, 10c each; Gold China Heart Box, 10c; Gold Key, Miniature Slipper, Wedding and Engagement Rings, Metal Arrows, Gold Washbones, Heart Mirrors, Heart Thermometers, China Rings, Flat Metal Cupids, Mail Bags, 5c each; Open Straw Heart Basket, 15c; Flat Paper Heart containing Favor, 5c; Crepe Paper Basket trimmed with Hearts, salted nut size, \$1.00 doz.; Lace Heart Ice Cream Cases, 50c doz.; Crepe Paper Napkins, 35c package; St. Valentine Jack Horner Pie, 12 ribbons, \$4.00; St. Valentine Tally or Dinner Cards, 25c doz. Catalog free on request. Special assortments of St. Valentine Day Favors, \$2.00 and \$5.00. We Positively Do Not Pay Mail Charges.

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The IMPERIAL
is the only range with
Stone Oven Bottom
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Dustless Ash Sifter

A perfect baker and food saver.
Try it in YOUR OWN HOME—
30 days—no expense to you.
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Write today for factory prices and
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LIKE MOTHER BAKED

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Grace Presbyterian Church
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Methodist Episcopal Church
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We Paid This Church \$70.00
Seward Avenue Baptist Church
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We Paid This Church \$70.00
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Park Ridge, N. J.

Does Your Church Need Funds?

Let us help solve your problem. The McCall Church-Fund-Raising Plan is not an experiment. It has been successfully worked by churches in the small towns and by churches in the big cities. It involves the spare-time effort of only a few women members of a church. It is, therefore, less trouble, less work and easier in every way than a Church Fair, Entertainment, Basket Festival, Chicken Dinner, Cake or Ice-Cream Social. It costs absolutely nothing to try, so there is no chance of loss, as there is with the many other money-raising plans.

The McCall Company will make a donation to and co-operate with any Church or Ladies' Aid Society that desires to give our easy, practical Church-Fund-Raising Plan a trial. More than 350 churches (four of which are illustrated on this page) have already taken advantage of our Co-operative Plan, and have received our checks for amounts ranging from \$5.00 to \$154.35.

You place yourself under no obligation whatever to write and ask for particulars. Write today.

The McCall Co.

Church-Fund-Raising Dept.
236 WEST 37TH STREET, N. Y. CITY



Meeting Our Need With My Needle

(Continued from page 55)

per suit, and I did only the designing and cutting. Although this reduced my profit per piece, I still cleared ten dollars a week.

The little dresses, open to the hem or down both sleeves for convenience in laundering, were made of crêpe, or blue or pink nurse's-stripe gingham, trimmed with white rick-rack braid, or black-and-white checked percale. Two styles prevailed for the dresses; one with kimono sleeves and a belt, the other buttoning down the outside of the sleeves, and with two pockets, which I called the "Harrietta morning apron." They cost respectively:

Dress.....	1½ yds. gingham at 11c.....	\$.17
	3 buttons at 10c. a doz.....	.03
	½ yd. checked material at 11c.....	.06
	Thread05
Total		\$.31
Apron.....	1½ yds. gingham.....	\$.17
	1 dozen buttons.....	.05
	1 ball tape.....	.02
	1 rick-rack05
Total		\$.34
Bloomers..	1½ yds. gingham at 11c.....	\$.17
	Elastic02
Total		\$.19

A SUIT, dress and bloomers, or "apron" and bloomers, sold for \$1.50, so that my profit, when paying thirty cents for the sewing, was seventy cents on one and sixty-seven on the other. I was offered \$300.00 for the business, which, of course, consisted almost solely of my patronage, as I had only a sewing-machine and my



I NEVER FAIL TO CLEAR TEN DOLLARS A WEEK

samples as equipment, but I did not care to sell. The little garments became so popular at the beaches and nearby resorts, that I was requested to start branches.

Five years ago I could not make an apron, but by closely following patterns, I can now make nearly everything in the dress line. There is no money in children's garments in elaborate styles, or of any but reliable wash fabrics, or for children large enough to require fitting. Take measures and do all cutting yourself, making garments that allow for shrinking. You are entitled to dressmaker's discount on materials.

Editor's Note.—Do you want to earn money at home? Write to Betty Grant Gordon, our Home Money-Making Editor, McCall's Magazine, New York City, enclosing stamped addressed envelope.



THE VALENTINE GIRL

(Continued from page 52)

complete, by dashing on cold water to close the pores.

ELDER-FLOWER ASTRINGENT

Elder-flower water 1 ounce
Rose-water 3 ounces
Simple tincture of benzoin 1/2 ounce
Tannic acid 5 grains

Once a week supplement your campaign by taking a Velvet Bath, which gets its name from the smoothness of skin which results.

VELVET BATH

Gelatine...500 grams
Hot water...4 quarts

Dissolve the gelatin in the water, and add this to your bath just before you step into the tub.

You will notice a sheen to your skin on coming out of the bath, and it will be firm to the touch, which means that the pores have been contracted.

Another foe to beauty is hair where it should not be. If you have a disagreeable little patch at the corners of your upper lip or between your brows, or a straggling hair or two on the chin, seek to get rid of them. The occasional hair may be removed by tweezers, but be sure to catch it close to the skin, hold it firmly and pull it out with a straight quick jerk. Touch the spot at once with ammonia. If you have many hairs, and can afford electrolysis, at five dollars an hour, it will prove your best friend, but the French method, which combines peroxide of hydrogen and ammonia, can be relied upon for a cure if you are willing to keep it up for several months.

IF YOUR neck is collar-marked, use a honey bleach at night, and you will soon be able to boast of its whiteness.

HONEY BLEACH

Strained honey 1 ounce
Lemon juice 4 teaspoonfuls
Tincture of benzoin 125 drops
Whites of two eggs

Mix the lemon-juice and honey, add the benzoin, and stir into the unbeaten whites of the eggs. Add prepared oats to make a thin paste, and smear on the neck thickly at night. Cover with a bandage. In the morning, wash off with hot soapy water.

Editor's Note.—Every woman possesses possibilities of attraction. Miss Beacon's object is to lend aid to the woman who wishes to improve her appearance or health. Inquiries will be answered by mail, if a stamped envelope is enclosed.



A COMEDONE EXTRACTOR
IS YOUR BEST FRIEND

Select Your Spring Styles From Philipsborn's Style Book Enlarged Again!

It is just impossible to exaggerate the importance of this remarkable Catalog. There are **OVER TWO HUNDRED PAGES OF NEW SPRING STYLES** in all their enticing splendor. We have added to all of our departments—made them more interesting than ever before. **EVERY WOMAN—EVERYWHERE—SHOULD HAVE A COPY OF THIS BOOK**—we have made our edition sufficiently large to furnish one for each reader of McCall's.

Your Copy Now Ready

The remarkable changes in Fashion's Decrees make the wearing of last season's garments almost impossible. Nearly everything has changed—not only the cut of the garments, but the materials used for the new Spring styles are entirely new and of heretofore unheard of designs, weaves and patterns—and PHILPSBORN'S reputation for **latest styles and low prices** is further strengthened by this season's catalog display.

Our Tailored Suit Section Is the Best Ever

showing the prettiest tailor-made effects we have ever produced, at **\$7.98 up**

Our Ladies' and Misses' Dress Department shows no less than forty-nine pages of charming, new becoming modes in all the newest materials—crepe de chine, voile de luxe, batistes, crepes, lawn foulards, ratine, broadened eponge, voile de neige, and silks, messalines, laces, nets, etc. **Prices \$1.49 and up**

Our Waist and Skirt Department with its marvelous assortment of bewildering styles **Waists from 49c up Skirts from 98c up**

Our COAT DEPARTMENT shows silks and satins, serges, broadcloths, shantung, etc., etc., at truly rare bargain prices.

Philpsborn's New Spring Hat Styles

are prettier than ever—and that is saying a great deal—for a PHILPSBORN HAT is recognized all over as **Correct in Style and Low in Price**. Our prices start at **79c**.

Another Big Surprise Philipsborn's Shoe Department—Enlarged—100 New Styles

Shoes for Women, Misses and Girls and Boys—everyone—which means a positive saving for shoes of quality.

We further show a large display of muslin and knit underwear, corsets, kimono, house dresses, petticoats, gloves, sashes, belts, bags, neckwear, girls' and children's dresses and coats, baby dresses, and hats, and "PHILPSBORN'S Well-Tailored Clothing" for boys and youths.

In Addition, Your catalog will tell you a great many other things about the HOUSE OF PHILPSBORN that you ought to know. **WE SAY YOUR CATALOG BECAUSE WE HAVE ONE FOR YOU—RESERVED. WRITE FOR YOUR COPY TODAY.**

Typical Philipsborn Bargains

XB-133 \$2 Allover Shadow Lace Waists for \$1.00.

Two broad revers of Brussels net edged with net ruffle. Pretty silk messaline buttons of contrasting color form effective trimming. The turndown collar and neck of waist are edged with plaited Brussels net to correspond. White only. Sizes, bust 32 to 44. **Value \$2. Price, prepaid \$1.00**

XA-134 Latest Model Worsted Black and White Shepherd Check Skirt. Tailored fold at centre of skirt, ornamented with black jet buttons. Draped slit at bottom. Back at belt line neatly tailored and trimmed with buttons below tailored fold. Size, waist 23 to 30, length 36 to 44. **All the rage. Value \$4.00. Special Price, prepaid \$2.98**

Complete Outfit, Skirt XA-134 and Waist XB-133, Special Price, prepaid \$3.75

XA-135 Dress for \$3.98

Skirt of stylish blue and green Scotch plaid, prettily draped and tailored. Waist in coat effect of navy blue serge with high girdle of plaid and rich sash ornament. Plaid collar with rich lace and bow of plaid. Serge sleeves with tailored inset of plaid. Deep coat back. Sizes: bust 32 to 44. Skirt length 39 to 41. **Deep hem. Value \$6.00. Special Price, prepaid \$3.98**

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Van Buren & Peoria Sts. CHICAGO



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NEWEST SERGE
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Prevent Chapping

and keep your complexion always attractive by using

Hinds Cream
HONEY AND ALMOND

It is well to remember that this non-greasy cream has become a toilet necessity in thousands of refined homes throughout the world.—Apply just enough to moisten the skin, morning and night,—also on returning indoors. Follow other simple directions in the booklet, which will assure a fine, soft skin that will be clear, fresh and free from blemishes. We positively guarantee Hinds Cream not to grow hair. It is pure and harmless.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price. Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c. Do not take a substitute; insist upon HINDS.

Samples will be sent if you enclose 2c stamp to pay postage.

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217 West St., Portland, Maine

You should try
HINDS Honey
and Almond
Cream SOAP.



This Soap is
highly refined,
delightfully fragrant
and beneficial.
25c postpaid. No samples.



Self-Threading Bodkin

FAQUALITY

Silk Lingerie | Mercerized Ribbon | Lingerie Braid

The new, perfect package has a gilt bodkin, ready-threaded. After using, replace the bodkin in the holder, and you automatically thread it for next time!

The ribbon or braid stays clean and "unmussed" to the last inch.

A 10c package contains full 5 yards of silk ribbon or 10 yards of fine mercerized braid. White, pink, light blue.

At all stores, or gladly mailed for **10c**

The F-A Mfg. Co.
1805 Courtland St., Phila.

HOOKS AND EYES AND FASTENINGS

By AGNES ATHOL.

I KNOW how to sew nicely, and I understand using patterns and fitting, but somehow my finished garments never have that 'look' that the dressmaker seems able to give them," a friend of mine complained the other day. "What is the matter with them?"

A glance at the dress she had on told the whole story. The stitching was fine and even, the fit over the shoulders and hips was excellent, the skirt hung well. There were some tucks on the waist that should have been pressed before the pattern was laid on the material, but they did not constitute the main difficulty. The placket of the skirt, loosely held together by a single hook and eye, was obviously trying to display its location. The high net collar was closed by big clumsy hooks extending around the complicated yoke-closing, reinforced by baby pins put in askew. There were home-made-looking buttonholes accommodating large inappropriate buttons down the front of the waist, instead of groups of little ornamental buttons with a fly-closing underneath. Large buttons and buttonholes are very effective on heavy linen and cotton materials made up in severe styles, but on silk and light-weight woolen goods they neither look well nor give satisfactory service.

"It seems to me," I ventured, "that by the time you were ready to finish the dress you are wearing, you were so tired of it that you just put on the fastenings haphazard. Is that it? The fastenings make all the difference in the world, as you can easily see on well-made garments."

MY FRIEND looked at me in some astonishment. "What do you mean?" she asked. "I always keep a supply of hooks on hand, and while I do get tired of a dress by the time it comes to sewing on hooks or buttons, I don't consider them as so very important."

"How many kinds of hooks and eyes do you keep on hand?" I inquired.

"Why, two—black and white, of course. Don't you?"

"But there are ever so many sizes in either color," I explained. "You should have a different kind for each part of a

dress. Little fine ones come for an invisible collar closing, stronger ones for linings, medium-sized hooks for ordinary wear, and immense heavy clasps for coats and furs. You will find that a professional dressmaker keeps some of every kind on hand, and that she is most careful about using the right one. The hooks you have on your yoke are mainly suitable for a tight-fitting lining."

"Oh, I see," she murmured. "No wonder my things never look right."

OF COURSE," I added, "a regular seamstress is very particular about how the fastenings are sewed on; instead of having to do this tedious finishing work herself, as you do, she can simply attend to the planning and fitting of a gown, and hand it over to an apprentice for the final stitches. Isn't it significant

that the beginner must first learn to make and properly finish a closing on a dress?"

The result of our conversation was a visit to several notion departments in the local stores to explore the

possibilities in hooks and eyes and other dress fastenings. A casual inspection revealed twelve distinct sorts of hooks and eyes, six kinds of snaps or clasps, and any number of little devices which the professional sewer employs regularly, and which contribute to the "look" my friend was so anxious to achieve.

The old-fashioned hook, with a smooth bill, was encountered several times, but it has been superseded by the kind with the hump or nub, which prevents unfastening. Some of the humps were ingeniously shaped for the stitches which hold the top of the hook from slipping out of place. Another sort had an extra curve at the tip of the hook, through which the sewing was to go, thus removing it from the working part of the hook. Spring hooks shaped like a cobra's head, the kind our grandmothers used, were found in different sizes, but not in all stores; snaps and sliding clasps have taken their place. One type of humped hook is made especially for use on lacy garments or in places where there is any chance of catching the hook in the hair in putting on the frock. It is exasperating to have dress hooks catch in the newly-arranged hair, and pull it out of place.

(Continued on page 68)

ORIGINAL—SIEGEL COOPER & CO.—CHICAGO



USE VALUABLE CATALOG COUPON

WOMEN'S—MISSES'—GIRLS'—CHILDREN'S
MEN'S AND BOYS' WEARING APPAREL

Paris-London-New York Fashions at CHICAGO Prices

BIG SPRING AND SUMMER CATALOG READY FEB. 2nd, 1914

This Attractive and Stylish
\$2.50 One-PieceDress \$1.59
Delivered Free40C320 — Women's
or Misses' Sizes.

This practical and becoming one-piece dress is designed in accordance with the very latest smart spring style effects of very good quality Linene, guaranteed to withstand constant washing. The large square sailor collar, broad reverses and the cuffs of the comfortable three-quarter length kimono sleeves are of fine ribbed pique, edged with beautiful eyelet embroidery. The dickey is prettily trimmed with the embroidery and is made detachable. The waist line and the nobby overskirt effect are pleasingly and strikingly defined by a contrasting piping of pique. Comes in light cadet blue, tan, heliotrope or white. Misses' sizes, 14, 16, 18 years; 32, 34, 36 bust; skirt lengths, about 38 inches. Women's sizes, 32 to 44 bust measure; skirt lengths, about 40 inches.

Price, delivered free
from Chicago
to your home, \$1.59

\$2.50 FRENCH WAIST COPIED

TO SELL \$1.00
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\$1.00

Delivered Free

6C323.—This pretty, effective model is an exact copy of a Parisian Blouse, and is made of a fine quality French Voile. The low-cut collar is daintily embroidered. This collar extends down the front in a fichu effect and is trimmed with a fluffy ruff, now so stylish and popular. Has a drop yoke and drooping shoulders, with the long, graceful sleeves so much in vogue. The yoke has corded finish and the sleeves are trimmed with a ruff to match the front. Comes in white only. Sizes, 32 to 44 bust measure.

Price, delivered free from Chicago to your home, \$1.00

Stylish New
\$3.50 Spring Hat

At \$1.88

DELIVERED FREE



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A Splendid Special

23C321. — A very becoming new size Continental Hat.

This model is hand-made of good quality silk Pyroxiline Braid, trimmed with a durable imported Novelty Wing. Comes in all black or all corn color; also black with white or black with corn color crown. An excellent model, most becoming to young or middle-aged women.

OUR GUARANTEE

If you are not pleased (more than satisfied) with any article, return it at our expense and we will refund your money as cheerfully as we accept it.

BOY'S \$5.00 FAMOUS
HELTER-SKELTER
SUIT WITH TWO PAIR PANTS \$3.55HERRING BONE MIXTURES
PLAIN BLUE SERGE

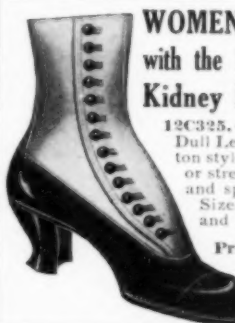
70C326.—Splendid quality Herringbone Cheviot in grey, tan or brown, or in Plain Blue Serge. The coat is a Norfolk model, box plaits, front and back yoke, belt all around. The trousers are made pop top, with patent elastic waist band, belt loops, two side and one hip pocket. Riveted buttons and all seams are firmly taped. Sizes, 6 to 16 years.

Price, delivered free from Chicago to your home, \$3.55

HELTER-SKELTER, SUIT with TWO Pair Pants

70C327.—In Plain Blue Serge. This same suit made of a splendid quality plain Blue Serge. Sizes, 6 to 16 years.

Price, delivered free from Chicago to your home, \$3.55

WOMEN'S \$3.00 SHOES
with the New \$1.95
Kidney Heel

12C325.—In Patent Leather, Dull Leather or Velvet. But ton style. A very pretty dress or street shoe, good material and splendid workmanship. Sizes, 2 1/2 to 8, C, D, E and EE widths.

Price, delivered free from Chicago to your home, \$1.95

75c Coverall
Apron and
Dust Cap

Set, 59c

DELIVERED FREE

57C322. — A very remarkable special, indeed; and it is certain that you will order as soon as you read this. The regular price is considerable more. We offer this Apron and Dust Cap at a lowered price because we want to create an enormous demand. Made of fine quality Percale, trimmed with solid-colored piping on pocket, belt and turned-back cuffs.

Comes in cadet blue, navy blue or light backgrounds with neat figured or striped effects. Cadet and navy blue piped in white; light grounds piped in cadet blue or red.

The Dust Cap is trimmed to match the Apron.

Price, delivered free from Chicago to your home,

59c



\$4.50 All-Wool Serge

Dress \$2.75
Skirt at \$2.75

81C324.—Stylish and Serviceable. Women's or Misses' sizes. The model is exceedingly dressy and is cut in two pieces with a becoming and graceful new tunic effect. Trimming of clusters of pretty cut jet buttons adds smartness to the long stitched fold extending down the front. The discreet slash can be worn open or closed, as desired. (State your preference when ordering.) Back of skirt is beautifully gathered and shirred and supplied with a uniquely-shaped button-trimmed tab. Fastens conveniently in front, invisibly beneath the fold. The designing of the model allows a most desirable fullness while preserving the attractive and much-sought-for long, graceful lines. Comes in black, navy blue or white. Misses' and Women's sizes, 33 to 44 inches length, 22 to 30 waist measure.

\$2.75

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Conspicuous Nose Pores

How to reduce them

Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores.

In such cases the small muscular fibres of the nose have become weakened and do not keep the pores closed as they should be. Instead, these pores collect dirt, clog up, and become enlarged.

Begin this treatment tonight

Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once when your nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing the nose for a few minutes with a lump of ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores. This treatment with it strengthens the muscular fibres so that they can contract properly. But do not expect to change in a week a condition resulting from years of neglect. Use this treatment *persistently*. It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below as a reminder to get Woodbury's and try this treatment. Try Woodbury's also for general toilet use. See what a delightful feeling it gives your skin.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c, a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers throughout the United States and Canada
Write today for samples



In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 13-A, Perth, Ontario.

For we will send a sample cake. For free, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Write today to The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. 13-A, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Our method of instruction thoroughly prepares you in your own home during spare time to become an expert milliner, able to trim your own hats with professional skill—open an establishment of your own—or earn a splendid salary working for others. Big demand for milliners. Thirty years' experience behind our school. Hundreds of successful graduates. Write today for Free Booklet and learn how to prepare yourself to hold a splendid position in the millinery world.

NATIONAL COLLEGE OF MILLINERY
A. A. Pearson, Pres. 1101 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.



Hooks and Eyes and Fastenings

(Continued from page 66)

Three styles of absolutely flat hooks, without humps—especially suitable for garments that must be frequently laundered—were quite new to both of us. The feature of one was its extreme simplicity of shape; it was literally a hook, looking more like a fish-hook than a dress fastening, and intended to be sewed on flat on its side, with just a sufficient point turning up to catch in the eye, which was the straight type usually preferred for lapping edges. The second was a flat hook re-



sembling the letter E, the middle prong fitting compactly under a new sort of straight eye. The third kind, to be used for

edges barely meeting, like the front of a waist lining, had the ordinary round eye, but the hook is sewed on so flat that the eye has to be hooked over it.

Large heavy hooks and eyes for linings can be bought by the yard on silk or twilled tape, which may be stitched directly on the garment. They are put on with metal eyelets, and seldom pull off. They save many valuable minutes in the home-sewer's day. If the spacing between the hooks is too wide, an extra fastening or so can be sewn on at the points of strain. Sometimes there is a pull between the shoulders in a back-closing, or from waist to bust in a tight-fitting lining.

AN EASY way to fit a lining successfully is to sew on the fastenings before basting up the seams. Pinning together the center-front or center-back seam is bound to result in inaccuracies. Any extra size should be disposed of on the shoulder, underarm seam or at the darts, if reasonable care has been taken in the selection of a pattern. It is especially important to have the hooks and eyes on the lining before the outer material is draped or adjusted over it. The fitting is then easier, and surer than when the closing is pinned and the permanent fastenings omitted till the very last thing. Delicate materials suffer noticeably from having hooks and eyes sewed on after the waist is otherwise finished.

Skirts should be fitted and finished at the belt and upper part before the lower edge. If a raised waistline is required, the belting should be fitted, and its hooks in place when the skirt is attached to it. The placket fastenings should be securely sewn on, then there is little chance for the bottom to be turned up wrong. Snaps, in several sizes, come by the yard on both black and white tape. Some of them are

(Concluded on page 69)



Three generations

of the Vose family have made the art of manufacturing the Vose Piano their life work. For 63 years they have developed their instruments with such honesty of construction and materials, and with such skill, that the Vose Piano of today is the ideal Home Piano.

Delivered in your home free of charge. Old instruments taken as partial payment in exchange. Time payments accepted. *Write—our handsome book of the Vose Pianos. Send for it.*

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.

158 Boylston St. Boston, Mass.



Vapo-Cresolene

(ESTABLISHED 1879)

for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep."

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a **boon** to sufferers from Asthma. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by All Druggists

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

The VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming Miles Building, Montreal, Canada



VIOLIN GIVEN

This is a fine, handsome, clear toned, good sized Violin of highly polished, beautiful wood with ebony-finished pegs, finger board and tail piece, one silver string, three gut strings, long bow of white horse-hair, box of resin and **Fine Self-Instruction Book**.

Send us your name and address for 24 packages of **Bluine** to sell at 10 cents a package. When sold return our \$2.40 and we will send you this beautiful Violin and outfit just exactly as represented.

BLUINE MFG. CO.

882 Mill St. Concord Junction, Mass.



Hooks and Eyes and Fastenings

(Continued from page 68)

so small that they may be used invisibly on a flat felled seam. A band of these sewed on the inside of a skirt belt and a strip with balls to correspond on a shirt waist, will keep it properly adjusted.

For some purposes, the intervals between ready-to-sew-on snaps may be too short or too long; then the dressmaker has to resort to those that come on cards. One type has a ball sliding sideways into a flat pocket. Spring snaps, such as come on gloves, come in many makes, and in colors to harmonize with materials.

EXCEPT for the edges of linings, the straight invisible eye is better than the round one. Where there is any chance of a pull revealing a little of the eye, the seamstress will do well to make a loop—a straight bar the same size as the eye, made by buttonholing over four strands of thread. It goes without saying that the edges of the waist or placket must be pinned carefully in place, and the intervals accurately measured and marked to correspond. For the actual sewing, a stout single thread is best, and if you look at eyes put

on by a good seamstress you will see that they are evenly button holed over each loop of the eye and the two holes



of the hook, which has a few bar-stitches under its bill, securely fastened off underneath. Hooks on the front of a coat should have all but the bill hidden under the lining, the bill coming just at the edge or through an eyelet a little inside. The stitches should never show on the outside of a coat, nor on the lining if hook or button is sewed on the upper surface. A neat finish on a waist can be made by running tape or bias binding down over the back parts of the hooks. The round eyes should also have their base concealed. In sewing on clasp fastenings, one should be careful to go under the metal in sewing from one to the other of the four holes. Any long stitch left on top will interfere with the closing, and sooner or later be broken, causing the fastenings to come off.

For three cents each comes a heavy snapping bachelor's button that goes on without any sewing at all—just the thing for the top of the boy's garment plackets.

For as little as twenty-five cents a yard you can buy the daintiest sort of lawn strips, buttonholed to use as a shirt-waist fly, and heavier strips for other purposes. For six cents a yard comes a strip of buttonholes in any size; strong and serviceable for the boy's knickers.

Five Stylish Waists at \$1.00 Each

Be sure to write for our Beautiful New FREE Spring and Summer Catalogue—Now Ready

See Descriptions Below

Our Fashion Catalogue shows ALL the New Spring Styles. Write for it today—It's FREE!

No. 2 M 95
\$1.00

No. 2 M 96
\$1.00
No. 2 M 96 A
\$1.00

No. 2 M 97
\$1.00

No. 2 M 98
\$1.00

No. 2 M 99
\$1.00

A postal card will bring you this beautiful New Spring and Summer Fashion Catalogue.

Descriptions of the Pretty

2 M 95—Dainty Blouse of good quality washable Canton Crepe. Has ruffle of self material around neck and down front, falling in graceful folds. Waist is cut slightly decollete at neck, held in place by a vanity band of black velvet ribbon. The long sleeves are trimmed with velvet ribbon and at the wrist sleeves are outlined by French veining. Fastens invisibly in front. White, tan or King blue. Sizes 32 to 44 bust. Price, All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us, \$1.00

2 M 96—Smart Blouse of fine white washable All-over Embroidered Voile. Has vest of white Brussels net fastening with white crocheted buttons. It is cut in a V at the neck, where it is trimmed with a vanity band of black velvet ribbon and a double Medici frill. The cap effect long sleeves are finished with plaited ruffles. Sleeves at shoulder are designed in kimono effect and joined to body of waist by white cording. The vest also is outlined by cording. Back is of embroidered voile. Sizes 32 to 44 bust. Price, Postage Paid : : : \$1.00

2 M 96 A—Same as 2 M 96, with three-quarter-length sleeves. Price, Postage Paid : : : \$1.00

2 M 97—A Jaunty Blouse of fine washable striped Japonika silk with Jacquard silk dots in self color, a beautiful fabric woven of silk and cotton; looks like China silk, gives better wear.

Vest effect and turndown collar of plain white Japonika silk. Fastens through vest with buttons in contrasting color. The kimono sleeves are joined to body of waist by white cording and the deep cuffs on the long sleeves are corded to match. Comes in white, with blue or black stripes. Sizes 32 to 44 bust. Special Price, Postage Paid : : : \$1.00

2 M 98—Waist of beautiful white washable Voile. Front is entirely covered with embroidery. Back is of plain voile. Waist is made with low-cut neck finished with low tie. Sleeves are joined to waist by embroidery veining, and the pointed collar and turn-back cuffs are also trimmed with veining. Fastens invisibly in front. White only. Sizes 32 to 44 bust. Price, Postage Paid : : : \$1.00

2 M 99—White washable Voile Waist, daintily embroidered on the front. Short sleeves are in kimono style, joined to waist by crocheted lace insertions. A band of the same pretty lace extends from neck to end of sleeves, which are finished with ruffle of voile. A plaited voile frill frames the low-cut neck and extends down front. The turn-down collar is of embroidered voile, edged with plaited voile frill. Tucked back. Fastens in front with white crocheted buttons. Sizes 32 to 44 bust. Price, Postage Paid : : : \$1.00

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BELLAS HESS & CO.
WASHINGTON, MORTON & BARROW STS.
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

We Satisfy You or Refund Your Money



Speak Softly!

"Not so loud, dearie. Speak Softly—I can hear now as well as you."

"Why, mumsie! You have been deaf ever since I was a baby."

True, but my hearing has been entirely restored as if by magic. I am using a wonderful new scientific invention for the deaf. I can hear every kind of sound—even conversation in an ordinary tone with my

NEW 8-TONE Mears Ear Phone

—the final triumph of the inventor of the first successful multi-tone ear phone, **Eight Tones!** Eight different adjustments to suit every condition of the ear. Sufferers from deafness everywhere welcomed the Mears **Four-Tone** as the first **perfected** hearing device. It was a scientific marvel. But all its wonderful powers have been **Doubled** in the amazing new **Eight-Tone** Mears—**just out!** The new Eight-Tone ear phone makes every kind and "shade" of sound as distinct to the deaf as shades of color are distinct to the perfect eyes.

THE OFFER

In order to give our patrons the **personal service** that is possible only when we know them and deal with them **direct**, we have discontinued all our American agencies. Our New 8-Tone model ear phone can be had only **direct** from our New York office. To advertise our new direct selling plan and to introduce the perfected Mears 8-Tone, we are making a **Special Limited Offer** for a short time only. **Mail the free coupon at once for full particulars.**

FREE TRIAL In Your Own Home

The Mears Ear Phone is only sold on trial. Test it and prove its power to do for you what it is doing for others. Make the test at our expense. Try it for 15 days in your own home, under every condition of actual service. If it does not please you, send it back, and the trial will cost you nothing.

Booklet on Request

This coupon is printed for your convenience. Fill it out and Mail it to us. We will send you promptly the Mears Ear Phone Book. This book explains the causes of deafness, tells how to check the progress of the malady and gives the names and addresses of hundreds of satisfied patrons to whom you may write. Mail the coupon to-day for this book and special introductory offer. Do it now.

Mears Ear Phone Co.
Dept. 262
45 W. 34th St.
NEW YORK
Name _____
Address _____

COUPON
MEARS EAR PHONE CO.
Dept. 262
45 W. 34th Street
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen—Please mail me free and postpaid, your Mears Ear Phone Booklet and particulars of your Special Introductory Offer on your new model Eight-Tone Mears Ear Phone and Free Trial Offer.

An Orange, a Lemon and Some Sugar

(Continued from page 53)

By putting a few sample glasses with the groceryman, it may be ascertained how many can be sold there each day; then keep him supplied.

Put into tiny individual glasses the marmalade may have a great vogue with tea-rooms, served with tea and cakes.

It pays far better to make one thing, and make it dependable in quality and attractive in looks, working up a big market for its sale, than to scatter efforts over a variety of products.

Oranges and lemons are shipped everywhere. In the sections where they are native, they are, of course, cheap. Where they are not native, the price on the preserved fruit may be made enough higher so that there still remains the same per cent. of profit. The glasses of marmalade



will sell at ten cents each where the fruit is ten cents a dozen, and accordingly higher where the price of lemons and oranges is higher. Where the fruit is thirty cents a dozen, the filled glasses should retail at twelve and a half to fifteen cents. At this price, cost and profits of my seven glasses of marmalade would be:

COST	
One orange, at 30 cents a dozen.....	.02½
One lemon, at 30 cents a dozen.....	.02½
Sugar17½
Seven glasses, at 2 cents each.....	.14
Cost of 7 glasses of marmalade.....	.36½

PROFIT	
Seven glasses marmalade, at 12½¢ each..	.87½
Less cost of ingredients.....	.36½
Profit51

WITH the most ordinary care in planning, fifty glasses may be made each day as easily as seven, and could be made to net you \$3.64 for your labor.

As to the time required for making as many as fifty glasses a day, it takes little more than that necessary to shred about eight oranges and eight lemons. The cooking process of previous batches can go on while this is being done. The work may be carried along without interruption to household duties.

A system of rebate may be worked upon the glasses; sugar should be purchased by the hundred pounds; the fruit by the box, and glasses by the barrel, or thousand. The latter will then cost one cent each, or even less. When materials are purchased and manufactured in quantity, more than two hundred per cent. may be made in selling this marmalade.

13 IN



Use 3-in-One oil on Your Sewing Machine

3-in-One is a wonderful sewing machine oil. It is light and penetrating with great viscosity. The oil runs right to the very bottom of any delicate bearing and lubricates perfectly.

3-in-One cleans out the gummy, dirty particles gathered by inferior oil. This reduces wear to the least appreciable amount because a clean, properly oiled bearing is practically frictionless. A little

3-in-One

on a cloth wrung out in cold water will keep the case of your machine beautifully polished and perfectly clean. Also an application of **3-in-One** prevents all rust and tarnish on nicked and metal surfaces.

Your dealer has **3-in-One** in trial size bottles 1 oz. for 10¢; in 3 oz. bottles 25¢; in 8 oz. bottles, (½ pint,) 50¢ and in Handy Oil Cans, 3½ oz. 25¢. These "handy cans" fit a machine drawer and are very convenient. Sent by parcel post for 30¢ if your dealer doesn't sell them. A Library Slip with every bottle.

FREE. A generous sample and instructive Dictionary on request. Write today.
THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 4205 Broadway, New York



Pointers

Here are some pointers to the superiority of

KIRBY-BEARD PINS AND NEEDLES

Founded in 1743, the supremacy of the Kirby-Beard brand has extended over three centuries. Kirby-Beard Brass Pins, Safety Pins, Hairpins and Needles are so superior to the ordinary kind that Hundreds of Millions use them in every country in the world. They cost no more than the inferior. Ask for the Kirby-Beard kind and look for the "Elephant Head" trade-mark. Sold everywhere.



DIECKERHOFF, RAFFLOER & CO.
Sole Selling Agents for U. S. A.
560-566 Broadway, New York

AGENTS: \$40 A WEEK

Startling new hosiery proposition—unheard of. Hosiery for men, women and children. Guaranteed for one year. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Agents having wonderful success. H. W. Price sold 60 boxes in 12 hours. Mrs. Fields 100 pairs on one street. G. W. Noble made \$35 in one day. Sworn proof. Sold only through agents. Not for sale in stores. A hosiery proposition that beats them all. Big money sure. A chance of a lifetime. Write quick for terms and samples.

THOMAS HOSIERY COMPANY
560½ West St., Dayton, Ohio



Embroidered Things for You and the Baby

(Continued from page 48)

The petals of the flowers and the leaves should be worked in satin-stitch, and the centers of the flowers in eyelets. The weave of the basket may be outlined in French stemming. A row of half-inch eyelets should extend around the pillow through which to run ribbon $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch wide. Tie the ends in a bow at the upper left-hand corner. The scalloped edges of the pillow are buttonholed, and a ruffle of $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch lace is added. A pale pink pillow shows prettily through cover.



A SIMPLE SHIRT WAIST MADE BEAUTIFUL
WITH EMBROIDERY
Transfer Design No. 579
LADIES' WAIST NO. 5691

A simple shirt waist may be made quite elaborate with an embroidered daisy design (Transfer Design No. 579) developed in eyelets and French stemming. Sheer material like batiste, lawn, or handkerchief linen should be used, and the collar and cuffs joined to the waist by fine French beading; this finish adds a great deal to the general effect. (McCall Pattern for Ladies' Waist No. 5691, price, 15 cents, was used for our illustration.)

An attractive coat collar may be made of natural linen embroidered in colors (Transfer Design No. 580). The buttonholed edge may be worked in Dutch blue, triangular motifs in orange French knots; clover leaves with centers in orange in satin-stitch, outlined in black, inner section of leaves in long-and-short stitch in blue, outer section in same stitch in a soft green. Tendrils should be outlined in green, tiny berries worked in orange in satin-stitch and outlined in black.

Editor's Note.—A McCall Kaumagraph pattern of any of these designs for 10 cents at any McCall pattern agency, or postpaid from The McCall Company, New York, for 10 cents in stamps. Miss Thomas will gladly answer inquiries, if stamped envelope is enclosed.

Why
Pay
More
?



This Bedell Style Book
will be sent on
post-card
request **FREE**

Write To-Day
for This Stunning Issue of
New York Styles

Spring styles are ready. The season's supreme bargains are shown in this beautiful new fashion catalog. All the newest and most becoming New York styles, at lower prices than ever before. Save money on your Spring outfit.

Write for This Wonderful
Book of Bargains

and see the great money-saving opportunities it offers you. The new fashion changes are more becoming than ever before. Remember we pay all mail or express to your home.

The
Best Fashion
Book Published

Genuine Linen Crash Dress

Novelty Weave
Stunning Girdle
Rich Embroidery
Never Equaled in Value
We Pay Express Charges

\$2

Dress No. 4040. This beautiful one-piece dress, suitable for street or everyday wear, is of fine novelty linen crash, in new Spring model, with side-front fastening, piped with contrasting color and ornamented with large buttons. Sleeve has new long French shoulder, with pretty colored piping. Sailor collar and cuffs elaborately embroidered in dull East Indian tones of red and blue. Skirt has comfortable width, with joining of piped band of self material and smart linen braid; girdle with tassel ends, knotted at side as desired.

Colors, tan only. Sizes 32 to 44 bust; skirt length 40 and 42 inches; misses' sizes, 14, 16 and 18 years; skirt length 38 inches.

And We Pay Expressage, at \$2.00

Smart French Ratine Dress

Black-White Check
Taffeta Silk Girdle
New Slashed Skirt

\$2.98

Sit Right Down and Order It TODAY
Charges Prepaid Anywhere in U.S.

Dress No. 4141. In this faultlessly beautiful new creation the Bedell workrooms surpass even their own wonderful records as producers of style. It is made in an exquisite quality of the new Ratine Canton, in a fashionable black and white check, the vogue of the Spring season. One-piece model, "V" neck, stunningly trimmed with double Medici frill of white chiffon silk. High, crushed girdle of fancy plaid taffeta silk, smartly looped at side; front fastening of ornamental buttons of plaid silk. Skirt has graceful lines and is cut in generous width from knee depth, stylishly slashed at side, finished with plaid silk buttons. Colors, black and white only. Sizes 32 to 44 bust; skirt length 40 to 42 inches; 14, 16 and 18 year misses'; skirt length 38 inches. Delivered to you FREE, at \$2.98.

Your Money Refunded if Not Satisfied

Bedell

Fifth Avenue and 14th Street, New York City

No.
4040
Dress
\$2

No.
4141
DRESS
\$2.98

Buy Hair Now

In anticipation of the rise in hair (20% increased duty by new tariff law), we accumulated splendid stocks in advance, which we



Our New Transformation

forming complete covering dressed in latest Parisian mode. Made of 18 in. guaranteed first quality. Natural Curly hair.

Price **\$9.85**



Chic Parisien

Made from our Triple-Strand, 20 in., Natural wavy switch, 2 1/2 ounce, splendid quality selected hair

Price **\$2.50**

Parted Curly Pompadour, 1st quality

Price **\$6.00**

Both pieces as shown above **\$8.00**



Gray Wig

Made of first quality white or mixed gray hair, natural, curly and wavy. Parted or Pompadour. Can be arranged in any style.

Price **\$25.00**

We make Wigs, Half Wigs, and Transformations for Women. Wigs and Toupees for Men—all styles and shades—(from self-measurement blanks). Perfect fit and match, and finest workmanship guaranteed.

Write today for

New Book—Hair and Beauty

64 Pages



Every woman wants to know what this book tells about care of the hair and beauty culture at home without cost. It also illustrates all the latest

Paris Fashions in Hair Dressing and lists hundreds of beautiful creations in Hair Goods and Toilet Specialties. Send for it today.

FREE

FREE

are now selling at prices which we believe can never again be duplicated.

Also the better qualities are daily becoming more scarce, so that prices are bound to keep going up. To prove that our prices and qualities are the

very best, we send Hair on

Approval, prepaid without a cent in advance.

Examine and know for yourself before you pay. You must

know the quality before you can

appreciate these prices:

STRAIGHT SWITCHES	WAVY SWITCHES
1 1/4 oz. 18 in. \$0.85	20 in. \$1.45
2 oz. 20 in. 1.25	22 in. 2.50
2 oz. 22 in. 1.75	24 in. 3.45
2 1/2 oz. 24 in. 2.75	26 in. 4.95
3 oz. 26 in. 4.45	30 in. 6.95
Featherweight Stemless Switch, 22 in., Natural Wavy	\$4.95
Psyche Puff, 1st quality Wavy hair	.98
Natural Curly Pompadour	2.95
Coronet Braid, 3 1/2 oz., Wavy	4.95
200 other sizes and grades of Switches	up to \$50.00
Wigs, Ladies' and Men's	\$15 to \$50.00

Triple Wavy Switch

2 1/4 oz. 22 in.	\$3.45
2 1/2 oz. 24 in.	\$4.85
3 oz. 26 in.	\$5.95

When Ordering Goods

Send long sample of your hair, cut near the roots, and we will forward goods, prepaid, On Approval. If you find same perfectly satisfactory and a good bargain, then send us the price. If not, return the goods at our expense. Rare, peculiar and gray shades are a little more expensive; ask for estimate.

Write us today.

PARIS FASHION CO., Dept. 42 209 State Street, Chicago

Largest Mail Order Hair Merchants in the World



You can fit, drape and make the most elaborate gown on the

Acme Form

Look for the little wheels at the top of the dress form you buy.

You can dress in the height of fashion and yet save money on every dress you make on an Acme Form.

Over One Hundred Different Adjustments

By the automatic action of the little wheel at top of form the Neck, Bust, Waist, Hips and Skirt can be independently adjusted to any size desired. We willingly refund your money if the Acme Form fails in any single adjustment. Write today for catalog giving all styles and prices.

Ellanum Adjustable Dress Form Co., Suite 634—500 Fifth Ave., New York
Suite 734—36 S. State St., Chicago



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Old Carpets

We Dye Them and Weave

Velvety Rugs

Beautiful new rugs in plain, fancy or Oriental patterns—any color you want, any size—totally different and far superior to other rugs woven from old carpets.

Rugs, \$1.00 and Up

Reversible, seamless, soft, bright, durable rugs, guaranteed to wear 10 years. Money back if not satisfied. Every order completed in three days.

You Save 1-2

Your old carpets are worth money, no matter how badly worn.

FREE Write for book of designs in color, our liberal freight payment offer and full information

OLSON RUG CO.
Dept. 22 40 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.



Simple Lessons in Embroidery—No. 3

(Continued from page 40)

Let me offer a few other suggestions that may help you in selecting articles to embroider. This is valentine month, and a heart-shaped pincushion (No. 10367) would be very much appreciated by some young mother. Outline a little sunbonnet baby in Dutch blue cotton, edge it with a lace frill, tie a bow at the top, and send it along with a message of love.

(This pincushion cover, No. 10367, in two pieces, front and back, design stamped on handkerchief linen, with cotton for working, price 15 cents. Lace and ribbon for developing not furnished.)

AN EMBROIDERED doily case (No. 10368), which will aid you to keep your doilies fresh, is as pretty as it is useful. It is made by cutting two circular pieces of cardboard two inches greater in diameter than that of the doilies, and covering these neatly with linen, one piece of which has been embroidered with a design showing a circle of punched work surrounded by a wreath in satin-stitch. This piece, of course, is for the top, and is further ornamented by a row of beading run with ribbon, and a frill of lace. When the two pieces are finished, whip them together on the edge for about two inches, to form a hinge; and on the opposite edges sew ribbon in two pieces. The doilies are laid in flat, the case closed, and the ribbons tied in a bow.

(This doily case, No. 10368, stamped on linen, price 25 cents; 4 skeins of blue, 1 of yellow, and 3 of green cotton, 20 cents extra. Lace, beading, lining, and ribbon for making not included.)

AN OPPORTUNITY to practise French knots, outlining, and satin-stitch may be found in many quick but effective designs. A pretty and convenient handkerchief case (No. 10371) is embroidered on one side with two conventional bunches of posies in these stitches. It is finished inside with two pockets for handkerchiefs, and a pad for pins or brooches is inserted in a long pocket. It will be found particularly handy for traveling.

(This handkerchief case, No. 10371, stamped on handkerchief linen, 14x27 inches, 35 cents; 3 skeins of colored silk, 15 cents extra. Case and embroidery silk free for two 50-cent subscriptions. Lining and ribbon not furnished.)

A practical and attractive centerpiece case (No. 10370) is developed in cross-stitch, satin-stitch, and outlining. The design is simple but graceful, of scrolls and butterflies. The material is oblong 27x36 inches, with one end rounded. After the rounded end has been embroidered, sew the straight end around a mailing-tube about two inches in diameter and 26 inches

(Concluded on page 73)

When answering advertisements kindly mention McCALL'S MAGAZINE.



Simple Lessons in Embroidery—No. 3

(Continued from page 72)

in length, using small circular pieces of the linen to cover each end. The idea is to unroll the case and lay your centerpieces flat in it, then roll around the tube and tie. The edges may be either hemmed or bound with tape. Tie the case with ribbon.

(This centerpiece case, No. 10370, stamped on white linen, 27x36 inches, price 50 cents, or free for two 50-cent subscriptions; 2 skeins of red and 1 of blue cotton, 10 cents extra. Ribbon not furnished.)

Those who are interested in dress accessories will welcome the new head work, very popular this season. It adds another glittering touch to the witchery of Oriental coloring. You will find that the exquisite iridescent beads on a chiffon background add just the right touch to a dainty waist of chiffon, silk, or lace. A most attractive chiffon collar (No. 10372) shows a very decorative design, with floral and butterfly motifs in different-colored beads.

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Editor's Note.—Questions on embroidery will be gladly answered by Miss Thomas, Fancy Work Editor. For any who wish to use their own goods instead of stamped material offered here, we can supply a perforated pattern of any design on these pages for 15 cents. Material and directions for stamping are included. We pay postage. Our new 24-page book, *Latest Ideas in Embroidery Designs*, 7th edition, regular price 10 cents, will be sent to any McCall reader for a 2-cent stamp.

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SOAK a tongue overnight in fresh water.

The next day place in cold water, heat, and boil five minutes. Throw off the first water, start in cold water again, and boil at least twenty minutes to the pound. The fireless-cooker may be used, allowing fully four hours, with one radiator. At no time should the boiling be faster than simmering. A cupful of tarragon vinegar and a slice of lemon, together with such seasonings as whole peppercorns and cloves, and one or two bay leaves, will give a fine flavor. Let the tongue cool in the water in which it was cooked if you want it sliced cold; or take it from the water when tender, remove the skin and most of the root, garnish with lemon and parsley, and serve for dinner with boiled kale, spinach, or cold slaw, sweet potatoes, or rice. Use the bits of meat from the root for minced or deviled tongue, or for hash, made like corned-beef hash. There is little waste.

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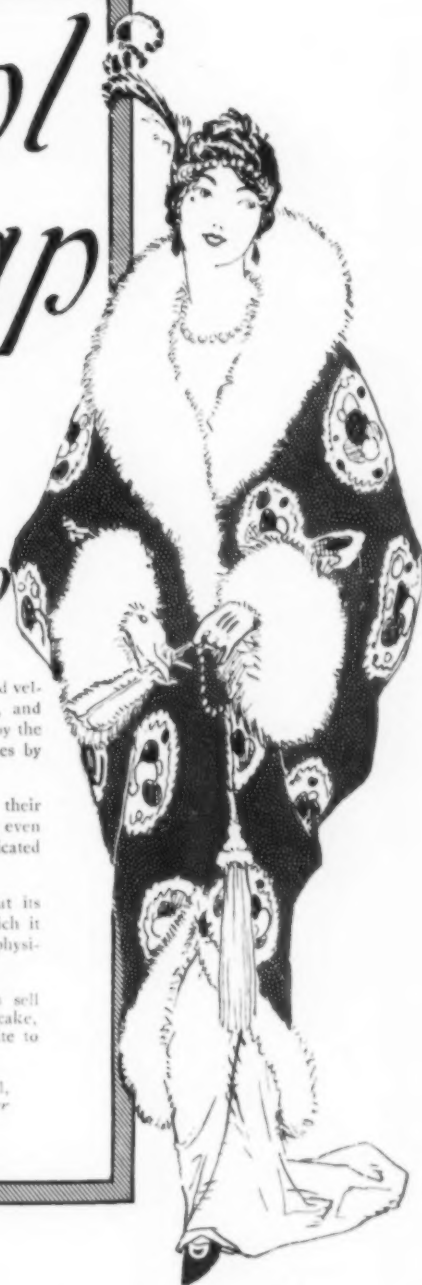
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CUPID AND THE CINDER

(Continued from page 10)

having him as his assistant next year."
"Dr. Hurd must be doing good work here, then."

"He is—if he only weren't so unprofessional at times."

"Oh, I don't mind that; do you?" asked Marnie.

"Would you like some sugar on your rice, dear?" evaded the nurse.

Marnie never remembered whether she wanted the sugar or not. At that moment, the interne came bounding back down the hall with such speed that his rubber heels alone prevented a rise of temperature in all the neighboring rooms.

"What do you think he wanted?" he gasped. "He has been called away on a critical case—doesn't know how long he'll be gone, and has left you in my care!"

Each time, thereafter, that Marnie felt the old threatening fear that she wouldn't see again returning, she listened for the reassuring voice of the interne. He spent all of his free time with her, dispelling her fears, telling her of himself, his hopes and ambitions, in which she found herself becoming more and more interested.

Two days before the bandage was to be removed, Miss Courtney beckoned him into the hall.

"You know that few of these cases have been successful," she told him, "and you're not preparing her for the worst. After all, I think she should be told."

"That's just where I don't agree with you, Miss Courtney!" he replied. "In the first place, there have been successful cases; so why shouldn't this be one of the few? Secondly, to prepare anyone for the worst is only to aggravate an already nervous condition. Besides, she's different, somehow. You see, you and I are used to these things. They're a matter of cause and effect to us. She doesn't know how far the infection had spread; she just knows it's terribly dark and she wants to see. You and I can stand things; we were made to look out for ourselves. She was made to be taken care of; let's help to do it; will you?"

He put out his hand. She met it with hers, and her answer was in the strong clasp she gave him; then she turned, and with her usual swiftness was on her way down the hall. As she reached the far end of it, she glanced back. He had gone. She stopped, looking suddenly limp, in spite of her fresh-that-morning uniform, and blew her nose.

Cupid, gaily descending the boulder, paused, looked, and listened, and with an expression of dismay, threw up his hands.

Miss Courtney went directly to Marnie. "Miss Kenning," she said, "when Dr. Hurd began coming in here, I didn't encourage it because I didn't know him very well. He hasn't been here long, and you

see, dear, I felt sort of responsible to your father. Since he took your case, I've watched him more closely, and I could tell you much that would make you admire him, but I think you do already, and I'm glad. For one thing, he's doing more for the poor in the public wards than any interne we've had. I knew someone like him once"—she smiled sadly—"someone who was 'different', somehow!" Then, hurriedly helping Marnie into a blue crêpe negligee, she told her the pink one needed pressing, and she would return when it was done, all of which puzzled Marnie, and taught Cupid not to jump too hastily at conclusions.

The interne arrived as the nurse left. There was a letter from Harriet, which he began reading, and then paused, pretending not to find the following page. It said:

Whom do you think appeared yesterday? Kippy! Drove up to the house in his car, looking as stunning as usual, and on his way back from Boston, where he spent the week-end. The poor boy felt terribly blue about you, and I tried my best to cheer him up. Introduced him to all the girls, and we had lots of fun. Said he'd run down next Saturday, and we'd go to dinner and the theater. I know you won't mind, dear, because you have so many people crazy about you, and, of course, Kippy doesn't care a rap for me.

Dr. Hurd scanned the page quickly, muttered to himself, "What cats girls are!" and immediately composed a paragraph in its place.

If you only knew, Marnie dear, how I am thinking of you every minute of the day; not only of your injured eyes, but of the truly adorable you I consider it heavenly luck to have known. If I could, dear, I'd pick you up and carry you off from this thing that is worrying you. But I'm miles and miles removed from the joy of doing that, and the next best thing is to send you all the love that is mine for you.
Harriet.

Pleased with himself, he sat back to watch the effect.

"Why, Harriet must be making up her English work," said Marnie. "Did you ever hear anything so flowery and unnatural in your life? As for picking me up, she has reduced until she's nothing but skin and bone, and she'd have a hard time. Are there any more letters?"

"No, that's all to-day. There was one from your father yesterday."

"Yes, I know; I was thinking of Kippy. He hasn't written in some time."

"At least a day or so. He must miss hearing from you, too."

"Oh, don't worry about Kippy. He has eyes with which to see plenty of other girls, and Kippy is given to looking. Please just worry about me!"

Dr. Hurd leaned toward her. "I heard from the Chief to-day. He said we could remove the bandage to-day."

(Concluded on page 75)



CUPID AND THE CINDER

(Continued from page 74)

Marnie put out her hand, and he grasped it tightly in his own.

"Aren't you awfully afraid?" she asked in a whisper.

"No." He looked at her earnestly and his voice was unsteady. "Before we take it off, Marnie, I want to tell you that I have come to care for you so much that the only thing I'm afraid of is that you don't love me, and I've never feared anything so in all my life."

Marnie should have been filled with tempestuous emotions, but she was very human. Her first thought was that she had conquered her weakness for gool-looking people; she had grown to depend for her happiness on this unattractive man, and she gloried in his shortness, in his corpulency.

She braced herself against the chair.

"You needn't be afraid of that," she told him.

"Marnie! do you mean it? You will marry me?"

"No, I won't marry you," she said slowly. "You must forget all about me."

"Forget about you? Why, Marnie, what do you mean?—is it?—why, what a simpleton I've been! You are engaged to Kippy, of course?"

She paused a moment before answering. "Yes—I am engaged to Kippy. Now, please, take the bandage off."

Silently, he unfastened the gauze, walked over to the window and stood with his head in his hands, his back toward her. Marnie opened her eyes, the dreadful fear that she felt making her ill. With a little scream of joy she rushed to him and caught his arm.

"Dr. Hurd!" she cried, "I can see!"

Slowly he turned around. She took one look at him from his head to his feet.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "You're not you at all! You're tall and dark and wonderful-looking! Oh! what shall I do, what shall I do! It's my eyes! They're not right, after all, and I can't see things as they are!" Sobbing hysterically, she fell in a little heap on the floor.

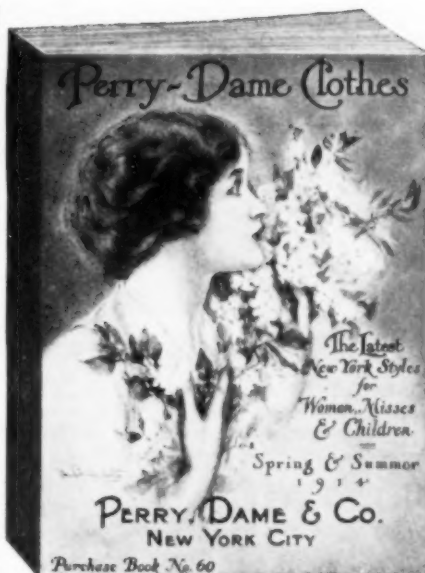
Dr. Hurd bent over her, then straightened himself abruptly.

"Marnie, don't cry like that. Your eyes are all right, thank God! Kippy will look just the same to you."

"Kippy?" She stopped instantly. "I only became engaged to him five minutes ago, in case I couldn't see when you took off the bandage. It was just to save you from marrying a blind person."

The interne regarded her with an expression which melted the boulder before Cupid's very eyes. Marnie did not move.

"I said I found it a nuisance to look up at men who were tall," she remarked demurely, "but you never said you'd mind bending down."



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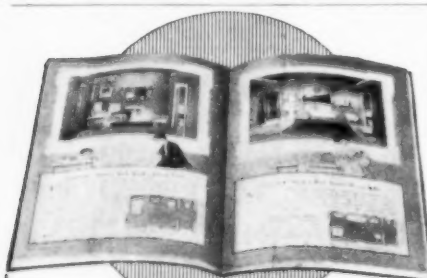
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JINKS ORGANIZES AN ADVENTURE

ANOTHER JINKS-AND-BETTY STORY

By MYRA G. REED

IT ALL happened because Betty's father had bought her a Camp-Fire Girl's suit as the nicest kind of a valentine, and she and Jinks simply had to celebrate fittingly. They had raced from the drug-store, where they had gone for a penny's worth of fruit drops, to almost the other end of town, and there they found the gypsies—a whole tribe of them.

Their tents were all down, their fires out, and the horses harnessed to their four big canvas-covered wagons. They were off for the big world beyond the valley. Suddenly, Jinks grabbed Betty's arm.

"Betty, I know what would be fun. You're a little Camp-Fire Girl now, so that you're very brave. Let's pretend that the gypsies steal you, and I'll come and rescue you."

"Oh, Jinks!" Betty exclaimed, shrinking a little from such a test of her courage.

"Go on, Betty!" Jinks gave her a little push. "You run and jump into that last wagon

and hide under the old quilts there. Watch out, now, so that no one sees you."

Betty ran, and, jumping up on the step was in the wagon and snuggled down under the quilts in no time. One of the gypsies, who was walking on one side of the wagon, turned away to attend to his unruly horse, just in time.

AS SOON as Betty was well hidden, Jinks turned around and ran back home, Mike flying along behind him. Once home, he hurried up into his own room and dragged out all his war trappings, air-gun, wooden sword, feather head-dress, and the big spiked bull-dog's collar that he had found one day, and that was now Mike's special property on all such occasions as these.

He dragged everything down to the wood-shed, calling to Mike and Robin Hood as he went, and there he fitted them out, Mike with his spiked collar, and Robin Hood with some very warlike feathers, one set behind one ear and the other sticking up from his tail.

Some way or other it all took an awful long time, and Jinks, after stuffing his

pockets with bread, and some nuts and apples he found in the cellar, hurried off, a little bit anxious about losing the trail.

In the meantime, what had happened to Betty? For nearly an hour she lay under the blankets, and then, her legs beginning to cramp, she stirred around and poked her head out from the back. But she drew it in again quickly. A huge, swarthy-faced gypsy, who looked as if he would not at all approve of little girls, was

walking within a couple of feet of her. She began to be a little afraid. She took a tiny look at the man again. He had big black eyebrows and very small black ferret eyes. It was dreadful of Jinks to be so long. She might be able to get down off the wagon and run away without being seen, but it would be just as frightening to be off alone in that bleak country, and she did not know her way home. She wondered, miserably, if perhaps the gypsies wouldn't find her until it was dark. She



BETTY RAN, AND, JUMPING UP ON THE STEP, WAS IN THE WAGON BEFORE ANY ONE SAW HER

shivered. That was too fearful a thought. She slipped one foot out of the blanket and then another. Then she stood up.

"Please, Mr. Gypsy, won't you take me home?"

The gypsy stared astonished into what he supposed was an empty wagon.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, in a tone that wasn't at all the growl Betty had expected, "where did you come from?"

He talked quite like real folks, Betty decided.

"You stole me, and Jinks was going to rescue me, and he hasn't come yet," and Betty ended in a low wail.

"We stole you?" he asked, puzzled.

"We were just pretending," sobbed Betty.

"And I suppose your folks'll be after us, hotfoot, for you, saying we took you."

He strode to a group of his fellow gypsies walking beside one of the front wagons. Betty could see them talking earnestly together. Then, finally, all the wagons stopped, and several of the women and children came back and peered in at Betty, who was shivering with fright.

(Continued on page 77)

JINKS ORGANIZES AN ADVENTURE

(Continued from page 76)

At last, the wagons started on again, but not back toward Betty's home, as she had hoped. Betty was crying now—the tears wouldn't stay hidden any longer—and she wondered if everybody would think she was dead, and how big she would be before she saw her mother again.

FINALLY, the wagons turned off from the main road, stopped again, and the gypsy to whom Betty had spoken told her gruffly to jump down. He handed her a huge broken piece of bread and some meat, and pointed out the main road to her. "Now, you go along that road, little girl, until you come to those houses. Ask somebody to let your mother know where you are. And mind you tell the truth." With that he cluck-clucked to his horses, the caravan started off, and that was the last Betty saw of the gypsies.

All this time Jinks and Mike and Robin Hood had been trudging on, getting more tired and more tired with every step. Robin Hood had insisted twice already on being carried. He had sat stolidly down in the middle of the road, and refused to move another inch; so, of course, there was nothing to do but pick him up. Jinks' gun and sword were heavy, also,



ALL THIS TIME JINKS AND MIKE AND ROBIN HOOD HAD BEEN TRUDGING ON

and then, too, he had another burden. He had been eating his bread and cracking some of his walnuts when he heard Mike bark. Jinks turned quickly and there was a little squirrel, very lean and hungry-looking, scampering along the side of the road. Every time Jinks cracked a nut, the squirrel stopped and looked wistful. Jinks caught Mike's collar just in time. Robin Hood, too weary to be more than mildly interested, had already sat down.

"Mike Patterson, you sit right there beside Robin Hood, and don't you dare move!" cried Jinks.

Then he walked on slowly, cracked a nut, and held it out to the squirrel. Little Miss Squirrel stopped and watched hesitatingly. Jinks came closer, and held out

(Continued on page 78)

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JINKS ORGANIZES AN ADVENTURE

(Continued from page 77)

the nut to her. She snatched it and ran off to eat it. But soon she was back again and braver this time. After three or four trips, she even allowed herself to be picked up. Jinks emptied one of his coat pockets of everything but the nuts and put Miss Squirrel in there to eat to her heart's content. Then he started on, walking very carefully so as not to frighten her.

He could easily follow the gypsies' trail because of the large ruts made by their heavy wagons, but he began to be afraid for Betty. They might really steal her. He walked faster and faster, almost running finally, but still the low flat ruts went on in endless parallel lines.

The gypsies had a couple of hours' start of him, but, in time, he came to where the ruts turned off from the main road. He turned, too, and went on unhesitatingly. Betty might be in danger that wasn't "just pretend", now, and he had to rescue her as soon as possible.

His feet hurt him, his arms ached from carrying Robin Hood, and he felt damp and cold. He set Robin Hood down gingerly, fearful of disturbing the squirrel, who had snuggled down contentedly in his warm pocket. "Now, Robin Hood Ramsey, I don't carry you another step. You're a lazy dog, and I'm just exactly as tired as you are."

IT WAS nearly dark when he finally came upon the gypsy camp. They had already built their fires, some of the tents were up, and the horses, free of their harness, were eating their oats. The four wagons were there, but in which one Betty was concealed Jinks could not decide. He tied a rope to both Mike and Robin Hood, so that they could not wander out into the open and disclose his whereabouts, and then he hid himself in some bushes to wait for dark to come.

The light gradually faded and the dancing red beams from the fires grew brighter, but still not fast enough to keep pace with the growing stiffness and cold in Jinks' legs. He had hard work, too, keeping the dogs still. Mike had barked once, and Robin Hood had howled twice.

At last he decided that it was safe to reconnoiter, at least. One wagon, which was more or less deserted, he explored without difficulty. There was no Betty in it. Then, into the dark depths of two of the others he finally managed to peer long enough to make sure they, too, were untenanted. But the fourth was constantly surrounded, so that there was not the slightest chance to get near it.

He decided that Betty must be in that, and that he would have to fight to get to her. He went back to the bushes, untied Mike and Robin Hood, took his pop-

(Concluded on page 79)



JINKS ORGANIZES AN ADVENTURE

(Continued from page 78)

gun in one hand and his sword in the other, and was just ready to make a wild dash when he heard a horse's fast galloping hoofs and saw a buggy come tearing into the camp. There were two men in it, and, although Jinks rubbed his eyes in amazement, he recognized one of them as his father. Mike jumped away from him with a glad bark, and a second later he, too, tumbled out of his hiding-place and ran to his father. Betty would be surely rescued now, he thought, thankfully, and there would be no danger of any one getting hurt. He and Mike were old enough to take care of themselves, but Robin Hood was too young to have had any experience in fighting yet.

Jinks' father caught him in his arms. "Jinks, laddie, then you are here! Are you all right?"

Jinks snuggled close to his father. "Yes, but, father, quick, you must get Betty! She's in that dark wagon there!"

Mr. Ramsey lifted the boy up and put him in the buggy.

"Betty's safe at home, and has been for two hours. Come, we'll put you all in the buggy. Mike and Robin Hood are tired, too, I imagine."

The other man, whom Jinks recognized as the town marshal, scrambled in quickly, and they turned back toward home. And on the way Jinks' father told him how worried they had been, and how some one had telephoned from Wayville that Betty was there, and that when Betty explained Jinks was going to rescue her, they had come after the gypsies at once. And then Jinks' father told him it had not been at all considerate of him to put Betty in so much danger.

Jinks felt ashamed of himself, because, although he hadn't thought about it in just that way before, he knew his father was right.

"Father," he said finally, very much embarrassed, "I got a squirrel to-day. She's very tame. I'm going to give her to Betty. Don't you think she would like to have her?"

Father said "Yes", and then he wrapped Jinks up securely in his warm coat, and when they got home Jinks and Mike and Robin Hood, and even the squirrel, were all sound asleep.

Editor's Note to Our Boys and Girls.—If you want to see what Betty did with the squirrel, turn to page 25 and you will see it sitting jauntily on Betty's shoulder. Miss Peckham, the Cut-Out Lady, has made a lovely Betty for you, hasn't she? And when you get the feather head-dress pasted together and slipped on Betty's pretty head, and the squirrel perched on her shoulder, you will have a delightful paper doll to play with. Next month, Jinks will arrive to keep her company.

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REFORMING ST. VALENTINE'S

By POLLY RICH

LET us think of something different!" said the Blue-Eyed One.

How often we hear that cry when the celebration of any holiday is under discussion.

The girls of the Holiday Club were beginning very early to plan their valentine party. The club had not been in existence very long, and like the proverbial new broom, the members were nothing if not thorough.

"Youth—truth, love—dove, heart—dart," mumbled the Red-Haired One, trying to write verses for the supper-cards. It was to be a cotillion, with the usual favors. Red-paper hearts, Cupids a trifle out of drawing but looking very determined, paper lace and silver paper littered Mrs. Barton's dining-room table.

"What is there that one can do on Valentine's Day except this?" and the Brown-Eyed One indicated the disorder on the table with a gesture that was somewhat contemptuous.

"Love—dove, heart—art, dart—part," the Red-Haired One still struggled. "Oh, I say, do let us leave out all this old love business and have something new."

"Love business isn't old—I mean in that horrid way," defended the Gray-Eyed One.

OH, I know," replied Red-Top, as she was affectionately called by the girls. "I don't mean real love, but this valentine love, which, every one knows, doesn't mean anything. I wonder why lover's love is the only thing they seem to think worth talking about."

"Isn't all love, lover's love?" It was

Blue Eyes who spoke. "Why is the word lover kept for just one kind of love, anyway? Are not our mothers just as much lovers of their children? Are we not, every one of us, lovers of our parents and our dearest friends?"

"How did St. Valentine ever get such a silly reputation?" asked the Practical One.

"Let us find out. Here is where our library comes in," and she went proudly to the old suit-case, which held all the club's effects, and took out a small, fat volume. This volume, indeed, had been the nucleus of the so-called library, which, as yet, consisted of only four books.

A chance visitor, interested in their plan of studying holidays and anniversary

days, and planning their fitting celebration, had given them the book, which she had characterized as the most useful one that could be carried in a trunk.

"Just listen to this!" The Bookish One was skimming through the article on St. Valentine, epitomizing and reading out the most vital bits. "St. Valentine's Day, a degenerated festival; the fourteenth of February, the anniversary of Valentine, a Roman priest, or bishop, who was martyred for his faith under the Emperor Claudius." He wrote no love songs, no one rises up to accuse him of casting sheep's eyes at any Roman maiden. "There is no connection between him and the popular custom of exchanging love-tokens and anonymous humorous letters."

"But why, then," chorused several voices, "are they called valentines?"

WAIT, listen to this!" went on the reader. "The name Valentine became confused with the word *galantin*, a lover, or gallant." It seems v and g had a way of getting mixed up in those days. M—m—"

"Another learned person has a theory that this day was chosen for loving because it was the day on which the birds began to mate."

She skimmed some more and then began to laugh.

"Here is the real reason why the poor Christian martyr has had the care of lovers thrust upon him. 'It is the pleasure of Cupid, blind himself, to bring upon his votaries similar blindness, not to cure it.'"

"That answers us," she added, closing the book.

The girls had started as the Holiday Club, which was still their official name; but they had come to be

known as the How and Why Club, because of their persistent habit of questioning so many established customs,

and their eager search to find out how things, usually taken for granted, were originally instituted.

"Come, you must think of something new," and they all crowded around Red-Top, to whom it fell to think up new things.

For a moment she clenched her hands tragically in her burnished-copper-colored hair; then a great light broke over her face. "I have it!" she cried, and they

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REFORMING ST. VALENTINE'S

(Continued from page 80)

all waited breathless for the oracle to speak. "This is an age of improvement," she said solemnly. "We will reform St. Valentine's Day. It is very sadly needed."

"Great!"

"Fine!"

"Just the thing!"

Then some one added the inevitable, "How?"

"Sit humbly at my feet, slaves," said the prophet, "and I will tell you what I see in the magic mirror of the future. Much is revealed."

Raising her head, she gazed into an imaginary glass held high aloft.

"I behold," chanted the seer, "the dawning of a bright winter's day. It is February 14th, 1914, the day of good St. Valentine, patron saint of all who love. I see the girls of How and Why carrying their tokens to all lovers, young and old—especially old, I mean; they have a potted white hyacinth for old Miss Evans, who lost her lover fifty years ago, and remained faithful to his memory. It will be done up in Cupid tissue-paper and tied with heart ribbon—so it will seem a real valentine. She will be delighted."

"I see a dark-red tulip for Mrs. Bradley, the lovely old lady who has outlived all her children, but who loves all children for their sake."

"I see a perfectly gorgeous valentine for the Colonel—poor old man, so jolly and nice, for all that he can't walk and has to ride in that stuffy wheeled-chair." Suddenly the prophetess came out of her trance and pointed her finger sternly at the Clever One: "You will have to write the verses. I have loved and doted, and hearted and darted, until I haven't even a word left. Ideas I never had!"

WE WILL each write a verse and send him a regular volume! Didn't he give us five dollars for our hospital fund? Perhaps he will again," added the Practical One, who was treasurer.

"And we won't tell a soul, but just have it burst upon the world," said the Romantic One, and all agreed, for even a How and Why girl loves a secret.

"But shall we have our dance?" came a rather mournful question from the Popular One.

"Oh, yes," and inspired Red-Top again mounted the imaginary tripod. "As a

reward for their extreme cleverness and virtue, I see the girls of the How and Why Club having just the most gorgeous dance, with hearts and Cupids, and silly verses without end. Come on, girls, we must get busy, for there is much to do."

So it was kept a secret, but the girls bought hyacinth and daffodil and tulip bulbs, and planted them in small pots, putting them down in the cellar for two weeks, so that the roots should be well started, and then placing them in sunny windows and tending them carefully,

keeping the earth loose and moist. The grateful plants budded just in time, and were all ready to be swathed in gay papers and tied with

foolish little ribbons printed over with Cupids and hearts. Twenty-four aged, sick, or neglected ones of the town were

surprised and made happy by the unusual token of the day of lovers. Every child in the hospital had a beautiful valentine of tinsel and paper lace, which screened a dear little picture-book, all made and pasted by the How and Why. The Colonel laughed at the quaint verses offering him the hearts of twelve loving damsels, and said if it had only happened fifty years before, he would not now be the crusty old bachelor he was, unless from such an embarrassment of riches he had been unable to choose at all, and so would have died of sweet pain. There was just a suspicion of moisture in his eyes, too, as he looked a little longer than usual at a beautiful miniature that hung above his desk.

TO CROWN it all there came the dance, the happiest, gayest, little party, held in the Practical Girl's perfectly practicable attic, with the girls dressed in the lovely old costumes of their dear, quaint grandmothers.

There were hearts and darts and Cupids everywhere. The Italian harp and violin men that go about the streets had been hired to furnish the music, and, somewhat to their embarrassment at first, they had been provided with gay paper caps and broad red sashes. They soon got used to these decorations, however, even seemed to enjoy them, and made "very good pirates", as some one said.

A few mothers, invited to chaperon, had volunteered to help the entertaining

(Concluded on page 83)



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Conducted by JOSEPHINE GREGORY

"What cave I for ships at the dock,
For I have a ship at sea!"

MY SHIP is beauty," writes one little maid, and "Mine," another cries, "is art"; but here on my desk is a tiny letter whose writer asks for charm—for charm, attractiveness, the gift that made the Mona Lisa deathless; the subtle quality that has endured its owner always with a power beyond our comprehension. We are prone to look upon it as an indefinable possession scattered on mortals here and there by a capricious fate, but let us study it together and see if this be so. After all, the art of being charming is nothing more than the art of pleasing others. Study it well.

In the same way the chemist analyzes the most complex substances and finds that they are made of simple elements, so you and I can tear apart this indefinable gift of charm, and find that it is built up of the homeliest good qualities. Any woman can cultivate them, and, therefore, I say with assurance any woman can be charming! "Too good to be true," you may say; but down in your heart you know there is no ship that cannot be brought to port.

The first and most obvious thing, if you would be attractive, is to have a well-modulated voice. Notice the voices of the people you meet, and see how strongly our impressions depend upon them. A girl may be the tiniest, daintiest, most feminine of creatures, but if she has a strident or masculine voice, we are immediately repelled. She may be otherwise

a cultured, well-educated woman, but if she addresses us in loud, harsh tones, we can never enjoy her society. She may be cheerful, bright, and courageous, just the qualities we all admire, but if she speaks in the high, thin, whine some women use, we can have no pleasure in her company whatever she may say.

A GOOD voice, therefore, is something for us to strive for. Every girl can have a sweet, low voice by patient effort. Take ten minutes every day, and read aloud from a book of poems. Do not read with affected emphasis, but listen as you read, and see that you are conveying

the meaning intended by the words. Do not raise your voice, even in passages that are charged with emotion, and you will soon learn that by a mere inflection great depths of feeling may be expressed. Watch yourself whenever you speak, and no matter what you are saying, say it softly, say it clearly, say it kindly. The training of a good speaking voice is simply a matter of persistent effort. Before long it will be said of you, "Her voice is low, an excellent thing in woman."

Having acquired a pleasing voice, the would-be charming woman must learn to be a good talker. The Good Book tells us that in the chatter of lips there is penury; but for all that, the spoken word is the chief means by which we anchor ourselves to our friends. Therefore, talk we must, and talk well.

DO NOT throw up your hands in despair, for I do not mean that you must be a brilliant conversationalist. I will confide in a whisper that I am one of those who find the brilliant conversationalist a frightful bore. For a short time she may be entertaining, but before long her mental pyrotechnics become too great a strain, and I long for a chance to express my own cherished, if uninteresting, opinions. So I do not ask you to become a brilliant talker, but suggest that you learn to be interested in

what interests your friends, and to pay rapt attention when they are discussing those topics. You may not have an original idea in your head, but if you can discover what the other person wants to talk about, and listen sympathetically while he speaks, he will think you delightful. Analyze your friends, and learn to discover their interests, whether these subjects interest you or not, for there is much charm in mere tact. Talk babies to Mabel, who has twins, and suffrage or fashions to Sallie, who has none. When you enter a drawing-room, remember the words of the much-loved Lewis Carroll:

(Concluded on page 84)



SOME DAY YOUR DREAM-SHIP WILL
COME TO PORT



REFORMING ST. VALENTINE'S

(Continued from page 81)

mother with the refreshments, and as they chatted in a corner or gathered on the lower floor, all their conversation was of the valentines the girls had distributed earlier in the day.

"It is a lesson to us," said Mrs. Perkins. "I suppose we have been rather neglectful of some of our neighbors."

"Yes," added Mrs. Barton. "We have been busy with our charities and reforms, and we forgot that poverty was not the only affliction that we could relieve."

"And don't they look simply irresistible in those old togs? Why not get them to help us with our Daughters of the Revolution tea on the twenty-second?"

When the girls were asked what they were going to do on that day, they looked at each other in consternation for a moment. Then they laughed.

"Had you other plans?" asked the mothers politely.

"A great Holiday Club we are!" said the Bookish One at last. "We have been so absorbed in St. Valentine's Day we forgot all about the Father of our country."

"Is that all?" the mothers said, relieved. "Then it is all right—you can help us, and wear those pretty old frocks."

"And what more natural," said Mrs. Perkins, afterwards, as she told the story to Grandma Bradley, "for isn't St. Valentine's Day the especial holiday of youth?"

"It was," said Grandma softly, "until they shared it with us."

The Pursuit of Patricia

(Continued from page 20)

necklace with its secret poison chamber, which had belonged to Katherine de Medici? And what of the way I got that piece of the original manuscript of Boccaccio's *Decameron*? And the adventure of the Chinese teapot? No; it's not by being hard-headed and practical that I've come so far. This is something that means more to me than all the treasures in the Museum piled together. I'm going to follow my premonition. And, what's more, I'm going to do it now—to-day!"

"Fool!" said the business man.

So it fell out that at two o'clock that afternoon, when a transatlantic liner pulled away from the dock, David stood by the rail.

Just as the gangplank was pulled up, a disturbing thought came to him. He had meant to telephone the police again this morning for any possible news concerning Sophie's death, but he had forgotten it. Well, after all, it didn't matter much. He knew all that was important, anyway.

And he was going to Geneva, going to Patricia!

David began to hum a little tune.

(To be continued in March McCall's)

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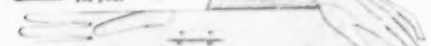
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MAKING DREAMS COME TRUE

(Continued from page 82)

"The time has come," the war-rus said,
"To talk of many things,
Of shoes—and ships—and seal-
ing-wax,
Of cabbage and kings."



CHARM IS NOT ACQUIRED
BY MAGIC

While endeavoring to draw out your acquaintances conversationally, you will be sure to forget yourself, and this brings us to another attribute of the charming woman—she is absolutely without self-consciousness. Not so the typical modern young woman; the prettier she is, the more apt is she to display self-consciousness. This is deplorable, for it suggests ill-breeding and effectively shuts one out from sympathetic communion with people of culture. No one can take an interest in the girl who is twisting about to see if her girdle is properly adjusted, or watching to see what impression she is making upon every newcomer. A wise old gentleman once said, "The times that we enjoy ourselves are the times that we forget ourselves," and he might have added, "The times that we forget ourselves are the times others enjoy us."

It is not really difficult to overcome self-consciousness. Make it a rule to examine your appearance thoroughly in a mirror before you appear in public; see that every pin is in place, every hook fastened, and every stray lock caught up. When you are sure that all is as it should be, forget yourself. Charm, we have found, consists in pleasing others, and this you can never do while thinking only of yourself. Identify yourself with the people about you, and self-consciousness will vanish.

THIS really forces us to the conclusion that the attractive woman must be unselfish. I do not intend to preach a sermon, but together we have found that charm is founded on the Golden Rule. If you wish to receive, you must give; if you wish to have friends, you must be friendly; if you wish to be beloved, you must learn to love others. No selfish woman can possess lasting charm. The girl who appropriates the best of everything at the house-party may have beauty and wealth, but she cannot please the other girls. The girl who captures the lone young man at the seashore and bears him away from her companions may seem to triumph at the time, but is injuring herself in their eyes, and in his.

While we are acquiring charm of mind and character, we must not forget outward graces, for many a lovely virtue lies unrecognized because of a harsh exterior. We should cultivate our appearance so

that it will afford a means of facile expression for the beauties within. There are certain charms of personality and manner that every one of us may acquire if we will only try with determination.

All of us dislike seeing a woman stand slouching back on her heels, or come toward us with drooping shoulders, sunken chest, protruding head or hips. And we greet eagerly the girl who walks lightly on the balls of her feet, head up, chest borne high and strong, as though inspired by a joyous spirit.

ONE final word in this matter of attractiveness. If you really intend to be charming—and what fairer ship could a maiden have?—remember that you must practise constantly. You cannot treat fascination as we do an electric current, turn it off and on at pleasure. We have all seen the girl who is as limp as seaweed in our humble company suddenly revive and become determinedly attractive when some social star of the town arrives on the scene. It is never successful. Charm is something deeper than a parlor trick. It results from a permanent attitude of mind and heart. You can be charming at will—there is no black magic in the art; but you must practise it daily, hourly, and with everybody until it is habitual. Be charming to the cook, be charming to your mother-in-law, be charming when you are tired and cross and everything goes wrong. It may be hard at first, but you will have your reward. Let nothing deter you from the ultimate attainment of the charm you have long desired. Your ship will come to port, your dream will be realized, and you will find yourself the charming, much-sought woman that you wish to be.

Editor's Note.—Josephine Gregory believes you can do, be or attain anything you want, if you want it enough, and in this sociable corner will talk to you each month of dreams—hers and yours and other people's—and what to do to make them come true. It is her earnest faith that every wholesome desire for self-expression and fulfillment should be helped into perfect realization, and if you, too, are one of the dreamers waiting for a shadowy ship to come in, you will find her the friendliest and most understanding of pilots. She has, as well, heart and time for every young girl who finds herself with some vexing little problem, and will answer individually and by mail every letter which encloses a stamped envelope.



ARE YOU TIRED OF LETTUCE?

By AGNES ATHOL

IF YOU cannot have both salad and dessert, any dietitian will tell you to omit the sweet. Perhaps you are tired, nevertheless, of the ordinary lettuce, tomatoes, celery, cucumbers, peppers, onions, and fruit mixtures; but newer salads are available if you look for them.

Do you know romaine lettuce—the long, thin, crinkly kind, with pale green center leaves? It is not so wasteful and is seldom as dear as the ordinary round-head lettuce. Usually every leaf is crisp and perfect. Chefs use half a romaine as the base of their choicest salads. With slightly acid fruits, it is far superior to anything else.

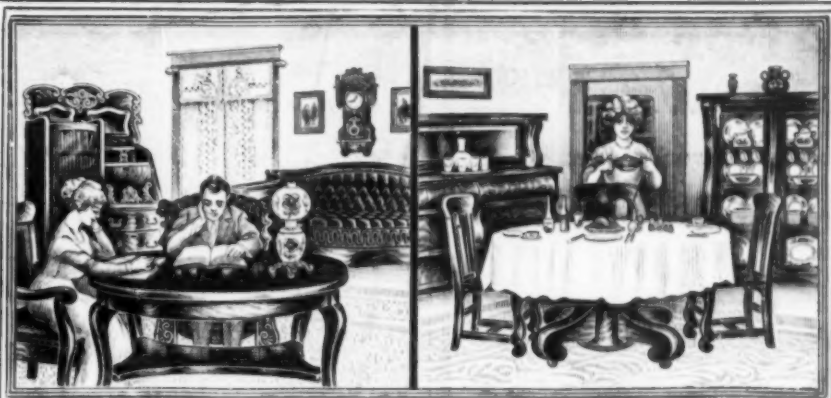
Endive is not as well known as it should be outside of the big city markets. It is a comparatively recent importation from Europe, where it has long been appreciated. In appearance endive is a white stalk of closely-packed leaves, which pull apart easily and prove to be both tender and crisp. It is sold by the pound, and, as there is practically no waste, it is economical even at twenty-five cents. Half a pound will serve five or six people. Endive should be kept on ice to prevent the edges of the leaves from darkening. Never keep it in water, as that causes a bitter taste. The leaves may be trimmed if they turn a little brown.



CHICORY is a good winter salad, coming in a large spreading head with extremely curly leaves, finely divided. The white center is the best part, as the coarser leaves have a slightly bitter taste, not disagreeable, however, to salad lovers.

Escarole is not unlike chicory in looks, though milder in flavor and with broader, flatter leaves. The Italian housewife buys two heads of escarole at a time, using the centers for salad, and boiling the outer leaves for greens.

Sorrel, the sour grass we knew in childhood, but of larger, milder variety, makes good salad. Watercress is often to be had for the trouble of picking it. Jerusalem artichokes grow wild in many places. They are not unlike the potato in appearance, and when pared, boiled, and served cold with French dressing make a delicious salad. Celeriac, or root celery, and kohlrabi, which is a cross in flavor between a turnip and an artichoke, both may be prepared for salad in the same way. The young leaves of Swiss chard are excellent as a salad.



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WASHING CHINA.—When washing valuable china or cut glass, place a folded cloth in the bottom of the dish-pan. This prevents all danger of the china and glass getting chipped.—Mrs. C. C., Amherst, Nebraska.

FILLING A FOUNTAIN PEN.—When filling a fountain pen, to prevent annoyance from air bubbles, use narrow, tapering pieces of blotting-paper, cut small enough to reach easily into the barrel of the pen. When touched with one of these blotter points, the bubbles disappear, and others do not form.—M. E. A., Brookline, Massachusetts.

WHITE FURNITURE.—To clean any white-enamel furniture, rub with a soft cloth which has been dipped in warm water and baking-soda. Put one tablespoonful of common baking-soda in one pint of water.—Mrs. V. R. P., South Bend, Indiana.

TO PROTECT ARMS.—To prevent my arms from being burned when I reach into the oven to baste meats or move baking-dishes, I wear an arm protector. This is a long narrow bag made of an old piece of heavy bed-ticking large and long enough to slip on the hand and arm easily, up past the elbow. It is of more than one thickness, and is somewhat larger at the hand.—Mrs. J. G., Ottawa, Canada.

MILK FLOOR-FINISH.—A beautiful light-oak finish may be applied to unfinished or worn-out floors with plain milk. First, cleanse the floor thoroughly, let dry, then apply sweet skimmed milk with a soft floor cloth, keeping the cloth so full of milk that the floor will seem quite wet. From three to five coats of milk insure a handsome and permanent finish.—H. W. B., Ola, Arkansas.

BROWN BOOTS.—Stains may be taken out of brown boots by rubbing a piece of cut lemon on the boots, and then polishing with brown polish.—R. E. M., Simcoe, Canada.

FROZEN CANDLES.—Candles may be burned without the wax running, if frozen first. They will also burn longer and brighter.—H. H., Muncie, Indiana.



ALUMINUM PAINT.—Aluminum paint, such as is used for radiators and all kinds of household decorations, will keep flatirons in perfect condition if all the iron surface, except the flat face, is treated to a coat once every year. It not only prevents rusting, but keeps them as bright and clean looking as though they were new.—A. W. T., Providence, Rhode Island.



BURNED PANS.—To clean pots or pans easily after anything has burned or baked in them, turn them upside down in a vessel of water and let them steam thoroughly. They will then clean very easily.—Mrs. M. G., Garfield, Kentucky.



BURNING CHIMNEY.—If your chimney catches fire, throw a handful of common salt into the fireplace or stove, and the flames will immediately stop.—Mrs. E. D., Cairo, Georgia.



SUGAR IN STARCH.—When making starch, add one tablespoonful of sugar after it boils. The clothes will be much easier to iron, and the irons will not stick.—Mrs. W. L. O., Little Rock, Arkansas.



RENOVATING BLACK GLOVES.—Ink mixed with the white of an egg will make old black kid gloves look new.—Mrs. M. M. C., Mount Vernon, New York.

TO PREVENT ODOR FROM LAMP-WICKS.—Any coal-oil lamp has a tendency to smell bad when turned low. If a new wick is saturated with vinegar and perfectly dried before placing in lamp, it will never smell bad no matter how small a flame is left.—Mrs. M. E. McP., Escondido, California.

Editor's Note.—If you have discovered how to do some one thing just a little bit better than your neighbors, let us hear about it. We pay a minimum of twenty-five cents for each available contribution, and fifty cents for such as are one hundred words or more in length. Contributions copied from books or other publications cannot be accepted. No manuscripts can be returned, but those not used and paid for will be destroyed.

CAULIFLOWER COOKERY

By LAWRENCE IRWELL

MANY housewives seem to believe that there are only two ways of cooking cauliflower—boiled and *au gratin*. This is a mistake, for this vegetable may be dressed in many different ways when a light and tasty dish is desired. Before cauliflower is cooked, it should be soaked in salted water to draw out any insects which may have found refuge in it.

BAKED CAULIFLOWER.—Arrange cold remnants of boiled cauliflower in a flat baking-dish. Over it pour any kind of white sauce. Beat two eggs, and stir into sauce. Cover the top lightly with bread-crumbs, scatter little bits of butter over it, and bake till brown. Serve very hot.

CAULIFLOWER FRITTERS.—Boil a good-sized cauliflower till nearly cooked. When drained and cold, break off the branches into even sprigs. Season with pepper and salt, dredge well with flour, and dip into good batter. Fry in hot fat till a golden brown; drain very dry, and sprinkle with grated cheese. Serve with fried parsley.



STUFFED CAULIFLOWER.—Use a medium-sized cauliflower, a teaspoonful of capers, one ounce of bread-crumbs, two medium-sized fresh mushrooms, grated cheese, one gill of white sauce, pepper and salt. Boil the cauliflower in salted water till nearly cooked; then drain carefully. Place in a baking-dish, in which it may be served. Remove thick stalk, and fill hole made with a mixture of the bread-crumbs, chopped capers, and mushrooms, cheese, salt, and pepper well blended. Press into as compact a shape as possible. Have white sauce ready, pour over, and then scatter grated cheese on top. Place in oven for fifteen or twenty minutes.

CAULIFLOWER CREAM.—Boil a cauliflower in salted water for half an hour, and drain. Put in a saucepan with a pint of milk, same quantity of hot water, and simmer for half an hour longer. Take out very carefully, drain, and place on a hot dish. Put half a pint of milk into a double-boiler, and let it just reach boiling-point. Wet a tablespoonful of flour with cold milk, season with pepper, salt, and a little vinegar—malt vinegar is best. Mix this gradually with the hot milk, and boil for a few minutes, adding a little butter. Beat an egg till light, and stir by degrees into the sauce. Pour all over the cauliflower, and serve immediately.

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NEW HATS FROM OLD

(Continued from page 28)

end. If you do stop the iron for a moment on any one spot, that spot will be more ironed or mirrored than the rest, and you will have to steam the pile all over again. When velvet looks hopeless, try dipping it in dye, then wringing it tight. Let it dry without shaking out the creases made by the wringing, and you will have crushed velvet, which will look like the caracul plushes so much in vogue this year.

Silks, satins, and ribbons can be steamed like the velvets, or they can be ironed. To iron them, place tissue-paper over one end of the silk, press an iron hard over the paper, and draw the material from under the iron without moving the iron. Sometimes, when the creases are very sharp, it is necessary to dampen the silk. You can use a sponge, wrung tight, for this. A helper in this work makes it easier and more successful.

For late season or mid-season, satin, taffeta, and moire are very popular for covering frames; so look up your old cloak linings, petticoats, and dresses which are "too bad to wear, and too good to throw away". If you have not enough of one kind of material to finish a hat, use a crown or facing of another kind, and be more in style. Almost all hats and dresses are made nowadays of combinations of materials, which is, of course, a welcome style with us home milliners, since we can thus make just as attractive things from our old materials, carefully renovated, as from new.

In the January lesson were many suggestions for trimmings. However, since we are on the subject of renovations, we will again consider ostrich feathers, quills, and wings, but from a different angle. Natural colored or white feathers and quills can be washed with lukewarm water and white soap. Rinse thoroughly, then draw the feather through your fingers to take away the water. Before the feather is dry at all, lay it on a clean piece of wrapping-paper, and cover it with powdered starch (elastic or corn-starch). Rub the starch through the feather, leaving it flat on the paper all the while, until it is thoroughly dry, then shake the starch from it. You will find that the tiny hairs or barbules are bristling on the sides of the long hair or flue, and that the feather is fluffy. While the starch is being rubbed through the feather, and while it is still a little wet, you can change the lay of the flues by drawing the quill through your fingers. In this way you can make the flues drop toward the base of the quill, or you can make them slant more toward the tip. If you wish to change the direction of the flues without washing the feather, dampen it with steam, then draw the quill through the fingers, as described.

(Concluded on page 89)

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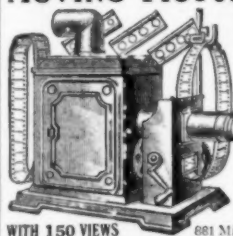
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NEW HATS FROM OLD

(Continued from page 88)

When feathers are droopy or stringy because they have been wet, you can revive them or make them fluffy by shaking them over the dry hot air which rises from the top of the stove or radiator. Be careful not to hold them so near that the tiny flues will be singed. It is a popular notion that this will curl feathers. It will not, but will only make them fluffy. To curl them, draw flues over a dull knife.

Ostrich and other quills can be successfully dyed at home. Wash them first in water, and, while wet, dip them in the dye, then dip them into water again, and "starch" or dry them, as described above. Feathers dyed in this way can be cleaned with gasoline. White wings can also be cleaned with gasoline, then made white by being placed between two papers and sprinkled well with plaster of Paris. Leave them for twenty-four hours, then shake them well. Repair wings with glue.

After you have worked with your materials and your hats until you have a most smart-appearing head covering, experiment with placing the hat on your head at different angles until you have discovered the most becoming one. Notice the pose of the hats in good fashion-books. After all, it is not what we wear, but how, that really makes the difference.

Editor's Note.—If you have hats to trim, retrim, or make over, if you are puzzling over the making of fetching boxes, the proper placing of wings, feathers, or other trimmings, Mrs. Tobey will tell you how. This department will contain, from time to time, clear instructions in every branch of home millinery; while letters submitting special problems will be gladly answered by Mrs. Tobey by mail if stamped envelope is enclosed.

CONVENIENT COAT-WEIGHTS

By MARIE ROYLE

OF CONSIDERABLE importance in giving garments the fashionable hang is a set of coat-weights. They are first covered with chamois, perfectly flat, overhanded around the edges, then covered with silk, preferably of a soft, neutral color. They may be scented, if desired, and a tiny safety-pin covered with crocheted silk is attached to each for fastening. They may be put where needed, and do not wear through the fabric as when without the chamois covering. They are an extra convenience, as they are often needed in skirts, sashes, or at waistline to give the "débütante slouch". A set of six may be accompanied by a card with this little verse:

If your coat has a wrinkle, your skirt isn't right,
Just place me where needed, and pin me in tight.

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YE OLDE-TIME SEWING-BEE

By ELEANOR OTIS

IN FEBRUARY, when the evenings are long and the lights are early lighted, comes the birthday of our national hero, and as the whole nation lays aside its labors for the time, it is befitting that we should celebrate the day with some appropriate festivity. The young matron, especially, will find this a desirable day for entertaining, for the good man of the house has a holiday, and is quite willing to participate in an evening's jollity. A modern party, however, seems unsuited to commemorate those quaint and long-gone days, so what better can we do than plan a Colonial sewing-bee?

Among Colonial dames, all pleasures were the more appreciated if preceded by a stint of work, and it was the custom of the times to gather together for afternoon's spinning or quilting, before the evening's merriment. One clever matron, therefore, gave historic interest to her evening's fun, by sending out the following old-fashioned invitations:

"Ye are invited most heartily to ye olde-fashioned sewing-bee. Put ye scissors in ye reticule, bring ye sewing, and come, at four. Bid the good man come to supper at ye hour of seven of the clock. Lanterns at ten-thirty.—Mistress Polly Whitside."



AS COLONIAL DAMES WENT TO TEA

THEY came, you may be sure, and at four there was an expectant throng of laughing matrons gathered at the door. A tiny maid, dressed in quaint Colonial costume, with powdered hair, and a fascinating black patch on one cheek, opened the door for them, and with a stately curtsy, waved each guest to the dressing-room. Wraps and hats were speedily discarded, and the guests hurried into the drawing-room. This was so delightfully cozy, with its bright fire, and soft lights, that not for several minutes did they notice what a change had been wrought in the room. Every picture-frame contained a silhouette, easily made by cutting out a profile picture, blacking it over, pasting it on a white background and fitting this background into the picture frame over the glass. Lighted tapers in tall candle-sticks of glass, so popular in Washington's day, or of shining brass, stood about the room, shedding a comfortable glow over the scene. Yellow blossoms in blue vases stood here and there, for the Colonial blue and buff were the only colors in evidence, and at the

hostess' side, a small teakettle of brass sang merrily, while pretty blue cups stood ready to hold the fragrant drink. As every one was cold from the nipping air, tea was passed immediately, then scissors and sewing were brought forth, and for a time needles flew to the happy chatter of voices, as innocent gossip was exchanged.

AS SIX o'clock drew near, however, work was laid aside, and mine hostess announced that now a picture gallery must be prepared for the coming husbands. To this end, sheets of white cardboard were brought forth, the lights were extinguished, save a single candle, and one by one the guests were placed against the wall, between the candle and a sheet of cardboard, and a silhouette was made of each. One clever matron drew the outline on the cardboard; another cut out the profiles as soon as drawn; another

fastened the white cardboard from which the profile had been cut, on a piece of black cloth which was fastened at one side of the hall.

When all was done, the row of black profiles stood out amazingly, and each was numbered. A tiny blue cardboard fan, bearing the number of her silhouette, was pinned on each matron's dress.

This was scarcely finished ere the ringing of the bell announced the coming of their lords

and masters, and the candles were hastily relighted. Each man, as he entered, received from the maid at the door a small cocked hat, cut from buff cardboard, and a pencil. He was shown to the picture gallery, and asked to choose his partner, the only stipulation being that he should not select his own wife. As each profile was chosen, a small cross was placed in the corner, to warn off the next comer, and the number of the profile he had selected was marked on the little cocked hat which the man wore on his coat. As each was admitted to the drawing-room, he was told that his dinner partner was the lady whose silhouette he had chosen. This caused considerable amusement, for silhouettes are deceptive things, and many a man found that he had chosen a lifelong neighbor without recognizing her.

Dinner was now announced, and mine host led the way into the dining-room. In the center of the long table stood a

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YE OLDE-TIME SEWING-BEE

(Continued from page 90)

small cherry tree made of a branch stuck in a pot of earth, with artificial cherries tied to its twigs. The jar in which it stood was wrapped in blue tissue-paper, and tied with wide buff ribbon. Four tall glass candle-sticks, with yellow candles in them, burned at the four corners of the table, and at one end a quaint blue china fruit basket, such as our grandmothers used, held gilt-wrapped bonbons, while a similar basket at the other end of the table was filled with oranges. The place-cards were of blue cardboard, with Washington's head in gilt, surrounded by a gilt wreath, and with the Washington motto, *Exitus acta probat* ("The event approves the acts"), written below. The hostess



MAKING A SILHOUETTE

explained afterward to her friends that the cards had been easily made by cutting out a profile of the great General from a postage-stamp, tracing a dozen others like it on white paper, gilding them, and pasting them on the blue cardboard.

The dinner served was simple, and made up of distinctively American dishes. Blue points for the first course, then clam soup, followed by roast turkey, cranberry sauce, and sweet potatoes. George Washington salad seemed especially appropriate, and orange sherbet was served in small blue-paper cocked hats. On the plate with the sherbet was a tiny hatchet-shaped cake, with a bunch of candied cherries tied to it with blue-and-buff ribbon.

AFTER dinner, or, rather, supper, as it should have been called according to custom, all gathered about the fire in the drawing-room, and the coffee was passed. As they sipped their coffee, a foretaste of games to follow was given when pencils and paper were handed around, and each guest was asked to write the name of the thirteen original States, and to name the Presidents of the United States. Many a despairing wife looked at her husband to find that he was knitting his brows in deep perplexity, but mine hostess would allow no time for cogitation; she collected the papers, and assigned small cocked hats filled with candies to the successful contestants.

The coffee cups were removed, papers laid aside, and the host announced that the game Flags and Forts was next in order. Two trays were brought in; on each was an absurd mud fort such as children build. From one, floated a small

buff flag made by the hostess; from the other, a small blue flag. The company was now divided into two groups, the Buffs and the Blues. Tiny American flags had been placed around the room, and it was the object of each side to collect as many flags as possible, and stick them into their fort. The hostess now struck up a march on the piano, and all paraded around the forts until the music ceased, when they dashed away to all parts of the room, collecting the flags. Each flag, as found, was brought to the fort of its finder, and when the music recommenced the search was discontinued and the parade began again. When all flags were found, a box of candied cherries rewarded the winners.

THE game of Colonial Names was now played, and caused much merriment. One by one the guests were introduced to the assembled company by some Colonial cognomen, as Charity, Humility, Hephzibah, and the like for the women, with Abijah, Elected, Peleg, Ebenezer and others for the men. Each guest was then given twenty-five red cherries cut from cardboard, and they were told that in the subsequent conversation, each guest, when questioned, must answer by calling



THE GAME OF FLAGS AND FORTS

the questioner's name, as "Sister Humility", or "Brother Peleg". If he could not remember his questioner's name, he must give up a red cherry, then being told the name. All could freely question each other, but no one could tell another's name. In a few minutes the room was a Babel, as the guests fled from Abimelech, or Abigail, lest they be forced to sacrifice a cherry; for though there was no limit to the number of times a person could question another, each had the right to run from his interlocutors if desired. In twenty minutes the game was over, the cherries counted, and the lucky possessor of the greatest number received a copy of Stuart's "Washington".

Other games were suggested by the hostess, but already it was late "lantern-time", so the men and matrons reluctantly set out for home.

Editor's Note—Miss Otis, our Entertainment Editor, is bubbling over with ideas for every kind of a party, luncheon, dinner, or other form of entertainment. She will be glad to offer suggestions by mail if you enclose in your letter a stamped envelope for reply.

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WHAT I DID FOR MY ONLY DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 15)

"But you can't do that, Elaine."

"Why not?" returned Elaine, unruffled.

"Why not?" echoed Beatrice. "Any other girl would see why not. I never saw a girl like you. You want everything, and seem to think everyone else ought to give it to you, and you never think of anybody besides yourself."

"Why should I?" said Elaine. I waited to hear no more but went into the room. The two girls stood facing each other, Elaine serene and calm, Beatrice with her eyes flashing. What the object of the controversy was I never discovered. I changed the topic of conversation by suggesting a drive, but, when Beatrice left, I said gently:

"Elaine, you must remember that your classmates are not as much interested in you as are your parents, and will not want to sacrifice themselves to you."

"Yes," said Elaine. "I don't think I care much to associate with them, mother." This supercilious utterance troubled me a little. Now, I very much wanted Elaine to be popular, and, thereafter, I tried to make her so. But although I gave parties which were well attended, and although I devoted myself to the task of making Elaine's home so desirable that the young people flocked to us constantly, still it was evident that they came quite frankly for what they got, and not because of Elaine. When she grew to womanhood this became more and more apparent. Young men, attracted by Elaine's lovely face, came once or twice and came no more. For a long time I was selfishly glad of this. Then, I began to be hurt at the slight, and, finally, I wanted Elaine to have as many men friends as the other girls did.

It was at this time that I began to change my attitude toward Elaine. As long as she was the dependent baby, or the immature girl, I could forgive and overlook anything on the ground of her irresponsibility. But, now, Elaine was a woman; strive as I might, I could no longer ignore that fact, and it irked me that she neglected the small responsibilities of her life and home.

As she had always done, Elaine still took it for granted that the household revolved upon her wish. All her life, she had been held to great regularity in habits, and now she revolted. She began to rise as she felt inclined, to breakfast at any hour, to lunch or not as she saw fit, to live in a little world of her personal building. I remonstrated mildly, and Elaine declared laughingly that I had "bossed" her long enough, and that she was now a woman grown with a will of her own. Little by little, she withdrew from my society and from my jurisdiction. Although, as I have said, she was not popular, she managed to go about a great deal,

half the time I knew not where. I know that I should have told Robert of her wilfulness; I know that I should have insisted upon obedience. But I was too hurt, too humiliated to do anything except to suffer in silence. Elaine, whom I had shielded and guarded and worked for, Elaine, whom I had loved and cherished, who was well-nigh my all, had tired of me, her mother. I know of no experience more bitter than the gradual withdrawing of Elaine from me, from my company, from my confidence. At times, she was as demonstrative as formerly and petted and caressed me, but the old relationship, which I had maintained so long, had gone.

Still, it was with something of a shock that I received Elaine's announcement of her engagement. Her fiancé was a comparative stranger, and it had not occurred to me that there was such a possibility. Elaine was excited over the prospect of her wedding. She needed me and, as a matter of course, I responded. In the flurry and excitement of dressmaking and shopping, we were again much together, and the old relationship was in part resumed. I had thought that my heart would break when the time for her going away came, but I found myself looking after the departing carriage, with sorrow, it is true, but with a queer feeling of relief. I was free; it mattered not that the bonds had been of my own building, they had irked.

For three months I enjoyed my freedom. Then, Elaine told me of her approaching motherhood. At the same time, she indicated that her husband had not proved all that she expected. "Inconsiderate," she called him, and threw herself upon my mercy for aid in the months to come. It did not behoove a mother-in-law to interfere in matrimonial difficulties, and, as far as I could see, Elaine was very fortunate, indeed, in her choice of a husband. I was often at Elaine's home, fashioning the little garments, relieving her of responsibility, and I could not but feel that the lack of consideration was mainly on her side, not on her husband's. Robert had many friends whom he was only too anxious to ask to meet his wife; but Elaine, although fond of society, was too lazy to exert herself to entertain successfully. Consequently, she objected, very often, to a proposed visit, or, if she consented, did so little to make her guests happy that she made anything but a favorable impression, much to Robert's dismay. As for me, Elaine accepted my ministrations as a matter of course. Thanking me, or feeling indebtedness for my labors, did not occur to her. I wondered sometimes if Elaine would repeat my experience, but the "baby" proved twin girls, and so, by a sardonic twist of Fate, Elaine was pre-

(Concluded on page 93)



WHAT I DID FOR MY ONLY DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 92)

vented from being as unwise a mother as I had been. Since the babies' arrival I have officiated, as now, always with my husband's protest, and always with secret resentment on my part, which robs my aid of graciousness.

And, as I sit here and ponder, I wonder what is my duty now. Elaine is what she is because I made her so. Is her married life going to stand the pressure of her selfishness, or will matrimony for her end in shipwreck? Can I help her there? Will the babies finally awaken her, or is she past help of any kind? What ought I to do? Is it worth while to try to undo what I have done, to take a determined stand and refuse what is unjustly demanded of me or should I be content to keep on paying the penalty for my folly? Should I frankly confess my fault to her, try to show her what she is doing to her husband, and patiently help her to correct the faults I have encouraged? Can I build my own love for her again through discipline?

It is not a comfortable hour I am spending—this one of reckoning. My body aches with fatigue, but my heart anguish is far more poignant both for myself and Elaine, and for the foolish mothers who, in the name of mother-love, have forgotten mother-wisdom. Had I life to live over again, sternly would I hold myself to another concept of devotion. For I think that the worst hurt of all, bitterer even than the hurt to my affection, although that is keen enough, is the knowledge that all my care and love have produced a woman who, except in physical attraction, is much below the average. Elaine is self-centered, indifferent, callous to all that does not concern her. Elaine shows none of the greater virtues, gratitude, self-sacrifice—how should she? At the age when maternal cares should cease, mine are more acute than ever. For, as I write, I am convinced that I must go to Elaine and try to undo what I have done, and that the struggle will be hard and wearisome. Still, I must. Could I but breathe a word of warning into the ears of mothers, could I but stop some woman ere she, as I, dwarfs and belittles her child—it is with this hope that I am writing my confession. But I can write no longer. From the nursery comes a cry. The babies have waked for their final bottle.

OATMEAL COOKIES

BEAT together one tablespoonful of butter and one cupful of granulated sugar. Add two beaten eggs, two cupfuls of rolled oats, two level teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, half a level teaspoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Drop in half teaspoonfuls on greased baking-tins. These cookies spread and grow crisp.

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Why Shouldn't You Buy As Low As Any Dealer?

More than 250,000 people have saved from \$100 to \$150 on a high grade piano and from \$25 to \$50 on a first-class organ in purchasing by the Cornish plan—and so can you. We offer to send you an instrument, freight paid if you wish, with the understanding that if it is not sweeter and richer in tone and better made than any you can find at one-third more than we ask, you may at any time within a year send it back at our expense, and we will return any sum that you may have paid on it, so that the trial will cost you absolutely nothing—you and your friends to be the judge and we to find no fault with your decision.

You Choose Your Own Terms

Take Three Years to Pay If Needed. The Cornish Plan, in brief, makes the maker prove his instrument and saves you one-third what other manufacturers of high grade instruments must charge you to protect their dealers and agents.

Let Us Send to You Free the New Cornish Book

It is the most beautiful piano or organ catalog ever published. It shows our latest styles and explains everything you should know before buying any instrument. It shows why you cannot buy any other high grade organ or piano anywhere on earth as low as the Cornish. You should have this important information before making your selection. Write **Cornish Co., Washington, N. J.** for it today and please mention this paper. **Established Over 50 Years**



THOMSON'S



If the Corsets you are wearing are not **really comfortable** it is because the makers lack the years of Thomson's "Glove-Fitting" experience to guide them. From the "wasp-like" waist of sixty years ago, though extremes of fashion more pronounced than those of to-day, the famous Thomson's

"GLOVE-FITTING"

models have been correct in style and surpassingly comfortable. We **guarantee both style and comfort** if you will select the model that your figure requires.

At all dealers, \$1.00 to \$5.00

GEORGE C. BATCHELLER & COMPANY
New York Chicago San Francisco

CORSETS



Write
For
Free
Catalog

Send Only

50c And We Ship You This Superb ROCKER

Only 50c down and then 50c per month and we ship you this magnificent rocker—\$3.95 in all for this handsome piece of furniture. Write for free catalog and bargain list today. You can see for yourself what an elegant rocker this is. It is made in American quarter sawed oak finish—profusely carved. Upholstered in best grade of Boston leather—prettily tufted. Superb spring seat. Order by No. A 71133. This rocker is only one of our special bargains. Send for this bargain list.

Monthly Payments

The great house of Straus and Schram, with a proud quarter century record, endorsed by the greatest bank, will trust you and allow you to buy any article on easiest monthly payments. If you want anything in rockers, chairs, bedsteads, carpets, rugs, curtains, washing machines, crockery, silverware, baby carriages, go-carts, Men's, Women's and Children's apparel, jewelry, stoves, ranges, or any other article of householding, don't fail to get our sensational easy terms.

FREE SPECIAL BARGAIN LIST and Money Saving Catalog

Don't wait a minute before sending for our great bargain catalog and special monthly bargain list. Bargains which are positively astounding.

Write Today—Don't Wait

Send a postal or letter—but send right now. Take advantage of these special offers while they last. This month only. So hurry. Just your name and address on postal or letter and we will mail free and postpaid our catalog and bargain list.

STRAUS AND SCHRAM (Inc.)
Dept. 1012 35th Street, Chicago, Illinois

TRADE MARK 75c

A Standard
44-inch
All Wool Dress
Serge
Sponged
and
Shrunk
75c
- per yd.
All
Popular and
Staple Shades
Look for white Selvage and Stamp

Made by the HAMILTON WOOLEN CO.
If your retailer does not have the goods, write us and we will send samples and booklets
WELLINGTON, SEARS & CO., Manufacturers' Agents
Boston and New York

Almost a Woman

Mothers, your daughter's health and future happiness depend on the successful passing of that period of transition from girlhood to womanhood. Ignorance of nature's laws often entails lifelong suffering and frailty. Nothing could be more simply wrought out for the perfect enlightenment of girlhood than this priceless volume. Completely revised and enlarged one-third in size. Price only 50c. Postpaid.

THE ARTHUR H. CRIST CO.
232 Main St. Cooperstown, N. Y.

REMOVING STAINS

BY ANNE JAMES

IT IS a popular habit to feel no longer "dressed up" in a garment, and even to consider it half worn-out, once it suffers the indignity of a spot. Such an attitude springs from the supposed tenacity of spots, whereas really they are quite amenable to reason. There are few stains which will not yield if the proper treatment is known and applied.

Ink stains have several enemies. If the juice of a lemon mixed with salt be spread over the spot, and the garment put in the sun, the stain will soon disappear.



This is possible only for white goods, as the mixture would torture any color into oblivion. Wash goods can be cleansed of ink spots by immersing them for a couple of hours in melted tallow. Coal-oil will also perform the same office. In both instances, the garment should be washed afterward in soap and water. Equal parts of alum and cream of tartar mixed and moistened with water to form a paste is also excellent, and will not injure any kind of goods.

GRASS stains are very simple to remove. Enough butter rubbed on to cover the stain, and afterward washed out with ordinary soap and water, will remove all traces, nor will the color of the fabric be altered in the least.

For removing iron-rust stains, oxalic acid can be used. The spotted part should be wet with cold water, and then laid in an agate dish. Pour half a teaspoonful of the acid over the spots, and immediately afterward enough boiling water to cover the goods completely. In ten minutes the rust spots will have disappeared. The lemon juice and salt treatment



followed by a bleaching in the sun, as prescribed above for ink stains, also will remove rust spots, although it may have to be repeated to be thoroughly effective.

Obstinate fruit stains will disappear after a bath in sulphur fumes. Put a tablespoonful of sulphur on a plate, and sprinkle with a few drops of alcohol. Place over this a tin funnel with the small end up. Wet the stained linen with cold water, and, after touching a lighted match to the alcohol, hold the spot over the opening in the funnel. The ascending sulphur fumes will perform their duty in a very short time. Occasionally, a second application is necessary, but not often.

Photographic Reproduction of Brassiere or Shaped Corset Cover



showing the graceful lines it imparts to the figure. Can be worn with or without corset, giving the wearer a very neat appearance.

This brassiere is made of excellent quality muslin, with a deep inlay of hand-some embroidery in front and back; neck and armholes edged with strong thread lace, carefully boned; re-inforced under arms. Fastens in back with tape and button. Sizes 34 to 48 in. bust measure. Special price, postpaid 25c

Order by Number 11

If you are not more than satisfied when you see this brassiere, we will cheerfully refund your money including the return charges.

Red Tag Bargain Flyer No. 21

shows Wearing Apparel for Women, Children and Men at greatly reduced prices and it will be sent FREE upon request, whether you order the brassiere or not.

We Pay All Mail and Express Charges

Ref.: Continental & Comm'l Nat'l Bank, Capital \$30,000,000

CHICAGO MAIL ORDER CO.
INDIANA AVE. & 26th ST.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Gordon-Van Tine Co.'s Greatest

BUILDING Material

Catalog Sent Free

Write a Postal and Save \$500 to \$1,500

A postal brings the greatest Millwork and Building Material Catalog ever issued. Offers 6,000 bargains in everything you need to build, remodel or repair.

Build at Mill Prices—Save 50%

We can save you \$500 to \$1,500 on the cost of material for a fine new home. Doors, 75c up. Plain and fancy windows, 67c up. All prices cut to the quick!

We Ship Goods Promptly—Guarantee Satisfaction

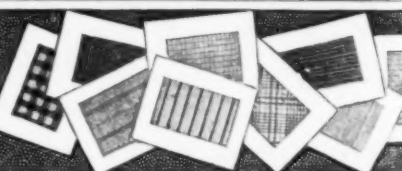
We are the oldest and largest building material concern selling direct to consumers. Three big banks behind our guarantee. We pride ourselves on prompt shipments, and guarantee satisfaction.

Write! Get the Great 5,000 Bargain Millwork Catalog and Plan Book of Fifty Houses—both free. If you wish Plan Book, enclose 10 cents for postage and mailing.

Gordon-Van Tine Co., 5291 Case St., Davenport, Ia.



All Lumber,
Hardware,
Millwork
and
Paint
\$908



WE WANT RELIABLE AGENTS to show our beautiful and exclusive line of SHIRT WAIST and SUIT MATERIALS, HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC. This is an exceptional opportunity for you. Excellent territory. No experience required. Sample FREE. MITCHELL & CHURCH CO., 246 Water St., Binghamton, N. Y.

DEAR LADY—If there is a poison label on the bottle you have in the house for toilet use, destroy it. No need now to have poisons in the home. Practice SAFETY. U. S. Govt. test (bulletin 82) shows Benetol is 123 per cent. better than carbolic acid, etc., but is NOT a poison. Benetol is ABSOLUTELY safe. Ask your druggist to order you a 25c. bottle from his jobber Benetol Assn., Minneapolis, U.S.A.

Given PILLOW TOPS

620 Thirty Latest Designs 622 Stamped Easy to Work 624

The Latest in Embroidery
Handsome Pillow Tops, aren't they?
Called Black Forest Embroidery. Beautiful
color effects, exquisite designs. More pillows
always needed. Here's your chance to get Top and
Back free to demonstrate exceptional merit of

BELDING'S EMBROIDERY SILKS

These pillow-tops are on best white crash and
very durable. Designs clearly stamped. Simple
directions for working.

FREE Offer: Your dealer will give you FREE
one Belding Pillow Top and Back
(size 17x22 in.) with every 25c
Belding Outfit, which contains six (6) Skeins of
Belding's Embroidery Silk, Illustrated Lesson, etc.
If dealer will not furnish, send his name, adding 3c
postage, total 30c, and receive Pillow Top FREE
with Outfit. Two Pillow Top Outfits 60c, three 90c,
etc. Offer good in United States only.

Important: Belding's Revised Needle and Hook
Book 90 pages, colored illustrations, mailed for 10 cents. The
latest Embroidery Stitches Taught FREE. Send 2 cent stamp
for instruction Pamphlet.

BELDING BROS. & CO.

Dept. 102, 201-203 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

**WASH WITH
COMPRESSED AIR**

**THE RAPID VACUUM
WASHER**

**MADE OF ZINC
WILL NOT RUST**

NO wear, no tear. Daintiest arti-
cles washed without injury.
Tub of clothes washed in 5 to 10
minutes. A child can operate it.
The automatic suction valve does
the work. Attached to your own
tub—stationary, wooden or metal.

Price \$1.50
and \$3.00

Send for 30-day trial offer and terms to agents
STEWART-SKINNER CO.
9 Cherry Street, Worcester, Mass.

Work at Home

Weaving Rugs and Carpet

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

**\$4 a Day
Easily Made**

We start men and women in a
profitable business on a small
investment. Write quick
for prices and Loom Book

REED MFG. CO.
Box R, Springfield, Ohio

I Trust You Ten Days. Send No Money.

Send lock of hair and I will mail a 22-inch, short stem, fine
human hair switch to match. Choose natural wavy or straight
hair. A big bargain. Remit \$2 in ten days or sell three and
Get Your Switch Free. Extra shades a little more. Enclose
3c postage. Write today for free beauty book of latest styles
of hair dressing, high grade switches, pulls, wigs, propo-
dours. Bargains in Utterich Feathers. Women agents wanted.
ANNA AYERS, Dept. R32 220 S. State St., Chicago.

\$2 Hair Switch on Approval.

COOKING FOR CREATION

(Continued from page 24)

"I see Abigail's little plain face, how it
was all lit up. I'd felt sorry for her, many
and many times—her that has got so little
in her life besides standing by her baker/
table. But I see how she was never going
to need that same kind of sympathy again.
After this she was going to bake like
creation—like she was helping on crea-
tion. And so she would be.

"Well," says I, 'tell me: Is that what
they mean by domestic science? I've
cooked since I was born—or soon after—
but I ain't ever heard of this clement
business in my life.'

"Nor I; 'Nor I; 'Nor me;' went
all around the room.

"It's this—and more," says Abigail.
'I've only give you the edge. And it's all
about buying—how not to buy the stuff
that they fix up to hurt the body, and that
most of us housekeepers don't recognize,
so's they can make money. And it tells
you how stuff you thought was nourishing
is only husks. Oh, ladies! I can't tell you
very good. But it's like looking at your
job out of new eyes.'

"We all set still for a minute.

"Well," says I, 'I always thought do-
mestic science was wearing a white cap,
and using newfangled pots and pans, at
a job your mother could do in half the
time with the old ones. If it's like this—'

"It is like this," says Abigail.

"Well," says I, again, 'I ain't one of
them that thinks women's job in the world
is just to cook. I believe the time will
come when them that could do something
else better than they do housework will
be a-doing it. But, meanwhile, if this is
like what Abigail says, I move, if we can,
we get it into the school double quick.'

"Second the motion!" says everybody,
unanimous.

"And so we done, and so domestic
science come into the schools of Friend-
ship Village to help make good house-
wives of our young folks, and to teach 'em
what it means to *cook for creation*."



Those Corns Will Go

And in 48 hours, if you
simply apply **Blue-jay** to
them.

The pain will end instantly.
Day after tomorrow the whole
corn will come out. And with-
out any soreness whatever.

That means the end of those
corns. You can bring new ones
by pinching your feet, but the
old ones will never return.

Why do folks dally with their corns?
Why pare them? Why apply the old
liquids and plasters which everyone
who knows has abandoned.

Here is **Blue-jay**—a scientific
method—which is taking out a mil-
lion corns a month.

It is painless and quick and con-
venient. Nobody can doubt its effi-
ciency. Every day, tens of thousands
of people are ending corns this way.

Why don't you try it? Nearly half
the world has now come to this method.
Why don't you find it out?

Blue-jay For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

LADIES! A customer writes:
"I never thought
it possible to get so much SOLID
COMFORT and such a shapely
style in the same shoe."

**THIS VICI KID
Pillow Shoe**

eases the foot and pleases the eye.
Soft, comfortable, neat, durable,
stylish. No lining to wrinkle and
hurt. No breaking in required.
Price includes O'Sullivan Live
Rubber Heels. Comfort and fit
absolutely guaranteed or
money refunded. Write
for free Catalogue and
self-measure blank.
Trademark registered
Customers everywhere

\$3.25
TURN STYLE
Postpaid in U.S.

PILLOW SHOE CO., Dept. 8, Boston, Mass.

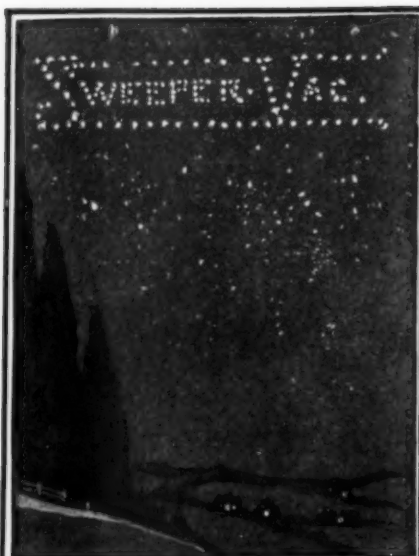


**WOMEN STARTED IN BUSINESS
without money.** You can make your clothes
cost you nothing, or make a good living selling
Priscilla Fabrics, Raincoats, Hosiery,
Handkerchiefs, etc., at home or by personal calls.
SAMPLES FREE! WRITE NOW! Dept. 26,
Fitzcharles Dry Goods Co., Trenton, N. J.

PROTECTING THE HOSE

By CORA PERCIVAL

A SMALL piece of thin felting, two in-
ches long and three-quarters of an
inch wide, glued in the back of low shoes,
one-half inch from the edge, will prevent
shoes from slipping up and down, and
wearing the socks at this point. If you
will always keep this and another piece
of thicker felting, shaped to fit in the heel
of the shoe, you will know what shoe
comfort is, as the latter largely does away
with the jar in walking, there being
nearly as much give in felt as in rubber.
The felt should be replaced occasionally.



THE NEW CONSTELLATION

You may think that you are using up-to-date cleaning methods—But is it so?

THINK AGAIN and consider whether you are using the sweeper that combines **TWO COMPLETE MACHINES**—a complete vacuum cleaner and a complete carpet sweeper. You know no other cleaning is thorough cleaning.

If you are using such a combination it is the **Sweeper-Vac**, because no other machine in the world combines a complete vacuum cleaner with a complete carpet sweeper.

The **Sweeper-Vac** does the twofold work of these two machines in one operation, or you can use each member separately.

This is the reason that the **Sweeper-Vac** is fast displacing out-of-date methods of cleaning.

BESIDES, it gives you two complete machines at the price of one.

Every genuine **Sweeper-Vac** has the name "Sweeper-Vac" stencilled in gold on its top—look for it. Insist on it.

BECAUSE it is the only 3-in-1 vacuum sweeper in the world.

Auto-Roller Bearings, Nickered Metal Parts and Mahogany Finish are some of the **Sweeper-Vac** mechanical features.

We sell other styles of vacuum sweepers of almost every description—those with combination revolving brushes and those without—all of them of celebrated **SWEEPER-VAC** manufacture.

If you cannot decide on the Model "S," as above described, write for literature on the other styles.

For foreign countries write for special information.



COUPON
Pneuvac Company, 59 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen: Find enclosed \$1.00, for which please deliver (all express or freight prepaid by Pneuvac Company) 1 Model "S" **Sweeper-Vac**. If the machine is what you say it is, I will pay \$1.00 per week until the balance of the regular established spot cash price is paid.

Name _____

Street _____

City and State _____

My 2 references
(Names of two responsible people)

SWEEPER-VAC.

Romances of Modern Business

ARNOLD BENNETT, the English novelist, came to America not long ago to look us over. The distinguished author is a keen student of psychology, and our entire scheme of living fell under his microscopic eye.

After visiting several of the largest American cities, he gave some interesting impressions to a Chicago newspaper interviewer. Flinging open a window commanding a view of a wide stretch of Chicago's business district, he said:

"There is your American romance—there in the large office buildings and marts of trade! Yours is the romance of great achievements in commerce, in industrial leadership. And it is a wonderful romance! The child of the world's nations is leading them!"

The British writer got to the heart of this vital, throbbing country. And if we look at our national commercial life as did this noted visitor, we shall find romance, absorbingly interesting stories, on every page of our magazines, not only in the imaginative writings of noted authors, but in the stories of business successes and of merchants and their wares.

There are many such romances in the history of American industry. Here is one of them:

CHAPTER I

The Story of a Fountain Pen

At the rear of a news-stand, under the stairway in the old Tribune Building, in lower New York City, a remarkable discovery was made a little less than thirty years ago.

Pausing to make a purchase, the advertising manager of a well-known magazine, by one of those curious turns of chance, first learned of something that was to be of vital interest in the world of invention, and was to lighten the work of thousands in many nations.

Back of the news-stand stood a man with a small tray of goods which he was offering for sale. He was a kindly appearing man, slightly under middle age. His stock of merchandise was limited indeed. It contained only a half-dozen articles. But his goods were his own, of his own thought and invention.

This he told the advertising man; and so much did he interest his listener that, after the story had been told and the uses of his product demonstrated, there returned to the magazine office a man with a firm conviction that he had made a tremendous discovery.

The man who displayed his pet in-

vention in the old Tribune Building news-stand was Lewis Edson Waterman, and the article he showed was the Waterman Ideal Fountain Pen.

The story of how these pens became so widely known and of how an enormous industry was developed in a few years is a very significant one. Waterman discovered the way to make a fountain pen; but a magazine advertising man discovered Waterman—and *therein lies the story*.

That was a little more than twenty-nine years ago. The inventor had confidence in his pen, but no money with which to market it; nor had he any business affiliations or influential friends. Today, the L. E. Waterman Company estimates that approximately a million and a quarter of their fountain pens are sold annually. Many millions have been sold in practically every nation of the earth.

The inventor had been a school-master in his early manhood; then he became an insurance agent. During these experiences he realized the diffi-

(Concluded on page 97)

Romances of Modern Business

(Continued from page 96)

culties that lay in depending on the old-fashioned pen and ink. "Why," thought he, "can I not make a pen with a receptacle for ink and an easy flow?" He worked on the idea and soon had made the first Waterman fountain pen.

Coming to New York in 1880, he was informed that others had had the same idea, that more than two hundred other fountain pens had been patented. He investigated these and found they all had proved unsatisfactory. Learning their deficiencies, he perfected his own pen.

Then came the problem of selling his pens, of letting people know about them. How was he to do it? The inventor, knowing nothing of advertising, could think of no other way than going out and personally peddling his product. This he did, beginning in 1883 and continuing through part of the following year.

It was in 1884 that the Waterman fountain pen came to the attention of the magazine advertising manager. "Let me run a quarter-page advertisement of your pen," he suggested to Mr. Waterman. But the inventor had not the money it would cost. Then the advertising man did an interesting thing: so convinced was he of the commercial possibilities of the fountain pen that he loaned Mr. Waterman the price of the quarter-page advertisement.

This first business announcement of the L. E. Waterman Company appeared in a magazine in November, 1884. Prior to that, Mr. Waterman by personal solicitation had sold about three hundred of his pens. Within a few weeks after the advertisement appeared such a large number of orders had been received that Mr. Waterman negotiated a loan of five thousand dollars, with which to contract for additional advertising and have the pens made and delivered.

The business increased in strides so rapid that it soon became necessary to form a stock company and map out a systematic scheme of manufacturing and distributing the pens. An intelligent campaign of advertising was being carried on in a number of national magazines. In 1888, nine thousand

pens were sold; seven years later, the number of orders had reached sixty-three thousand; in 1900, the business reached two hundred and twenty-seven thousand sales; in 1903, the orders had passed the half-million mark, and in 1912 nearly a million and a quarter pens were sold.

And what was the secret of this phenomenal success?

Mr. Frank D. Waterman, president of the L. E. Waterman Company, answering an inquiry as to what advertising had done for their business, with a wave of his hand indicated the entire scope of their industry.

"Anyone can see for himself what magazine advertising has done for the L. E. Waterman Company," he said. "The business speaks for itself. The right kind of advertising is the life of trade. You must have the merchandise, of course, and the merchant must back up what appears in his advertisements; but advertising in the proper mediums is the real force of business.

"Advertising today is not merely giving publicity to your wares. The merchant today through advertising makes a reputation, and he has to live up to it. Advertising is sure fire, if it be of a sincere, convincing, confidence-gaining quality.

"Years ago, people asked the founder of the Waterman Company why he advertised so much in the magazines, and he replied that he couldn't get along without them. He found they paid, and so have I."

This story is interesting from more than one point of view. It has been shown that through the force of national magazine advertising a large industry was created. But there is another side—that of the significance of this creative power to the public at large.

There is a broad, ethical mission to the development of an industry such as the L. E. Waterman Company. Thousands of people are served, office and written work is facilitated, time is saved and life generally made easier and happier for many the world over.

This is the first of a series of articles that is being published to show how magazines are serving the public.

Simpson Crawford Co.
SIXTH AVE. 19TH TO 20TH STREET / FOUNDED 1865
NEW YORK

Write at ONCE for YOUR FREE
Copy of the SIMPSON-CRAWFORD CO.

Greatly Enlarged Spring and Summer Mail Order Style Book

MUCH LARGER THAN
OUR LAST CATALOG

More ambitious, more impressive. It affords you a greater and wider range of economies, for every page is crowded with the most tempting extra special buying inducements.

A New Feature is the
PREMIUM PAGE

A Feature That Will Interest
Women Everywhere

The illustrations throughout the catalog are particularly beautiful and vividly present the most becoming of the best 1914 Spring and Summer styles for Women, Misses, Girls, Boys, Babies.

CHARMING
PARTY DRESS \$6.95

C3451—A charming little gown for parties, evening wear, etc. Made of soft, pure silk chiffon daintily draped over white shadow lace on the blouse, with white lace yoke and lace ruffles on sleeves. For around yoke, and skirt has long-trimmed tulle. Draped messaline girle. The dress has a foundation skirt of silk mull and fastens in the back, which is made exactly the same as front. In white trimmed with white fur, also in pink, light blue or canary color (which is yellow), each trimmed with brown fur. Women's sizes 32 to 44 bust, with 41-inch skirt; also in small women's sizes, 32 to 38 inches bust, with skirt 39 inches long. Sent to your home, all Delivery Charges prepaid.



\$6.95

THIS SHEER AND
LACEY
BLOUSE

\$1.00

Delivered
FREE



\$1.00

C3210—Just \$1.00 for this dainty, dressy Blouse made of Figured Grenadine. Designed with the extremely new long seamless shoulder, as you will find all the up-to-date waists now being made. Dainty white net plaiting is arranged in high standing Medici effect around throat and conceals the fastening down the front. Plaiting at the elbows. Cream color only. Sizes from 32 to 46 inches bust measure. Sent to your home all charges prepaid.

\$1.00

Also Very Special Bargains in

Suits, Coats, Skirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Millinery, Neckwear, Knit Underwear, Lingerie, Corsets, Footwear, Hair Goods, Sweaters, Jewelry, Notions, Handkerchiefs, Curtains and other lines.

OUR GUARANTEE—We Prepay all Postal and Express Charges. No Matter Where You Live, or How Large or Small your Purchase. We positively guarantee satisfaction on everything you buy from us; and if your purchase should prove unsatisfactory, you may return it to us—transportation charges at our expense—and we will refund your money.

SIMPSON-CRAWFORD CO., New York. Dept. C



Sent for **\$1.00**
DOWN
Six-Piece Outfit

Skirt Made-to-measure guaranteed all wool black or blue panama. Full length fold—3 knee length side plait—plain back—high waist effect—rich combination buttons. State color, bust, hip, hip and length measurements.
Waist Made from pencil stripe white poplin cloth. White messaline reverses. Yoke and collar of shadow lace—vest effect—tucks of self material.
Petticoat Black glaze mercerized saten. Deep accordion waist effect—tucks of self material.
LACE COLLAR Beautiful Venise lace.
(2) Lace Cuffs Venise lace—10 in. long—5 in. broad. Order by No. A-21. Terms: **\$6.95** \$1.00 cash; \$1.00 monthly. Price.

On Credit—Everything Prepaid

Open a credit account with us. We invite you. Get any pretty thing you wish to wear for only a very small payment down—then just a little each month. We prepare all express or postage.

Free 1914 Style Book Write for our Style Book No. 31 and bargain price lists today.

also our extra special bargain lists of women's and children's apparel, suits, cloaks, dresses, furs, white goods, millinery, shoes, hair goods, lingerie, waists, etc. Also ask for our Big Catalog of Men's Made-to-Measure Clothes, No. 59.

ELMER RICHARDS CO. Dept. 102 35th St., Chicago

Just Six Minutes to Wash a Tubful!

This is the grandest Washer the world has ever known. So easy to run that it's almost fun to work it. Makes clothes spotlessly clean in double-quick time. Six minutes finishes a tubful.

Any Woman Can Have a 1900 Gravity Washer on 30 Days' Free Trial

Don't send money. If you are responsible, you can try it first. Let us pay the freight. See the wonders it performs. Thousands being used. Every user delighted. They write us bushels of letters telling how it saves work and worry. Sold on little payments. Write for fascinating Free Book today. All correspondence should be addressed to **1900 Washer Co., 1130 Court St., Binghamton N. Y.** If you live in Canada, address Canadian 1900 Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.



Jewelry, Vehicles, Paint, Sewing Machines, Chinaware, etc. Write for Catalog.
RURAL SUPPLY CO. Dept. M C. St. Louis, Mo.

THE CAREER OF AN OPERA STAR

(Continued from page 16)

And I believe this is just as true in your profession and in every other walk of life. Greatness, to my mind, includes breadth and kindness; you can't be great if you're cruel. You have to do—well, what you feel is right according to your own viewpoint."

When she said this we were sitting in the beautiful library of her New York home in the West Seventies. It is a room for a student to live and dream and create in—as she does. Three sides of the tan-colored walls are followed around by bookcases; on the fourth side is a piano. A great desk in the center is full of evidence of constant use; an equally big brown-gray davenport flanks it, and here we snuggled into brown-gray cushions and had our tea. Everywhere were pictures. Photographs of Mme. Sembrich, of Mark Twain, of Emperor William, of Lilli Lehman, testifying to the number and versatility of her friendships; wonderful Japanese water colors; a splendid engraving of the great love-philter scene in *Tristan and Isolde*; a triptych by one of the famous German painters—it was all a feast for the eye. In its lived-in look, it was a great contrast to the formal but exquisite drawing-room below. Here all was gray and rose color, with only some photographs of the German royal family to relieve the severity of the brocaded and gilt furnishings. Two signed pictures of the Crown Princess Cecilie and her pretty children gave a friendly look to the charmingly carved white mantel.

Over our tea, up-stairs, we talked of many things, of critics, of audiences, of American girls. Miss Farrar likes the latter immensely, as she well might, for only a few matinee idols have approached her popularity with them—but she is under no delusion as to their being beyond the possibility of improvement, and some of her ideas about them interested me much. Always frank, she said, that day: "Americans are not always very musical, and they are often apparently indifferent to art in general because they are not steeped in it, as the foreigners are. Let me illustrate what I mean. How many American girls not yet eighteen, do you think, could write me an appreciation of my "Marguerite" in *Faust* that wouldn't miss one subtle point that I make, and could back their opinions, besides, by quoting from Goethe? Yet, that is the kind of letters I get from my German girl friends. Of course, they're terribly sentimental, but it's poetic sentiment. Whereas, from the American girls I get—"It was lovely, and I'm crazy about it; I was too thrilled for words; and please accept these flowers!" Now, that is sweet and dear and girlish, but it isn't as brilliantly clever as you might expect.

"I don't always understand American women, though I am one," Miss Farrar said musingly. "We are very clever, in a way, but it doesn't seem always to get us anywhere. Certainly, in America, we all, young and old alike, rush and jump so from one thing to another, that there isn't a minute left to go into anything deeply. Perhaps, that is the explanation. At any rate, I try, in my own life here, to do a little differently. Into society, strictly so called, I really go very little. It doesn't pay one, if I may use the expression. One gives out right and left, and where is the thousandth person who could give something back? Why, not there; simply because that kind of person doesn't, as a rule, frequent society. But I have some women friends who come here or to whom I go frequently for lunch. We try to have real conversation; not just talk. We don't discuss the suffrage nor politics, but we do talk of the latest plays and how they are worked out. Or we speak of music—understandingly. Perhaps, some of them will tell of some trait she is noticing in her growing child, and that will start a psychological discussion. It is an intellectual exchange, not a waste; and I know this will appeal to you—we try to use good English, just as we would try to use good French or good German. We don't misuse our mother tongue, just because it happens to be familiar to us.

"In Germany," Miss Farrar went on, "there is a group of women whom I have known in the same way for twelve years now. Every year, when I return, they come to hear me sing. We always exchange letters. We have, as it were, watched one another grow up. They tell me what they think of the development of my art, and I—am myself with them. I don't think as they do, in many things; I don't act as they do, very often; in many ways, they do not understand me at all—still, they love me, and that is the essential thing with one's friends. And, then, they are educated, as all Germans are, to analyze what they don't understand; not to laugh at it, or ignore its existence."

Both Miss Farrar's parents had strong musical tendencies—her mother, in fact, had thoughts at one time of becoming a singer herself—and the home atmosphere they created for her in the little New England town, Melrose, Massachusetts, where she was born, was a big advantage.

Nothing about Miss Farrar is more charming than her attitude towards her mother. "Nobody has ever helped anybody the way my mother has me," she said once. And the impetuous, insubordinate side of her has needed that help constantly in her years of study and work over

(Concluded on page 99)



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THE CAREER OF AN OPERA STAR

(Continued from page 98)

hated details. Her hands were actually tied behind her back by her teacher for hours every day, to make her subdue those constantly gesturing members. Even in Berlin, when she had become well worth hearing, she had many troublous times, although there she was more able to assert her own individuality. "I outraged every one of their stage traditions, even to singing my parts in Italian for the first two years," she says. "There were arguments, tears, all kinds of commotions, started by my independence. However, I would live every minute of my career over again, for the sake of the success I made. The only trouble I have now is that I haven't time enough in one life to do all I want to."

"You are young yet," suggested.

"But I will never remain on the stage until I become a parody of myself," her quick answer came back.

"Why do people do that?" I asked her. "Is it vanity?"

"No; I don't think it is vanity at all," she said soberly. "I think it is the attraction of the singer's life. The life is as abnormal one, thoroughly so. It means concentration on the one purpose to the exclusion, practically, of everything else. It is a constant stimulation of the most exhausting emotions. No one who has lived it would recommend it to others, except to that born few who are made for the work, and can't be daunted by the deprivations. Such know their niche instinctively, and they never are amateurs, in the sense of playing at art."

"Another thing," she went on, "there are so many boys and girls in America, going up and down the land piping their little song badly, who could be real artists in other respects, if they would only realize it. Singing isn't the only thing in the world, nor music the only art. However one tries to broaden the singer's life with books, with pictures, with excursions into other fields of music than the operatic, it is, and remains, a narrow and concentrated thing. If you want a very varied life, full of differing interests, don't go into opera." With such sentiment, expressed with her most charming smile, our talk ended.

Many conflicting impressions crowded on me when I said good-by to Miss Farrar after our first meeting, but, of them all, the strongest was that I had seen the "self-made" type at its most wonderful. Not only her rôles, but her atmosphere, her career, her very surroundings, have been her own creation in an unusual degree. Of herself, she has made a very lovely personality, a delight to the ear and the eye and the brain, with even greater possibilities lying before her still joyous youth.



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Kisses That Have Made History

(Continued from page 23)

a custom as well established as our Thanksgiving Day, which was known as Good Woman's Day, when every household banished its male members, and the festival was conducted solely by women. Clodius, a young wag, conceived that it would be a great jest upon Julius Caesar were he to invade the home of the great Caesar in the guise of a woman. Wearing women's garb, he entered the house as a servant on the Feast of the Good Woman, and all would have been well had not Pompeia, Caesar's wife, told how a silly, ungainly woman had taken her place among the servants and had, in some kind of laughing transport, kissed several of the ladies-in-waiting, and even pecked at the cheek of herself, Pompeia. Whereupon, Caesar demanded a divorce from Pompeia. Not, as he admitted, because Pompeia was aught than innocent, but because, the dictator said: "The wife of Caesar must be above suspicion." And so easily were divorces procured in Rome that Julius Caesar was freed.

The kisses of Antony and Cleopatra, of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, it has been said, "shook empires and destroyed religions". That they led, in one instance, to Cleopatra's self-murder by secreting a poisonous asp among the folds of her robe on her bosom, and that it was by way of these kisses that Anne Boleyn went to the scaffold, are points the historian, in his thundering against their effects upon religions and empires, quite overlooked.

Two kisses, beneficent and history-making, are those given by Rowena, the daughter of Hengist, the Scandinavian, and Margaret, Queen of France. Rowena, sitting at the banquet table at which she and her father were guests of honor, turned suddenly to their flattered host, Vortigern, one of the early Briton Kings.

Kissing him, to his great surprise and delight, she demurely resumed her meal, saying: "Pardon me, Your Majesty! I did but follow a custom of our country."

"A charming custom which my country shall at once adopt," replied Vortigern with the tongue of prophecy.

The lips of Margaret of France brushed the bearded cheek of the ugliest man of France, Allen Chartier, the poet. Seeing him asleep one sunny afternoon in the corridor of the palace, she fluttered to his side and pressed the salute with the lightness of a butterfly's wings upon his ugly visage.

"How could you kiss a man so mis-made?" exclaimed one of the pert ladies-in-waiting.

"I kissed not the man but the lips that have uttered such beautiful words," replied the Queen of France.

(Concluded on page 101)

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INJURY TO
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DELICATE SKIN



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Kisses That Have Made History

(Continued from page 100)

To flit from across the ocean in the wake of a kiss, it was a peck of the lips denied that caused the twenty-million dollar philanthropy, Sailor's Snug Harbor, to come into being. The row of pleasant homes built for sailors on the shore of Staten Island, New York, would not have existed, even in a dream, were it not that Samuel Randall, who founded it, turned into a bitter bachelor because a fair maid of Manhattan declined a kiss from him and bestowed one upon another man.

The old tars who sun themselves on the lawn look at the statue of their benefactor, and thank heaven that one maid followed her heart instead of ambition.

Osculation is like vaccination, for it does not always "take". The heart does not follow some kisses into empyreal spaces. Not given by the right person to the right person, they are forgotten featherweights. But favorably given and received, they may, as I have shown you, make history.

Directions for the Cut-Out

(See page 25)

CUT out, following outlines, leaving letters attached until cut-out is finished, so that you can follow the directions more easily.

Cut Betty's left foot loose from standard on front view, her right foot loose on back view, and the right leg on backing. Cut the little point C2 down to dotted line on left foot. Lay front figure over backing and paste right legs together as far as dotted line; the left legs clear to the toe, being sure to fit the toe into the lines marked for it on the backing (the left leg on the backing is the one beside the projection C2). Fold both feet forward on dotted lines, being careful not to crease heavily. Now draw standard marked A1 forward until it fits on A2 on backing, and paste. This will bring your figure to a standing position.

Take back of doll and bend foot toward you on dotted line. Lay front of doll face down on a table, with standard hanging over edge. Paste back of doll to front, beginning at head. The toe of right foot on back of doll, which you have bent back, is pasted down on standard. Projection C2 is pasted over C1, and D1 over D2.

For head-dress, paste band -G on band H-I, then crease head-band at I. Paste feathers together from their tips as far as B. The head-band will then be ready to slip on Betty's head.

Cut out squirrel and paste two sides together, as far down as arrows indicate. Set squirrel on Betty's shoulder, one leg one side of shoulder and one the other.

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THE VALUE OF IDEALS

By F. H. SWEET

IN ALL probability, the whole of life is passed in the effort to turn the inward idea and hope into the outward possession and experience. Our ideas are the mainsprings of our conduct. A bad idea, like a deadly enemy, may blast all life;



while a good idea expands and develops into an ideal, with power to turn privation into pleasure, toil into profit, and loss and weariness into growth and satisfaction that enrich for all life. No act is self-caused; behind every deed is a motive, and ideas and ideals are the mothers

of motives. An idea of self-indulgence will betray into sin; an ideal of progress will lead into service and self-denial, out of which will come new power and virtue. These add to the soul's value, and yield profit that will have endless usefulness.

The important question is, when do ideas change into ideals? At first, a child can have ideas that are born only of appetite—physical ones, a desire for food and ministry. No conception of an ideal is possible until some thought of moral values and meanings enters the mind. A child soon learns that its conduct has moral value, that it can be good or bad. It reads the difference in moral worth in the smiles and caresses of the mother; sees when people are pleased or angry, and soon associates the manifestation of feeling with the variety of its own conduct that occasions it. Thus, early it learns the value and meaning of an ideal that is greatly worth while.



A THOUGHTFUL mother will see Nature's signboard pointing to wise conduct on her part. She should make a very decided difference in dealing with her child, depending upon its own method of manifesting inclinations. No healthy child ever lived who was not keenly sensitive to petting and play; not one is insensible to coldness and neglect. When a child has exhibited bad temper, every mother has it in her power to let it know, without any display of anger, that it is behaving badly. Satisfaction is just as easily shown. Careful study of the child reveals the way in which its attention is concentrated upon the caretaker. It watches her through every moment of its waking hours, and a child should never be allowed to suffer failure of reward, in ex-

pressions of appreciation and sympathetic encouragement, for right behavior.

The proper steps for child-training are very plainly marked. Obedience is the first. Why? Without the spirit of obedience ideals are useless. A child at the age of ten will have learned the difference between good and bad actions as demonstrated within its small sphere; but in many cases it will not exercise the power to choose and serve the best. No one lacking self-control can have an ideal, save as a dream. Dreams that haunt the mind, and never come near enough to be grasped and held, are the nightmares of life. All children who have not been taught to serve the ideal when very young suffer in this way.

NO CHILD should be allowed to face a moral difficulty without a moral ideal. There is no need for a dangerous ordeal, for the growth of the ideal attraction is by easy stages. Love of its mother, acting in the child's heart, gives rise to the ideal of service; the child wishes to do something for its mother. The ideal grows larger, the child learns to appreciate moral honesty in speech, and in its small transactions the ideal brings fair play. Cleanness in thought and moral acts grows into an ideal by swift intuition, an honest nature helping the mother's teaching.

A difficulty in the way of learning the lesson is obstinacy of temper. We all have this in greater or less degree from infancy, and unchecked it leads to ruin. Wise love wins the victory, often for life. Later comes desire, which is not so easy to control. It is the peril of adolescence in boy and girl. The value of right education to make use of ideals is most apparent. The habit of obedience to wise authority clothed in love proves a great safeguard.

In the transition from temper to desire, the ideal shifts from the external life—mother, home, playmates—to the inner spiritual consciousness, and the ideal becomes a part of self, a soul standard, a faith, a purifying power. With high ideals, as the struggle grows fiercer, and consequences become more important, strength increases. Few of Nature's laws are difficult, none are impossible to obey. When mothers point them out in a natural manner, they are sure to succeed. Leaving the lesson in ideals too long untaught may make it hard to teach and to learn. Life is a science, not a game of chance, and its value depends upon the ideals we hold.



SIMPLIFYING FRIDAY

By MAY EMERY HALL

IN a time-honored quotation, we have sanction for the statement that the proper sweeping of a room is no small nor insignificant thing.

Who sweeps a room as to Thy law,
Makes that and the action fine.

Our modern interpretation of the couplet would be that there is a scientific and an unscientific way of doing even so humble a portion of the day's work as sweeping. Indeed, now that the most rational and labor-saving methods of work are being applied to the home, as well as to the factory and office, no department of the household is so lowly as to escape careful consideration.

You and I remember well enough what the old-fashioned sweeping-day used to mean—a grand upheaval of the home and everything in it. A whirlwind of dust rose in clouds, as the long, vigorous strokes with the broom were applied to carpets, rugs and matting, and settled in a thick coating on every inch of wood-work, floor, and furniture. A strenuous effort was then needed to get rid of this dirt that misdirected energy had piled up. We have improved over such an unsatisfactory method of sweeping.

THE vacuum cleaner has, to a great extent, taken the place of the broom, and it is no exaggeration to say that it is one of the greatest home missionaries of the present day. Easily, effectively, and without fuss or upsetting of rooms, it searches out and collects the germ-laden dust of draperies, rugs, and seemingly inaccessible places in the most sanitary way. Both electric and hand-operated cleaners, with attachments for wall, drape, and shelf cleaning, are on the market at various prices.

If price is an obstacle to the ownership of a vacuum cleaner, one may be rented, at reasonable rates, by the hour or day. Or, the plan adopted in some communities, of buying a machine in partnership with several other families, may be followed. This reduces materially the expense to the individual. A definite understanding should be had beforehand, of course, as to use of machine and responsibility in case of accidents.

You should be arrayed in comfortable, washable garments for doing your Friday

work, if at no other time. Your hair should be protected by an ample covering of some sort. The regulation sweeping-cap, circular in shape and with an elastic run around the edge, is, to my way of thinking, not nearly so comfortable as the little Dutch cap, such as so many women now wear. The body section (shaped like that of a sunbonnet) is shirred into a double band which fits around the face, and is folded back half its width. The straight, lower edge of the body section is provided with a draw-string which is adjusted after the cap is placed on the head. It is not tight enough to bind, covers the hair completely, and is most becoming to the wearer. An attractive, serviceable cap of similar pattern may be made from a large-sized handkerchief with a colored border, which has recently invaded the notion counters of the department stores, and sells for twenty-five cents.

When a broom is employed, it is desirable to move from the room all articles which are not too bulky. Covers are a great help laid over the furnishings that are not removable. In general, you should work from the top of the room down. This means that the dusting of ceilings and walls, and brushing of hangings constitutes a part of the preliminary work. For wall and ceiling treatment (supposing no vacuum cleaner is available), a good soft brush is a necessity—one which will cover as much area at a single stroke as possible. If it is of the bristle type, it is well to cover it with flannel or cheesecloth before using. Wool brushes are excellent for this kind of work. Some are so constructed that they can be unscrewed from the long handle and washed.

THE removal of loose dirt from the window-casings and sills can be done most effectively by means of a brush. For this purpose, nothing better can be recommended than an ordinary flat paint-brush, which reaches into corners nicely. If the room has a radiator, the brush equipment is not complete without a narrow radiator-brush. This is designed especially to fit in between the sections of the radiator that are so close together, and which are otherwise difficult to reach.

Windows should be opened at the top and bottom before the sweeping is commenced. The broom may be moistened now and then; or, better still, scraps of dampened paper may be scattered over the rug or carpet, and swept up with the

(Continued on page 104)



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SIMPLIFYING FRIDAY

(Continued from page 103)

dust. Right here let me emphasize one important precaution that so many workers, maids especially, disregard. Short, firm, steady strokes should be employed; not long, whirling strokes that do little but pick up dirt from one portion of the room, and send it through the air to settle in another part.

Thoroughness, not vigor, is what counts in sweeping, and there is every reason, scientific and otherwise, for not filling the lungs with choking dust-particles, and stirring them up for others to breathe. You should, in general, sweep towards the center of the room. This prevents dusty baseboards, mantels, and edges of wood trim. However, the carpet or rug should be swept the same way as the grain, never against or diagonally across it.

If a broom is used in taking up the dust, then a dust-pan that will do away with stooping is an excellent convenience. It can be operated in a standing position, and the pan moved about from the handle end without danger of spilling the contents. Often there is the added protection of a hood preventing the trash being spilled.



the sweeping of their floor coverings by going over them with a damp cloth. Sometimes it may be necessary to wash the rugs. The smaller ones can be handled easily on a sizable table. The large rugs can be done on the floor. It is necessary to use good white soap that will not cause colors to run; preferably a reliable rug soap that is manufactured specially for the purpose. It should be dissolved in warm water, and the solution applied with a scrubbing-brush that is not harsh enough to spoil the nap.

THE lather may be wiped off with a good-sized sponge. One small section should be treated at a time. When the water becomes dirty, make a new solution. Care should be taken that the rug is not stepped upon until thoroughly dry. As only the surface is affected, a day will be ample time in which to complete the work. The application of a clean brush to the dry rug will raise the nap effectively.

Window-cleaning is usually a part of the Friday program. For this work, a ball made of small pieces of chamois can be recommended, and crumpled, soft paper will give a desirable finish to the glass. There is a chalky preparation which is applied to the glass wet, and allowed to dry; then it is easily wiped off, and leaves the glass clean and free from smears, and with a nice polish.

A teaspoonful of ammonia, added to two quarts of lukewarm water, and used with a piece of chamois for washing windows, will be found a simple but effective means for removing the dirt. The polishing may be done with the chamois after it is tightly wrung.

Another well-recommended way for cleaning window-glass and mirrors is to add a small quantity of kerosene (a tablespoonful to a pail of water) to hot water to be used for the purpose. The glass is very easily polished afterward.



Should spots of paint be dropped on the window-glass while the sashes are being painted, and left until dry and hard, they may be rubbed off with a little hot vinegar. Do not resort to scraping, or the glass will be marred with scratches.

If you will see that the glass is well dusted every day, inside and outside, the otherwise necessary weekly window-washing may sometimes be omitted without being noticeable. The housewife who is her own maid will learn to appreciate this and other time-, labor-, and hand-saving methods in housecleaning.

CHEESECLOTH makes one of the best dusters. The ineffectiveness of a feather duster, which is applied with a flip and a flourish, is obvious. Dust should be folded into the cloth, never whisked about, and the dust-cloth frequently shaken out-of-doors, out of range of the room that is being put in order. The cloths should be washed and dried after the dusting is completed. Chemically prepared dusters are well worth mention. They absorb, rather than scatter, the dust.

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Planning for the Early Garden

(Continued from page 21)

yourself. The sash is not glazed as is a window, but, instead, the glass is lapped; the lowest pane is laid first, and the upper ones follow, each overlapping the lower one an inch. The same seedmen from whom you get the sash will be able to furnish you with enough mastic, which is a quick-drying cement, and florist's glazing points. The hot-bed is built over an excavation filled with soil and manure, in which the frame for the sash is placed. The location should be one which drains well, so that water will not stand in the bottom of the bed. It should be excavated to a depth of thirty inches, and should be as wide as the sash you intend to use. For a standard bed, using two sashes, this would be six feet square. In the corners, drive corner-posts, made of two-by-two-inch locust, cypress, or oak, deep enough to be solid, but also so that they will extend one foot above the top of the ground.

THE matter of facing is an important one. Whenever possible, the hot-bed should face the south; the next best is southeast. This is to allow the bed, when in operation, to get the sun during the maximum of hours. If facing the south, the two corner-posts on the south side should be sawed off at six inches from the ground, which will give the sash a



A CROSS-SECTION OF THE HOT-BED

slope of six inches in six feet toward the south. The sashes are always put on with the narrow ends north and south, as this gives the most light to the interior.

Inside of the corner-posts, nail a framework of cypress or oak which will fit between them, and which will come four inches below the surface of the ground. It is not necessary to extend it down to the bottom of the excavation. This framework should extend above the ground, on the south side six inches, and on the north side one foot. The sashes are not rabbeted into the frame as is a window-sash, but are laid over the top of the frame to allow all water falling on them to run off. The outside of the frame should be constructed to fit flush with the edges of the sash.

(Concluded on page 107)

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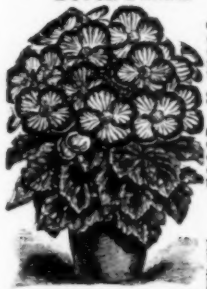
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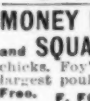
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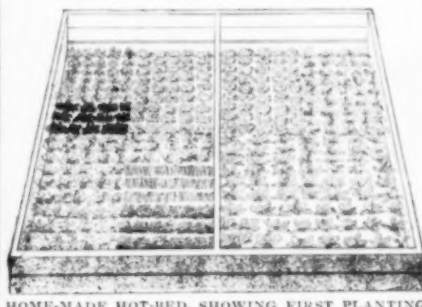
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Planning for the Early Garden.

(Continued from page 106)

The excavation is filled with fresh manure from the stable and, after being well trodden, should come within six inches of the top of the ground. On this lay six inches of good garden-loam, and level. The manure, when put in, should be moist—that is, neither wet nor dry. If you can squeeze water out of it, it is too wet. Put the sash on, and, to keep out the cold, bank around it manure topped with two



HOME-MADE HOT-BED, SHOWING FIRST PLANTING

inches of clay or soil. At first, the temperature of the bed will run high, but as soon as it falls to eighty degrees Fahrenheit, which will soon happen, seed-planting may be commenced. Keep at hand enough boards to cover the sash when a snow-storm is impending, as it is easier to remove the boards and the snow with them than to shovel the snow off the glass.

A six by six hot-bed will include eighteen rows of plants from back to front. To provide variety for the table, plant in the first sash three half-rows of cabbage, three of cauliflower, three of beets, six of radishes, and three of tomatoes. In the other half of this sash plant nine half-rows of lettuce (to be succeeded by late cabbage), three of radishes, three of onions, and three of parsley, the last to remain all season.

Leave the lower half of second sash for spinach, to be succeeded by three full rows of late tomatoes, three of beets, and three of Big Boston lettuce. Use one of the upper quarters for nine half-rows of lettuce, to be succeeded by three half-rows of verbenas, three of zinnias, and three of asters; the other quarter could be planted to radishes, to be succeeded by three half-rows of geraniums, three of cannias, and three of dahlias.

The handling of a cold-frame is exactly the same as the hot-bed, excepting that the excavation is made one foot deep and soil alone used to fill it, and the planting is not begun until there is enough warmth from the sun reflecting through the glass to make the seeds and plants grow. The difference in cost is so little that I strongly advise the hot-bed, as it can be used as a cold-frame later in the season after the heat of the manure has been dissipated, usually about the last of March.

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Miss Peggoty Day—the Whistling Girl

(Continued from page 27)

swaying to the rhythm of the music, and her feet obeying its command so naturally that it was a delight to behold her. The hero, simulating the real entrancement that the whole house seemed to feel, released the Princess' hand and pursued the dancing, whistling Peggy around the stage, caught up with her, seized her in his arms, and—kissed her.

"You wretch!" The ejaculation, and the ringing slap on the cheek that accompanied it penetrated throughout the theater. Then the whistling girl broke into angry sobbing and fled from the stage. It was so well acted that it took the house by storm. Everybody clapped. The gallery and the pit yelled "Encore! Encore!"

Lottie turned to me, her eyes shining. "She can act!" she exclaimed. "She's really good!"

"Yes, by Jove!" I cried enthusiastically. "That slap was immense!"

Peggy did not reappear to bow or to take her encore. Directly the curtain fell, I hurried around to the stage door and made myself known to the manager.

Although I was glad she had not failed, her success made me apprehensive that henceforth our little Peggy would be claimed by the stage. But if it had to be, I was determined to make myself as much a part of her new life as possible.

The manager looked me over carefully. "Your cousin, is she?" he asked. "I congratulate you. The girl's an actress! But what the deuce she meant by gagging like that—oh, but I'll double her salary to do it every night. Tell her so. Want to see her, did you say? She's not here. Rushed off in her stage things and hopped into a cab before anyone could stop her. Oh, they often get taken that way. A form of stage fright, you know. Good night." He turned away, and I hurried back to fetch Lottie.

"Peggy's gone home," I said. "I think I'll go on and leave you two to see the piece out."

Lottie looked rather astonished, but I hurried off before she could say anything. I wanted to get back to Peggy.

After a few minutes' drive in a fast taxicab I burst into the drawing-room. A very small somebody in a very voluminous opera-cloak was curled up on the sofa, shaking and sobbing.

"Peggy!" I cried. "What is it?"

Peggy took a tear-stained, paint-smudged face from the brocade cushion.

"The w-wretch!" she sobbed. "He k-kissed me!"

"Yes, I know," I frowned. "I must have a serious talk to you about that, or, better still, a quiet five minutes with a supple whanhi-cane with the gentleman himself. That part of the entertainment will have to come out. But I didn't come

to talk about that. I've good news for you. The manager is going to double your salary."

Peggy dabbed at her eyes. "I w-won't take five thousand dollars a week, now," she flashed out. "It w-wasn't in the contract that I should be kissed. Nothing on earth will make me g-go back!"

"But, Peggy, what happened? You see, we don't understand—"

"At rehearsal," said Peggy, growing calmer. "I put my face on one side and he put his on the other. It was only a stage kiss. And to-night—oh! but didn't I slap him hard! I hope it hurt!" she finished vindictively.

"Do you mean to say that slap wasn't in your part?" I cried, suddenly very much relieved.

"Of course, it wasn't. We were supposed to dance and whistle off together. But they can get somebody else to do my share of it now."

"Um!" I pondered. "I suppose you know what the consequences will be?"

Peggy's eyes opened wide in wonder. "Consequences?" she asked. "What sort of consequences?"

"Damages for breach of contract. Serious damages! However, under the circumstances, I'm prepared to pay them."

I spoke gloomily, but, in truth, I was delighted at the prospect of severing Peggy's brief connection with the stage so easily.

"I am a nuisance to you," she murmured, rather absently. "But—what are you going to do to the horrid man who kissed me?"

I took care to let her wait anxiously for my answer. "Do you know, Peggy," I said presently, "perhaps he couldn't help it. I don't want to make excuses for him, but when your face is close—and your eyes are looking up—"

"Oh, but that wasn't how it happened," she broke in with a sudden change of manner. "It was like this." She posed alluringly a yard from me. "Now, when I beckon, you approach."

I approached. "Now, I retire another step and you follow me."

I followed. "Now, when I say 'tweet-tweet', you put your face close to mine, and I put—wait for the cue!"

I waited. "Tweet-tweet!" trilled Peggy.

Well, if that was an imitation kiss I can do without the real ones. Peggy had actually kissed me! I was so delighted that I stood stock-still in astonishment. The next moment she had banged the door behind her.

(Another of the delightful Peggy stories will appear in the March McCALL'S.)

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